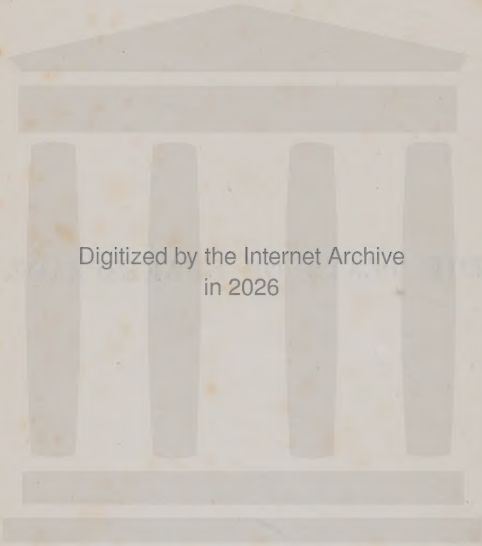


THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.



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The Plays of Shakespeare.

Vol. IV.

All's Well that Ends Well.

Romeo and Juliet.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

WITH

THE STORY OF GILETTA.

ALL THE WORLD ARE WELL

TO THE WORLD

INTRODUCTION.

All 's Well that Ends Well was first printed in the folio of 1623. In the list of Shakespeare's Plays given by Francis Meres in 1598, in his *Palladis Tamia*, there is one of which no trace remains under the name then given to it, *Love's Labour's Won*. It follows next after *Love's Labour's Lost*. For his excellence in Comedy, Meres said of Shakespeare, "witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labour's Lost*, his *Love's Labour's Won*, his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for Tragedy, his *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*." It is not likely that we should have lost the play of Shakespeare's following, as the title showed, *Love's Labour's Lost* in course of production, as afterwards Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, with complete difference in the matter, followed with resemblance of title the play that was his first success, *Every Man in his Humour*. *All's Well that Ends Well* is a story of *Love's Labour Won*,

but Shakespeare may well have been unwilling, in some later reproduction of the play, to continue a name that had been given only for an ephemeral purpose, to connect a new venture with a recent success when he was first taking his place as an independent dramatist. His later revision of this early work would include, therefore, a change of title, and in several passages towards the close of *All's Well that Ends Well*,—as at the end of the fourth scene of the fourth act,—

“ All 's well that ends well—still the fine 's the crown ;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown ; ”

in the middle of the first scene of the fifth act,

“ All 's well that ends well yet ; ”

in the last words before the Epilogue,

“ All yet seems well ; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet ; ”

and in the Epilogue itself,

“ All is well ended, if this suit be won
That you express content ; ”—

it is perfectly clear that the play as we now have it was designed by its writer to be known by the title it now bears.

If, therefore, the successful enterprise of *Helena*

was first shown upon the stage as *Love's Labour's Won*, there must have been some later revision of the play through which we get it in its present form. Coleridge and Tieck both thought that there was evidence of this within the play; they saw in it a mixture of earlier with later work. Unless it be *The Taming of the Shrew*, the only other play of Shakespeare's with a plot that might fairly have been called "Love's Labour's Won" is *The Tempest*, and one critic has proposed *The Tempest* as the early play so called. But *The Tempest* in its plan and treatment is a masterpiece in Shakespeare's ripest manner, and we have no reason to ascribe to interpolation of a later touch the piece of internal evidence that shows it not to have been written earlier than 1603.

In matters of opinion there is nothing that a man is capable of thinking without somebody to think it, and aggressive positiveness in the holding of opinion shows infirmity of judgment in the holder. We must not be too sure of the ground where we can find no foothold but opinion. It seems to me that this is a play written before Meres wrote his list—not necessarily complete—in evidence of Shakespeare's genius as a playwright. It seems to me that, 'with allowance' made for

some later revision, *All's Well that Ends Well* may fairly be regarded as the play known to Meres as *Love's Labour's Won*, and that, if so, its first production would have been while *Love's Labour's Lost* was fresh in the playgoer's memory. If this be so, however, we have evidence of fact showing insertion of lines in accordance with the change of title, to corroborate the belief that there was, in this case, later revision.

The story of the play is taken from the ninth novel of the third day in Boccaccio's Decameron, of which there was a translation in William Painter's "Palace of Pleasure, beautified, adorned, and well furnished with pleasant Histories and excellent Novels, selected out of divers good and commendable authors," of which the two volumes were first published in 1566 and 1567. With the heroine's name altered to Virginia, there was an early Italian play on this tale of Boccaccio's. It was first acted in Siena at the marriage of the Magnifico Antonio Spanocchi, and it was first printed at Florence in 1513. Its author was Bernardo Accolti, who died in 1534, aged seventy-six. Shakespeare took Boccaccio's tale doubtless from Painter's translation of it, which is here reprinted as appendix to the play. It could only be read as

illustration of a truth still illustrated daily in the lives of men and women, expressed of old in a ballad, "Love will find out the way," and after Shakespeare's day expressed in a line of Lord Lyttelton's, which says that "Love can hope where Reason would despair." Helena's love did not despair of achieving what her reason might have thought impossible. Her courage was at last rewarded, and Love's Labour Won.

But in the revision, with the change of title, Shakespeare may have wished to indicate the larger human truth of which the love tale was but a particular expression. Not in love only, but in all affairs of a man's life, right spirit and a firm resolve bent fearlessly upon the end that must be laboured for, may conquer difficulties that would seem to most men insurmountable. The end crowns the work, All's well that ends well for this world or for the next. When disappointment came in the expected hour of her success, Helena, labouring on, looked steadily to the end, saying, "All's Well that Ends Well yet." Who has not constant experience of our habitual flinching from the means to a desired end, when the means are by fulfilment of what seem impossible conditions? Whoever under such conditions keeps the end

in view, and fearlessly resolves, against all odds, to labour on for its attainment, sets many a weak head shaking at what nowadays is called his optimism. When he succeeds, he is credited with the luck that often comes to sanguine people. When he appears to fail, if it be really a good end that he has battled for, what is his loss, although he wait even until the next life before the end proves all was well?

Helena in this play has something to do that looks like an impossibility. She puts her whole heart into it, and does it. In the face of his feudal sense of rank, she wins Bertram, a ward of the king's, on his own ground, united to her by his feudal lord. "Strange is it," says the King,

"Strange is it, that' our bloods
Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty."

From that success she is cast out, as it seems, for ever, by Bertram's refusal, though her husband, to live with her, unless she can perform impossibilities which he suggests only as a way of emphasizing his repudiation. With her heart in her work, and an end worth working for, she still

finds the way to her end, undaunted by all show of lions in the path, and all report of lions round the corner. That is obviously the gist of the tale; it is grounded on a universal truth, with fortitude of love for the particular example.

We may notice a phrase in an answer of the Clown's to the old Lord Lafeu near the close of the fourth act, the Clown being one of the added characters. He had been celebrating the devil as the Prince of this World, and adds, "I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire." It is but a step from that phrase to the Porter's in *Macbeth* of—"The primrose way to the everlasting bonfire."

Characters added by Shakespeare to the tale, to vary and enlarge its action, are all contrived to give elevation to the character of Helena or show at its true worth the world she has to conquer. Not only are touches of womanly tenderness and self-respect made in the character itself to soften incidents that would admit of hard interpretation, but the Countess, Bertram's mother, is added to

the story that she may take part with Helena against her son, and that her noble spirit of womanhood may, with a warm zeal, speak Helena's praise. The cheery Lord Lafeu, constant in admiration of her, brings experience of honourable age to judgment of her worth; and Bertram's follower, Parolles (opposite to Lafeu as a young fop and fool, whom it stirs the old man's bile even to look upon, and who is foil also to the brave Bertram as a bragging coward), represents the sort of man who, while believed in and accepted as companion, can lead a true spirit astray. It is Parolles by whom Bertram is encouraged to spurn true love from his side; it is the same fop, braggart, coward, who is ready to become his pander to the false. Parolles is no part of the original tale. Shakespeare's additions, then, apart from other dramatic uses and all modifications of the tale, were clearly designed to support the character of Helena, put dignity and worth into her love, and a true heart into her labour.

H. M.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*
LAFEU, *an old Lord.*
PAROLLES, *a Follower of Bertram.*
Several young French Lords, who serve with Bertram in the Florentine War.
Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.
Clown, in her Household.
A Page.

COUNTRESS OF ROUSILLON,
Mother to Bertram.
HELENA, *a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*
A Widow of Florence.
DIANA, *her daughter.*
VIOLENTA, { *Neighbours and*
MARIANA, { *Friends to the*
 { *Widow.*

Lords, attending on the King ;
Officers, Soldiers, &c., French
and Florentine.

SCENE.—Partly in France and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTRESS'S Palace.

*Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON,
HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew ; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam ;—you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment ?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam : under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that 'had !' how sad a passage 't is !—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty ; had it stretched so far 'twould have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living ! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam ?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so :—Gerard de Narbonne.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam : the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly and mourn-

ingly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbonne?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena.—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed ; but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that ?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram ; and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape ! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright ! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none ; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key ; be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech. What Heaven more
will,

That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head ! Farewell.—My lord,
'T is an unseasoned courtier : good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him !—Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit.*

Ber. [*To HELENA.*] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you. Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady : you must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

Hel. O, were that all !—I think not on my father ;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like ?
I have forgot him : my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone : there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me :
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour ; to sit and draw
His archéd brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table ; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour :

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.—Who comes here?
One that goes with him: I love him for his
sake,

And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft
we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none : man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up !—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men ?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up : marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase ; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found : by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'T is too cold a companion : away with 't.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There 's little can be said in 't ; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin ; virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese, consumes itself to

the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose by 't. Out with 't: within the year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't, while 't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears: it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 't is a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 't is a withered pear. Will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.—

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,

A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster ; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall :—God send him well !—
The court's a learning-place ;—and he is one—

Par. What one i' faith ?

Hel. That I wish well.—'T is pity—

Par. What's pity ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt ; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think : which
never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell : if I can remember
thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety. But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get

thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee :
so farewell. [Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated sky
Gives us free scope ; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see and cannot feed mine eye ?
The mightiest space in fortune Nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love ?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixed and will not leave me.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—Paris. A Room in the KING'S
Palace.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE
with letters ; Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the
ears ;

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 't is reported, sir.

King. Nay, 't is most credible : we here receive
it

A certainty, vouched from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath armed our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes :
Yet for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What 's he comes here ?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's
face ;

Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral
parts

May'st thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness
now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership. He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest : he lasted long ;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So, like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness ; if they were,
His equal had awaked them, and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obeyed his hand : who were below him

He used as creatures of another place,
And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility ;
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them
now

But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb :
So in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him ! He would
always say,—
Methinks, I hear him now : his plausible words
He scattered not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear,——‘Let me not
live,’—

Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out, ‘Let me not live,’ quoth he,
‘After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garbs ; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.’—This he wished :—

I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolvéd from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You are loved, sir ;

They that least lend it you shall lack the first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't,
count,

Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him
yet :—

Lend me an arm :—the rest have worn me out
With several applications : nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count ;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, Steward and Clown.

Count. I will now hear : what say you of this
gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe: 't is my slowness, that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam; 't is not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned. But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel your woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage, and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue of my body, for they say, barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo* he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to

be what they are, there were no fear in marriage ; for young Charbon the Puritan and old Poysam the Papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one ; they may joll horns together like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave ?

Clo. A prophet I, madam ; and I speak the truth the next way.

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find ;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

Count. Get you gone, sir : I'll talk with you more anon

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you ; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her ; Helen I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sackéd Troy ?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy ?
With that she sighéd as she stood,
With that she sighéd as she stood,
And gave this sentence then ;*

Among nine bad if one be good,

Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What! one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth'a! an we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is, for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage,

may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds : there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me : alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears ; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates ; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level ; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterwards. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in ; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly : keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me : stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*]

Even so it was with me when I was young.

If we are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born :
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impressed in youth :
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults,—or then we thought them
none.

Enter HELENA.

Her eye is sick on 't : I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam ?

Count. You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother.

Why not a mother ? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent : what's in mother,
That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombéd mine. 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds ;
You ne'er oppressed me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.—
God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood,

To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet,
The many-coloured Iris, rounds thine eye?—
Why? that you are my daughter?

Hel.

That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel.

Pardon, madam ;

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honoured name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble :
My master, my dear lord, he is ; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die.
He must not be my brother.

Count.

Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam : would you
were—

So that my lord, your son, were not my brother—
Indeed my mother!—or were you both our
mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-
in-law.

God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?

My fear hath caught your fondness : now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross,
You love my son : invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But tell me then, 't is so :—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, the one to the other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it : only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so ?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue ;
If it be not, forswear 't : howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Count. Go not about : my love hath in 't a
bond,

Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, dis-
close

The state of your affection, for your passions

Have to the full appeached.

Hel.

Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son.—

My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit ;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
Whose agéd honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love : O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose ;

That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent—speak
truly,—

To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore?—tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by grace itself I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty ; and that he willed me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note. Amongst the
rest,
There is a remedy approved set down
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is rendered lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it ? speak.

Hel. My lord, your son, made me to think of
this ;

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they
credit

A poor unlearnéd virgin, when the schools,
Embowelled of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something in 't
More than my father's skill, which was the
greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, would your
honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on 's grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,
and love,

Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.

Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter KING, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war ; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lords : these warlike principles

Do not throw from you :—and you, my lords,
farewell.—

Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is received,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'T is our hope, sir,
After well-entered soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
lords ;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons

Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy—
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it : when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2 *Lord*. Health, at your bidding, serve your
majesty !

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them :
They say, our French lack language to deny
If they demand : beware of being captives
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*Exit, led out by Attendants.*]

1 *Lord*. O my sweet lord, that you will stay
behind us !

Par. 'T is not his fault, the spark.

2 *Lord*. O, 't is brave wars !

Par. Most admirable : I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil
with,—

'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and 't is too
early.'

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away
bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with. By Heaven! I'll steal
away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured
body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—
you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one
Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of
war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very
sword entrenched it: say to him, I live, and
observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices!—

What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—

[*Re-enter the KING, led back to his chair by
Attendants.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble

lords : you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu : be more expressive to them ; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star ; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy swordsmen.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM and PAROLLES.

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has bought his pardon.

I would, you had kneeled, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had ; so I had broke thy pate, And asked thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across. But, my good lord, 't is thus :

Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, an if

My royal fox could reach them. I have seen

A medicine that's able to breathe life

Into a stone,

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary

With spritely fire and motion; whose simple
touch

Is powerful to araise King Pepin; nay,

To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,

And write to her a love-line.

King.

What 'her' is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor She. My lord, there's one
arrived,

If you will see her:—now, by my faith and
honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amazed me more

Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see
her—

For that is her demand—and know her business?

That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever pro-
logues.

Re-enter LAFEU with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

This is his majesty, say your mind to him :
A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together. Fare you well.

[Exit.

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow
us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbonne was my father,
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards
him ;

Knowing him, is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so ;
And, hearing your high majesty is touched
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom Nature
From her inaidable estate ; I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To émpirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be called grateful.

Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I
give

As one near death to those that wish him live ;
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So Holy Writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes ; great floods have
flown

From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee : fare thee well,
kind maid.

Thy pains, not used, must by thyself be paid :
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspiréd merit so by breath is barred.
It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 't is with us that square our guess by shows ;

But most it is presumption in us when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men,
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what
space

Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quenched his sleepy lamp ;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulgéd shame,
Traduced by odious ballads : my maiden's name
Seared otherwise ; ne worse of worst extended,

With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak

His powerful sound, within an organ weak ;

And what impossibility would slay

In common sense, sense saves another way.

Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate

Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all

That happiness and prime can happy call :

Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate

Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,

That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property

Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,

And well deserved. Not helping, death's my fee :

But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of
heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly
hand

What husband in thy power I will command :

Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state ;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served :
So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,—
Though more to know could not be more to trust,—
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on ; but rest
Unquestioned welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS'S
Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir : I shall now put you to
the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will skow myself highly fed, and lowly
taught. I know, my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court? why, what place make

you special, when you put off that with such contempt?—‘But to the court?’

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off’s cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. But, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that’s a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber’s chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib’s rush for Tom’s forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for Mayday, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun’s lip to the friar’s mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir!—there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'Spare not me'? Indeed, your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping: you

would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—why there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give
Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son.
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—Paris. A Room in the KING'S
Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 't is.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say : both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right ; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 't is ; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right ; as 't were a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well ; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed : if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do you call there?—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier : 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence : which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it ; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says : I'll like a

maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head.
Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du vinaigre !* Is not this Helen ?

Laf. Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side :
And with this healthful hand, whose banished
sense

Thou hast repealed, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye : this youthful
parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use : thy frank election make.
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to
forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous
mistress

Fall, when Love please !—marry, to each, but
one.

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,

My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well :
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restored the King to
health,

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven
for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid ; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—

Please it your majesty, I have done already :
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
'We blush that thou shouldst choose ; but, be
refused,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever :
We 'll ne'er come there again.'

King. Make choice ; and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir : all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies :

Love make your fortunes twenty times above

Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,

Which great Love grant ! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her ? An they were sons of mine, I 'd have them whipped, or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

Hel. [*To 3 Lord.*] Be not afraid that I your hand should take ;

I 'll never do you wrong, for your own sake :

Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they 'll none have her : sure, they are bastards to the English : the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair o'ne, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drank wine,—But if thou be'st not an ass, I

am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Hel. [To BERTRAM.] I dare not say, I take you :
but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her :
she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege ! I shall beseech your
highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me ?

Ber. Yes, my good lord ;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has raised me from my
sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising ? I know her well :
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife !—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever !

King. 'T is only title thou disdain'st in her, the
which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,

Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous—save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter—thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name ; but do not so :
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed :
Where great additions swell 't, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
Is good without a name ; vileness is so :
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire : honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,
Deboshed on every tomb ; on every grave,
A lying trophy ; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb
Of honoured bones indeed. What should be said ?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest : virtue, and she,
Is her own dower ; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad.

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake, which to defea
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand ;
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,
We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt :
Obey our will, which travails in thy good :
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims ;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and
hate

Losing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak : thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit

My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 't were, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine : to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contráct ; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be performed to-night : the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love 's to me religious, else, does err.

[*Exeunt* KING, BERTRAM, HELENA,
Lords, and Attendants.

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur ? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir ?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his
recantation.

Par. Recantation ?—My lord ? my master ?

Laf. Ay ; is it not a language I speak ?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel: it might pass; yet the scarfs, and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee: when I lose thee again, I care not, yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou 'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice,

fare thee well : thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart ; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every drachm of it ; And I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal : for doing I am past ;— as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord !— Well, I must be patient ; there is no fettering of

authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him : an if I could but meet him again !

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married : there's news for you ; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs : he is my good lord : whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who ? God ?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion ? dost make hose of thy sleeves ? do other servants so ? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee : methinks 't, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee : I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir ; you were beaten in Italy for

picking a kernel out of a pomegranate : you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Par. Good, very good ; it is so then :—good, very good. Let it be concealed a while.

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever !

Par. What is the matter, sweet-heart ?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have
sworn,

I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart ?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me !—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more
merits

The tread of a man's foot. To the wars !

Ber. There's letters from my mother : what the
import is,

I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars,
my boy ! to the wars !

He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions !
France is a stable ; we, that dwell in 't, jades ;
Therefore, to the war !

Ber. It shall be so : I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled ; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure ?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away : away to-morrow.
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound ; there's noise in
it ; 't is hard :

A young man married is a man that's marred :
Therefore away, and leave her : bravely go ;
The king has done you wrong ; but hush, 't is so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Paris. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter HELENA and Clown

Hel. My mother greets me kindly : is she well ?

Clo. She is not well ; but yet she has her health : she's very merry ; but yet she is not well : but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world ; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well ?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things ?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly ! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly !

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady !

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on ; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave ! How does my old lady ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing. •

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away ! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave 'thou'rt a knave' ; that is, before me thou'rt a knave : this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool ; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me ? The search, sir, was profitable ; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night ;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compelled restraint ;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with
sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave
o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthened with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtained, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.--Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him
a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends: I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [To BERTRAM.] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [Aside to PAROLLES.] Is she gone to the king?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses; and to-night,

When I should take possession of the bride,
End, ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard, and out of it you 'll run again rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

[*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common
speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course.
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepared I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[Giving a letter.

'T will be two days ere I shall see you : so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have failed
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go :
My haste is very great. Farewell : hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say ?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe ;
Nor dare I say 't is mine, and yet it is ;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have ?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much :—nothing,
indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would, my lord :—
Faith, yes ;—

Strangers and foes do sunder and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my
lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?

—Farewell. [Exit HELENA.

Go thou toward home ; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
Away ! and for our flight.

Par.

Bravely, coragio !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. A Room in the DUKE'S
Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE,
attended ; two French Lords, and Soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have
you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord.

Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's party ; black and fearful
On the opposer's.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin
France

Would, in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord.

Good my lord,

The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion : therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guessed.

Duke.

Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our
nature,

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke.

Welcome shall they be,

And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well ;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS *and* Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man, that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit.

Count. [Reads.] "I have sent you a daughter-

in-law : she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her ; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away : know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son, BERTRAM."

This is not well : rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king !
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire !

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within,
between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter ?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort : your son will not be killed so soon
as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed ?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
he does : the danger is in standing to 't ; that's the
loss of men, though it be the getting of children.
Here they come will tell you more ; for my part, I
only hear your son was run away. [Exit.

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gent.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't :—where is my son, I pray
you ?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he 's gone to serve the Duke of
Florence.

We met him thitherward ; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam : here 's my
passport. [*Reads.*] “When thou canst get the
ring upon my finger, which never shall come off,
and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I
am father to, then call me husband : but in such a
then I write a *never*.” This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

1 *Gent.*

Ay, madam,

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our
pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence
is he?

2 Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and,
believe't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of
speed.

Hel. [*Reads.*] "Till I have no wife, I have no-
thing in France."

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand,
Which haply, his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no
wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with
him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was 't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of
wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much
Which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses : more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gent.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt COUNTESS and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France."

Nothing in France, until he has no wife !
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France ;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord ! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing-war ? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets ? O you leaden messengers
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim ; move the still piecing air
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord !
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it ;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 't were,
I met the ravin lion when he roared
With sharp constraint of hunger : better 't were,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all : I will be gone.
My being here it is that holds thee hence :

Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of Paradise did fan the house,
And angels officed all : I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day !
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Florence. Before the DUKE'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art ; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet
We'll strive to bear it, for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file ;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTRESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and her Steward.

Count. Alas ! and would you take the letter of
her ?

Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

Stew. [Reads]. ' *I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim,
thither gone.*

*Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.*

*Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may lie :
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.*

His taken labours bid him me forgive :

*I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth :*

*He is too good and fair for Death and me,
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.'*

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—

Rinaldo, you ne'er lacked advice so much
As letting her pass so : had I spoke with her
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam :
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to
hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife :
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger.—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense

To make distinction.—Provide this messenger.—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Without the Walls of Florence.

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence,
DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the
city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most
honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their
greatest commander, and that with his own hand
he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our
labour ; they are gone a contrary way : hark ! you
may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come ; let's return again, and suffice our-
selves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take
heed of this French earl : the honour of a maid is
her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have
been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave ; hang him ! one

Parolles : a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana ; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under : many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further ; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim : I know she will lie at my house ; thither they send one another. I'll question her.—

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.

God save you, pilgrim !—whither are you bound ?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the Saint Francis, here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ?

Wid. Ay, marry, is 't.—Hark you !

[A march afar off.]

They come this way.—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged :

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As't is reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the
count,

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him;

In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reservéd honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

'T is a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right; good creature, wheresoe'er she
is,
Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might
do her

A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed;

And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:

But she is armed for him, and keeps her guard

In honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else !

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.

Wid. So, now they come.—

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;

That, Escalus,

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia. He ;

That with the plume : 't is a most gallant fellow ;
I would he loved his wife. If he were honest,
He were much goodlier ; is 't not a handsome
gentleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'T is pity, he is not honest. Yond's that
same knave

That leads him to these places : were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he ?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he
melancholy ?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum ! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look,
he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you !

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier !

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers,*
and Soldiers.

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will
bring you

Where you shall host : of enjoined penitents
There's four or five, to Great Saint Jacques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.

Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me ; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM *and the two French Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let
him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding,
hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord : in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, lest, reposing too far in his virtue which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him : such I will have whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination : if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his

power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

2 *Lord*. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum: he says he has a stratagem for 't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

1 *Lord*. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord*. A pox on 't! let it go: 't is but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings and to rend our own soldiers!

2 *Lord*. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success : some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum ; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might ; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on ; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit : if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening : and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant, and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once,

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature;

Will you go see her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well
born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have showed me that which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
 Resolved to carry her : let her, in fine, consent,
 As we'll direct her how 't is best to bear it.
 Now, his important blood will naught deny
 That she'll demand : a ring the county wears,
 That downward hath succeeded in his house
 From son to son, some four or five descents
 Since the first father wore 't : this ring he holds
 In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire,
 To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
 Howe'er repented after.

Wid.

Now I see

The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more
 But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
 Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter,
 In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
 Herself most chastely absent. After this,
 To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
 To what is past already.

Wid.

I have yielded.

Instruct my daughter how she shall perséver,
 That time and place with this deceit so lawful
 May prove coherent. Every night he comes
 With musics of all sorts, and songs composed
 To her unworthiness ; it nothings steads us

To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel.

Why then, to-night

Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let 's about it.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine Camp.

*Enter First French Lord, with five or six Soldiers
in ambush.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this
hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak
what terrible language you will: though you
understand it not yourselves, no matter ; for we
must not seem to understand him, unless some one
among us, whom we must produce for an inter-
preter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows
he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore, we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] This is the first truth that e'er
thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] 'T would not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 Lord. [*Aside.*] How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 Lord. [*Aside.*] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's :
I would swear I recovered it.

1 Lord. [*Aside.*] You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's !

Alarum within.

1 Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ! ransom, ransom !—Do not hide mine
eyes. [*They seize and blindfold him.*]

1 Sold. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know, you are the Muskos' regiment ;
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me :
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 Sold. *Boskos vauvado :—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue :—
*Kerelybonto :—*Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. O !

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray !—

Manka revania dulce.

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee
yet,

And, hoodwinked as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee : haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes ; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully ?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.—*

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*]

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my
brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
muffled,

Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* 'A will betray us all unto ourselves.
Inform on that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord*. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely locked. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess,

And worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument :
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No :

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that !
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows.

I was compelled to her ; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you ; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn !

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,

But the plain single vow, that is vowed true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness : then, pray you,
tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love
That I will work against him. Therefore, your
oaths

Are words, and poor conditions, but unsealed ;
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it.
Be not so holy-cruel : love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover : say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so perséver.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such a case,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear ; but have no
power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord ?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathéd down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring.
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathéd down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring :
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
chamber-window :
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquered my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong ; and you shall know
 them,

When back again this ring shall be delivered :
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu till then ; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing
 thee. [Exit.

Dia. For which live long to thank both Heaven
 and me !

You may so in the end:—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart ; she says, all men
Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me,
When his wife 's dead ; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid :
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Florentine Camp.

*Enter the two French Lords, and two or three
Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since : there is something in 't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly within you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman, here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour : he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion: as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors: and as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight, for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomised, that he might take a measure of his own judgment wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the meantime, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord*. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsel.

2 *Lord*. Let it be forbid, sir ; so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord*. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house : her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand, which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished ; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief ; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord*. How is this justified ?

1 *Lord*. The stronger part of it by her own letters ; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death : her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord*. Hath the count all this intelligence ?

1 *Lord*. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord*. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord*. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses !

2 *Lord*. And how mightily, some other times, we

drown our gain in tears. The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord*. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together : our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not ; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now ? where's your master ?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave ; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord*. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

1 *Lord*. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord ! is 't not after midnight ?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success : I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning,

entertained my convoy ; and between these main parcels of despatch effected many nicer needs : the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier ? Come, bring forth this counterfeit model : he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord.* Bring² him forth. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] He has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter ; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself ?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordship already ; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his sitting i' the stocks ; and what think you he hath confessed ?

Ber. Nothing of me, has 'a?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled? he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarossa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 *Lord.* *Boblibindo chicurmurcho.*

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* 'First, demand of him, how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do : I'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord : this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist—that was his own phrase—that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean ; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said—I will say true—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth : the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold.* 'Demand of him, of what strength they are afoot.' What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see : Spurio, a hundred and fifty ; Sebastian, so many ; Corambus, so many ; Jaques, so many ; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each ; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each : so^d that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll ; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him ?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. ' You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman ; what his reputation is with the duke ; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars ; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this ? what do you know of it ?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories : demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him : he was a botcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child ; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[DUMAIN *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands ; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me ; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band : I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know : either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 't is : here 's a paper ; shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] ‘*Dian, the count’s a fool, and full of gold,—*

Par. That is not the duke’s letter, sir : that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I’ll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in ’t, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid : for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue !

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] ‘*When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it ;*

After he scores, he never pays the score :

Half won is match well made : match, and well make it :

He ne’er pays after debts ; take it before,

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this.

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss ;

For count of this, the count’s a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in 's forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir ; the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case ! Not that I am afraid to die ; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 Sold. We 'll see what may be done, so you confess freely : therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour : what is his honesty ?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister ; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths ; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think

truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swinedrunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord*. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him! for me he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold*. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile End, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord*. He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold*. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a cardecue he will sell the fee-

simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it ; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain ?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me ?

1 *Sold.* What's he ?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest ; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey ; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine ?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming ; a plague of all drums ! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush, where I was taken ?

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must

die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use ; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death !

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unmuffling him.

So, look about you : know you any here ?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu ? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon ? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you ; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, *Frenchmen*, &c.

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain ; all but your scarf, that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot ?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame,

you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir ; I am for France too : we shall speak of you there. [Exit.

Par. Yet am I thankful : if my heart were great,

'T would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more ;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall : simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a
braggart,

Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame ! being fooled, by foolery thrive !
There's place and means for every man alive !
I'll after them. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not
wronged you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety : fore whose throne, 't is need-
ful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desiréd office,
Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth
And answer thanks. I duly am informed,
His grace is at Marseilles ; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead : the army breaking,
My husband hies him home ; where, Heaven aid-
ing,

And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,

You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel.

Nor you, mistress,

Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love. Doubt not, but Heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozened thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night ! So lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,

Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you :
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away ;
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us :
All's well that ends well : still the fine's the
crown ;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no ; your son was misled with a
snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron
would have made all the unbaked and doughy
youth of a nation in his colour : your daughter-in-
law had been alive at this hour, and your son here
at home, more advanced by the king than by that
red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever Nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who 's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. 'Faith, sir, 'a has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee;

and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways : let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him : by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness ; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well ; 't is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter ; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it ; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it ?

Count. With very much content, my lord ; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles,

of as able body as when he numbered thirty : he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night : I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter ; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam ! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face : whether there be a scar under it or no, the velvet knows ; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour ; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you : I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers which bow the head and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. A Street.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low : we cannot help it ;
But, since you have made the days and nights as
one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can uproot you. In happy time ;

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. —God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen

From the report that goes upon your goodness ;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will ?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me, with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir ?

Gent. Not, indeed :
He hence removed last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains !

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon ;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand ;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.

I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thanked,

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again :—

Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The Inner Court of the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavatch, give my Lord
Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better
known to you, when I have held familiarity with
fresher clothes ; but I am now, sir, muddied in
Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her
strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish ;
if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of, I will
henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering.
Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir :
I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will

stop my nose ; or against any man's metaphor.
Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh ! pr'ythee, stand away : a paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman ! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat (but not a musk-cat), that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [Exit.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do ? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her ? There's a cardecue for you. Let the justices make you and Fortune friends ; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more : come, you shall ha' 't ; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then,—Cox my passion ! give me your hand.—How does your drum ?

Par. O my good lord ! you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth ? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave ! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil ? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming ; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me : I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat : go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the
COUNTRESS'S Palace.

*Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords,
Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it : but your son,
As mad in folly, lacked the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege ;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire too strong for reason's force
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honoured lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watched the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note, but to himself
The greatest wrong of all : he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorned to serve
Humbly called mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him
hither.

We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition.—Let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it : let him approach,
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,
So 't is our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

[*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter ? have you
spoke ?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have
letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail

In me at once ; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way : so stand thou forth ;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole ;
Not one word more of the consuméd time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top,
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord ?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege.
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me
Which warped the line of every other favour,
Scorned a fair colour, or expressed it stolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she whom all men praised and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused :
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away

From the great compt. But love that comes too
late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rasher
faults

Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave :
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust :
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :
The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear
Heaven, bless !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O Nature, cress !

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
name

Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [BERTRAM gives a ring.]

—By my old beard,

And every hair that's on 't, Helen, that's dead,

Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fastened to 't.—
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave
her

Of what should stead her most ?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it ; and she reckoned it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived : my lord, she never saw
it.

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapped in a paper, which contained the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood ingaged : but when I had subscribed

To mine own fortune, and informed her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceased,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King.

Plutus himself,

That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was
Helen's,

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She called the saints to
surety,

That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber.

She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour,

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so ;—
And yet I know not :—thou didst hate her deadly,

And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*Guards seize* BERTRAM.

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly feared too little.—Away with him !
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapped in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not :
Here's a petition from a Florentine
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquished thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending : her business looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*] ‘*Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour’s paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies: otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

‘*DIANA CAPILET.*’

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll: for this, I’ll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
Lafeu,

To bring forth this discovery. — Seek these
sutors:—

Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants.*]

I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatched.

Count.

Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to
you,

And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow and DIANA.

What woman's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derivéd from the ancient Capilet :
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and
honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count. Do you know these
women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me
further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your
wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine ;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine ;
You give away myself, which is known mine ;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me ;
Either both, or none.

Laf. [To BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter : you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,

Whom sometime I have laughed with. Let your highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend

Till your deeds gain them ; fairer prove your honour

Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her ?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord ;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord : if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price :
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel ; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 't is it :
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferred by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife :
That ring 's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument : his name 's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Ber. What of him ?
He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world taxed and deboshed,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
That will speak anything ?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has : certain it is, I liked her
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy ; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,

Subdued me to her rate : she got the ring,
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient ;

You, that turned off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,—
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,—
Send for your ring ; I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you ?

Dia. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring ? this ring was his of
late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it
him

Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoken the truth.

Re-enter Attendant with PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
you.—

Is this the man you speak of ?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master—
Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off—
By him and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman : tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her ; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.
What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of: therefore, I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore, stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord : she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine : I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away : I do not like her now.
To prison with her ; and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to 't :
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life !
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*

King. She does abuse our ears. To prison with her !

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. [*Exit widow.*]
—Stay, royal sir :

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harmed me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled,
And at that time he got his wife with child :
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick.
So there's my riddle,—one that's dead is quick ;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
Is 't real, that I see ?

Hel. No, my good lord ;
'T is but the shadow of a wife you see ;
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both ! O, pardon !

Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring ;
And, look you, here's your letter ; this it says :
“ When from my finger you can get this ring.
And are by me with child,” &c.—This is done
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you !—
O my dear mother, do I see you living ?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.
—[*To PAROLLES.*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a
handkerchief : so, I thank thee. Wait on me
home, I'll make sport with thee : let thy courtesies
alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story
know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
[*To DIANA.*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncroppéd
flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;
For I can guess, that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express :
All yet seems well ; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*]

EPILOGUE.

King. The king's a beggar now the play is done.

All is well ended, if this suit be won—

That you express content ; which we will pay

With strife to please you, day exceeding day :

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;

Your gentle hands lend us. and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*]

GILETTA OF NARBONA.

From William Painter's "PALACE OF PLEASURE."

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH NOVELL.

Giletta a Phisicians doughter of Narbon, heuled the Frenche Kyng of a Fistula, for reward wherof she demaunded Beltramo Counte of Rossiglione to husbande. The Counte beyng married againste his will, for despite fled to Florence and loved an other. Giletta his wife, by pollicie founde meanes to lye with her husbande, in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of twoo soonnes : whiche knowne to her husbande, he received her againe, and afterwarde she lived in great honor and felicitie.

IN Fraunce there was a gentleman called Isnardo, the Counte of Rossiglione, who bicause he was sickly and diseased, kepte alwaies in his house a Phisicion, named maister Gerardo of Narbona.

This Counte had one onely sonne called Beltramo, a verie yonge childe, pleasaunt and faire. With whom there was nourished and broughte up, many other children of his age: emonges whom one of the doughters of the said Phisicion, named Giletta, who ferventlie fell in love with Beltramo, more then was meete for a maiden of her age.

This Beltramo, when his father was dedde, and lefte under the roial custodie of the kyng, was sente to Paris, for whose departure, the maiden was verie pensife.

A litle while after, her father beyng likewise dedde, she was desirous to goe to Paris, onely to see the yong Counte, if for that purpose she could gette any good occasion. But beyng diligently looked unto by her kinsfolke (bicause she was riche and fatherlesse) she could see no conveniente waie, for her intended journey: and being now mariageable, the love she bare to the Counte, was never out of her remembraunce, and refused many husbandes, with whom her kinsfolke would have placed her, without making them

privie, to the occasion of her refusall. Now it chaunced that she burned more in love with Beltramo, then ever she did before, bicause she heard tell, that he was growen to the state of a goodly yonge gentlemanne.

She heard by reporte, that the Frenche Kyng, had a swellyng upon his breast, whiche by reason of ill cure, was growen to a Fistula, and did putte him to marveilous paine and grief, and that there was no Phisicion to be founde (although many were proved) that could heale it, but rather did impaire the grief, and made it worsse and worsse. Wherefore the kyng, like one that was in dispaire, would take no more counsaill or helpe. Wherof the yonge maiden was wonderfull glad, and thought to have by this meanes, not onelie a lawfull occasion to goe to Paris; but if the disease were suche (as she supposed,) easely to bryng to passe that she might have the Counte Beltramo to her husbände.

Whereupon with suche knowledge, as she had learned at her fathers handes before time, she made a powder of certain herbes, whiche she thought meete for that disease, and rode to Paris. And the first thing she went about, when she came thither, was to see the Counte Beltramo. And then she repaired to the kyng, praying his grace, to vouchsaufe to shewe her his disease. The kyng perceivng her to bee a faire yonge maiden and a comelie, would not hide it, but opened the same unto her. So sonne as she sawe it, she putte hym in comforte, that she was able to heale hym, sayng :

"Sire, if it shall please your grace, I trust in God, without any paine or griefe unto your highnesse, within eighte daies I will make you whole of this disease."

The kyng hearyng her saie so, began to mocke her, sayng: "How is it possible for thee, beyng a yong woman, to doe that, whiche the best renoumed Phisicions in the worlde can not?" He thanked her, for her good will, and made her a directe answere, that he was determined no more to followe the counsaile of any Phisicion.

Whereunto the maiden answered: "Sire, you dispise my knowledge, bicause I am yonge, and a woman, but I assure you, that I doe not minister Phisicke by profession, but by the aide and helpe of God: and with the cunnyng of maister Gerardo of Narbona, who was my father, and a Phisicion of greate fame, so longe as he lived."

The kyng hearyng those wordes, saied to hymself: "This woman peradventure is sent unto me of God, and therefore, why should I disdain to prove her cunningg? Sithens she promiseth to heale me within a litle space, without any offence or grief unto me."

And beyng determined to prove her, he said: "Damosell, if thou doest not heale me, but make me to breake my determination, what wilt thou shall folowe thereof."

"Sire," saied the maiden: "Let me be kept in what garde and keypyng you list: and if I dooe not heale you within these eight daies, let me bee burnte: but if I doe heale your grace, what recompence shall I have then?"

To whom the kyng answered: "Bicause thou art a maiden, and unmarried, if thou heale me, accordyng to thy promisse, I will bestowe thee upon some gentleman, that shalbe of right good worship and estimacion."

To whom she answered: "Sire I am verie well content, that you bestowe me in mariage: But I will have suche a husbnde, as I my self shall demaunde; without presumption to any of your children, or other of your bloudde."

Whiche requeste, the kyng incontinently graunted.

The yong maiden began to minister her Phisicke, and in shorte space, before her appointed tyme, she had thoroughly cured the kyng. And when the kyng perceived himself whole, said unto her: "Thou hast well deserved a husbnde (Giletta) even suche a one as thy selfe shalt chose."

"I have then my Lorde (quod she) deserved the Countie Beltramo of Rossiglione, whom I have loved from my youthe."

The kyng was very lothe to graunte hym unto her: But bicause he had made a promis, whiche he was lothe to breake, he caused hym to be called forthe, and saied unto hym: "Sir Countee, bicause you are a gentleman of greate honor, our pleasure is, that you retourne home to your owne house, to order your estate according to your degree: and that you take with you a Damosell whiche I have appointed to be your wife."

To whom the Counte gave his humble thankes, and demaunded what she was?

"It is she (quoth the kyng) that with her medecines, hath healed me."

The Counte knewe her well, and had alredie seen her,

although she was faire, yet knowing her not to be of a stocke, convenable to his nobilitie, disdainfullie said unto the king, "Will you then (sir) give me, a Phisicion to wife? It is not the pleasure of God, that ever I should in that wise bestowe my self."

To whom the kyng said: "Wilt thou then, that we should breake our faith, whiche we to recover healthe, have given to the damosell, who for a rewarde thereof, asked thee to husband?"

"Sire (quod Beltramo) you maie take from me al that I have, and give my persone to whom you please, bicause I am your subject: but I assure you, I shall never bee contented with that mariage."

"Well, you shall have her (saied the Kyng), for the maiden is faire and wise, and loveth you moste intirely: thinkyng verelie you shall leade a more joyfull life with her, then with a ladie of a greater house."

The Counte therewithal helde his peace; and the king made great preparacion for the mariage. And when the appointed daie was come, the Counte in the presence of the kyng (although it were againste his will) married the maiden, who loved hym better then her owne selfe.

Whiche dooen, the Counte determyng before, what he would doe, praied licence to retourne to his countrie, to consummat the mariage. And when he was on horsebacke, he went not thither, but tooke his journey into Thuscane, where understanding that the Florentines and Senois were at warres, he determined to take the Florentines parte, and was willinglie received, and honourable interteigned, and made capitaine of a certaine number of men, continuyng in their service a longe tyme.

The newe married gentlewoman, scarce contented with that, and hop yng by her well do yng, to cause hym to retourne into his countrie, went to Rossiglione, where she was received of all his subjectes, for their Ladie. And perceiv yng that through the Countes absence, all thinges were spoiled and out of order; she like a sage lady, with greate diligence and care, disposed all thynges in order againe, whereof the subjectes rejoy sed verie muche, bearyng to her their hartie love and affection, greatlie blamyng the Counte, bicause he could not contente himself with her.

This notable gentlewoman, having restored all the

countrie againe, sent worde thereof to the Counte her husbände, by twoo Knightes of the countrie, whiche she sent to signifie unto hym, that if it were for her sake, that he had abandoned his countrie, he should sende her worde thereof, and she to doe hym pleasure, would depart from thence.

To whom he chorlishlie saied: "Lette her doe what she list. For I doe purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ryng, (meaning a ryng which he wore) upon her finger, and a soonne in her armes, begotten by me."

He greatly loved that ryng, and kepte it verie carefullie, and never tooke it of from his finger, for a certaine vertue that he knewe it had.

The knightes hearyng the harde condicion of twoo thinges impossible: and seying that by them he could not be removed from his determinacion, thei retourned againe to the ladie, tellinge her his answer: who verie sorowfull, after she hadde a good while bethought her self, purposed to finde meanes, to attaine to those twoo thynges, to the intente, that thereby she might recover her husbände.

And havynge advised with her self what to doe, she assembled the noblest and chiefest of her countrie, declaring unto them in lamentable wise, what she had alredie dooen, to winne the love of the Counte, shewyng them also what folowed thereof. And in the ende saied unto them, that she was lothe the Counte for her sake, should dwell in perpetuall exile: therefore she determined, to spende the rest of her tyme in pilgrimages and devocion, for preservation of her soule, praiyng them to take the charge, and governemente of the countrie, and that thei would lette the Counte understande, that she had forsaken his house, and was removed farre from thence: with purpose never to reterne to Rossiglione againe.

Many teares were shedde by the people, as she was speakyng these wordes, and divers supplicacions were made unto him to alter his opinion, but al in vaine. Wherefore commending them all unto God, she tooke her waie, with her maide and one of her kinsemen, in the habite of a pilgrime, well furnished with silver and precious Jewelles, tellyng no man whither shee went, and never rested till she came to Florence, where by Fortune at a poore widowes house she contented her self, with the state of a poore

pilgrime, desirous to here newes of her lorde, whom by fortune she sawe the next daie, passing by the house (where she lay) on horsebacke with his companie.

And although she knewe him well enough, yet she demaunded of the good wife of the house what he was: who answered that he was a straunge gentleman, called the Counte Beltramo of Rossiglione, a curteous knight, and wel-beloved in the Citie, and that he was merveilously in love with a neighbor of her, that was a gentlewoman, verie poore and of small substaunce, neverthesse of right honest life and report, and by reason of her povertie, was yet unmarried, and dwelte with her mother, that was a wise and honest ladie.

The Countesse well notyng these wordes, and by litle and litle debatyng every particular point thereof, comprehendyng the effecte of those newes, concluded what to doe, and when she had well understood whiche was the house, and the name of the ladie and of her doughter, that was beloved of the Counte: upon a daie repaired to the house secretlie, in the habite of a pilgrime, where finding the mother and doughter, in poore estate emonges their familie, after she hadde saluted them, tolde the mother that she had to saie unto her. The gentlewoman risyng up, curteouslie interteigned her, and beyng entred alone into a chamber, thei satte doune, and the Countesse began to saie unto her in this wise. "Madame, me thinke that ye be one upon whom Fortune doeth frowne, so well as upon me; but if you please, you maie bothe comfort me and your self."

The ladie answered, "That there was nothyng in the worlde, whereof she was more desirous, then of honest comforte."

The Countesse procedyng in her talke, saied unto her, "I have nede now of your fidelitie and trust, whereupon if I doe staie, and you deceive me, you shall bothe undoe me, and your self."

"Tell me then what it is hardelic (saied the gentlewoman) if it bee your pleasure, for you shall never bee deceived of me."

Then the Countesse beganne to recite her whole estate of Love, tellyng her what she was, and what had chaunced to that present daie, in such perfite order that the gentlewoman belevyng her woordes, bicause she had partlie

heard report thereof before, beganne to have compassion upon her, and after that the Countesse had rehearsed all the whole circumstance, she continued her purpose, sayng, "Now you have heard emonges other my troubles, what twoo thynges thei bee, whiche behoveth me to have, if I doe recover my husbände, whiche I knowe none can helpe me to obtain, but onely you: If it bee true that I heare, whiche is, that the Counte, my husbände, is farre in love with your doughter."

To whom the gentlewoman saied: "Madame, if the Counte love my doughter, I knowe not, albeit the likelihoode is greate; but what am I able to doe, in that which you desire?"

"Madame," answered the Countesse, "I will tell you; but first I will declare what I mean to doe for you, if my determinacion be brought to effect: I see your faier doughter of good age, redie to marie, but, as I understand, the cause why she is unmarried, is the lacke of substance to bestowe upon her. Wherefore I purpose, for recompence of the pleasure, whiche you shall doe for me, to give so much redie money to marie her honorably, as you shall thinke sufficient."

The Countesse offer was very well liked of the ladie, bicause she was but poore; yet having a noble hart, she saied unto her, "Madame, tell me wherein I maie do you service; and if it be a thing honest, I will gladlie performe it, and the same being brought to passe, do as it shal please you."

Then saied the Countesse, "I thinke it requisite that by some one whom you truste, that you give knowledge to the Counte my husbände, that your doughter is and shalbe at his commaundement. And to the intent she maie bee well assured, that he loveth her in deede above any other, that she praieth him to sende her a ring that he weareth upon his finger, whiche ring, she heard tell, he loved verie derely. And when he sendeth the ryng, you shall give it unto me, and afterwarde sende hym woorde that your doughter is redie to accomlishe his pleasure, and then you shall cause hym secretly to come hither, and place me by hym (in steede of your doughter), peradventure God will give me the grace that I maie bee with childe, and so havyng this ryng on my finger, and the childe in myne armes, begotten

by hym, I shall recover hym, and by your meanes continue with hym, as a wife ought to doe with her husbände."

This thing semed difficulte unto the gentlewoman, fearyng that there would folowe reproche unto her doughter. Notwithstanding, consideryng what an honest parte it were, to be a meane, that the good ladie should recover her husbände, and that she should doe it for a good purpose, havynge affiaunce in her honest affection, not onely promised the Countesse to bryng this to passe; but in fewe daies with greate subtiltie, folowyng the order wherein she was instructed, she had gotten the ryng, although it was with the Countes ill will, and toke order that the Countesse in stede of her doughter did lye with hym.

And at the first meetyng, so affectuously desired by the Counte, God so disposed the matter that the Countesse was begotten with childe, of twoo goodly sonnes, and her delivery chaunced at the due time. Wherupon the gentlewoman, not onely contented the Countesse at that tyme, with the companie of her husbände, but at many other times so secretly that it was never knownen; the Counte not thinkyng that he had lien with his wife, but with her whom he loved. To whom at his uprisyng in the mornyng he used many curteous and amiable woordes, and gave divers faire and precious jewelles, whiche the Countesse kept moste carefullie; and when she perceived herself with childe, she determined no more to trouble the gentlewoman, but said unto her, "Madame, thanks bee to God and you, I have the thyng that I desire, and even so it is time to recompence your desert, that afterwarde I maie departe."

The gentlewoman saied unto her, that if she had doen any pleasure agreeable to her mind, she was right glad thereof, whiche she did, not for hope of rewarde; but because it appertained to her by well doynge, so to doe.

Wherunto the Countesse saied: "Your sayyng pleaseth me well, and likewise for my parte, I dooe not purpose to give unto you, the thing you shall demaunde of me in rewarde, but for consideracion of your well doynge, whiche ductie forceth me to so dooe." The gentlewoman then constrained with necessitie, demaunded of her with greate bashefulnessse, an hundred poundes, to marie her daughter. The Countesse perceivying the shamefastnesse of the gentlewoman, and hearyng her curteous demaunde, gave her

five hundred poundes, and so many faire and costly Jewels, whiche almost amounted to like valer. For whiche the gentlewoman more then contented, gave moste hartie thanks to the Countesse, who departed from the gentlewoman, and retourned to her lodging.

The gentlewoman to take occasion from the Counte, of any farther repaire, or sendyng to her house, tooke her doughter with her, and went into the countrie to her frendes. The Counte Beltramo, within few daies after, beyng revoked home to his owne house by his subjects (hearyng that the Countesse was departed from thence) returned.

The Countesse knowynge, that her husbande was gone from Florence, and retourned into his countrie, was verie glad, and contented, and she continewed in Florence, till the tyme of her child bedde was come, and was brought a bedde of twoo sonnes, which were verie like unto their father, and caused them carefullie to be noursed, and brought up, and when she sawe tyme, she toke her journey (unknownen) to any manne) and arrived at Montpellier, and restyng her self there for certaine daies, hearyng newes of the Counte, and where he was, and that upon the daie of all Sainctes, he purposed to make a great feast, and assemblie of ladies and knightes, in her pilgrimes weede she wente thither.

And knowyng that thei were all assembled, at the pallace of the Counte, redie to sitte doune at the table, she passed through the people, without chaunge of apparell, with her two sonnes in her armes. And when she was come up into the hall, even to the place where the Counte was, fallyng doune prostrate at his feet, wepyng, saied unto him: "My Lorde, I am thy poor infortunate wife, who to thintent thou mightest returne and dwel in thine owne house, have been a great while beggyng about the worlde. Therefore I now beseche thee, for the honour of God, that thou wilt observe the condicions, whiche the twoo knightes (that I sent unto thee) did commaunde me to doe: for beholde, here in myne armes, not onelie one soonne begotten by thee, but twaine, and likewise thy Rynge. It is now tyme then (if thou kepe promis) that I should be received as thy wife."

The Counte hearyng this, was greatly astonned, and

knewe the Rynge, and the children also, thei were so like hym.

“ But tell me (quod he) howe is this come to pass ! ”

The Countesse to the greate admiracion of the Counte, and of all those that were in presence, rehearsed unto them in order all that, whiche had been doen, and the whole discourse therof. For whiche cause the Counte knowyng the thynges she had spoken to be true (and perceivying her constaunt minde, and good witte, and the twoo faier yonge boies : to kepe his promisse made, and to please his subiectes, and the Ladies that made sute unto him, to accept her, from that time forth as his lawfull wife, and to honour her) abjected his obstinate rigour : causyng her to rise up, and imbraced and kissed her, acknowledging her againe for his lawfull wife.

And after he had apparelled her, according to her estate, to the greate pleasure and contentacion, of those that were there and of all his other frendes, not onely that daie, but many others, he kepte greate chere, and from that tyme forth, he loved and honoured her, as his dere spouse and wife.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

WITH

ROMEUS AND JULIETTA,

AND

THE TRAGICALL HISTORYE OF ROMEUS AND JULIET.

INTRODUCTION.

Romeo and Juliet was, before Shakespeare's time, one of the most popular of love stories. In 1562—two years before the birth of Shakespeare—Arthur Brooke published a poem on the "Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare example of love constancie; with the subtill counsels and practices of an old Fryer, and their ill-event." In the preface to his poem, Arthur Brooke spoke of a previously existing play. "Though," he says, "I saw the same argument lately set forth on the stage with more commendation than I can look for (being there much better set forth than I have, or can do), yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve the like good effect." Neither of the play so referred to, nor of any other play upon *Romeo and Juliet*, before Shakespeare's, has any copy been preserved.

The tale of Juliet was first told by an Italian, Luigi da Porto, of Vicenza, who died in 1529, six years before the printing of it—at Venice, in 1535—as "The Story of Two Noble Lovers, with their piteous death, which happened in the city of Verona in the time of the Signor Bartolomeo Scala." Luigi da Porto said that he had it at the baths of Caldera from a talkative archer of Verona, Captain Alexander Peregrino, a man fifty years old. But he might have got the suggestion from a tale of Sienna, clearly the same, the thirty-third of the "Novellino" of Masuccio di Salerno, published in 1476. In 1554 the story was printed again at Lucca, as re-told by Bandello. It was soon afterwards told again in French, with variations, by Boisteau, from whose novel it was shaped into English verse, with further

alterations and additions, by Arthur Brooke, in 1562. Boisteau's novel was translated by William Painter for the second volume of his collection of novels published in 1567 as "The Palace of Pleasure." The story as told in "The Palace of Pleasure" was certainly known to Shakespeare, and is given, with contraction only of some long, elaborated speeches, as an appendix to this edition of Shakespeare's play. Another opportunity will be found of including in the NATIONAL LIBRARY Arthur Brooke's poem, in which Shakespeare also found some part of his material. For example, a part of Friar Laurence's expostulation with Romeo upon his passion in the cell (Act III., Sc. 3) is directly paraphrased from Arthur Brooke. These are Brooke's lines :—

" 'Art thou,' quoth he, 'a man? Thy shape saith so thou art;
Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart. . . .
If thou a man or woman wert or else a brutish beast.' "

These are Shakespeare's :—

"Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art,
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast."

A history of Verona, to the year 1560, by Girolamo della Corte, places the story of Romeo and Juliet in the year 1303. Dante's "Divine Comedy," dating in 1300, names the Capulets and Montagues among the quarrellers of Verona, who represented the fierce spirit that made Italy savage and unmanageable. The Scalas then ruled in Verona, and the time of Bartolomeo Scala was that assigned to the story by Luigi da Porto. Scala became, in the several versions of the tale, Escala, and, as in Shakespeare, Escalus, the prince's name.

There were two plays on this popular love story in Spanish literature, one by Lope de Vega, and one by Francisco de Roxas.

Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* was first published in quarto in 1597. That first quarto of 1597 is without bookseller's name upon the title-page, and its types show that it was produced hurriedly by the joint work of two separate printers. There was a second quarto in 1599, and a third in 1609, all being without the author's name upon the title-page: but there seems to have been also an undated quarto that appeared before the play was included among Shakespeare's works in the first folio of 1623.

The 1597 quarto prints *Romeo and Juliet* as acted by the players of Lord Hunsdon. Shakespeare's company were "servants of the Lord Chamberlain," and Henry Lord Hunsdon died in the office of Lord Chamberlain on the 22nd of July, 1596. His son George, who succeeded to the title, did not succeed to the office of Lord Chamberlain until the 17th of April, 1597, Lord Cobham intervening. It has been inferred that the description of the company not as the Lord Chamberlain's, but as Lord Hunsdon's, signifies that it was remaining in the service of George Lord Hunsdon during the months between his father's death and his own succession to the office of Lord Chamberlain. This may or may not be so. In any case we may say that *Romeo and Juliet* was not written later than the end of the year 1596, and it is among the plays of Shakespeare named in 1598 by Francis Meres in his "*Palladis Tamia*."

In Shakespeare's treatment of the story, the most striking feature is the swiftness he gives to the time of action. Other noticeable changes are in the development of Mercutio, and bringing in of Paris at the end to be slain at the grave of Juliet. In the stories there was no more said of Paris after his part had been played as the lord whom Juliet was to marry at her father's castle of Villa Franca, or Freetown.

The swiftness of the action is an essential part of

Shakespeare's conception of the poem. In the older forms of the tale its movement was not so rapid. In the version here given from Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" it will be seen that months were spent by Romeo in seeking for a lady who could cause him to forget his hopeless love for Rosaline. Christmas is given as the date of the festivity in the house of the Capulets, at which Romeo first met Juliet; lapse of time after this is occasionally marked, and the marriage of Juliet with Paris is fixed for a day in the following September.

Shakespeare turns all into an image of the impulse of young life, joining hot love of Italy with the hot weather of July. There is the same rashness of hot blood in the quarrels of the Capulets and Montagues. Mercutio is as nimble for a fray as Romeo for a love passion.

The action of the play does not extend over a week. It begins on a Sunday. Juliet takes her sleeping draught only two days after first seeing Romeo, that is to say, on Tuesday night, and the end among the tombs follows on Thursday night. When Sunday morning dawns Romeo is deep in a love passion for Rosaline. On Thursday night he dies for love of Juliet; and Juliet is a fortnight and odd days short of fourteen. We know that the first day of the action is Sunday, because the second day is, in the fourth scene of the Third Act, named as Monday. In the fifth scene of the Third Act, where Romeo leaves Juliet's chamber, it is therefore Tuesday morning; and it is on Tuesday morning that Juliet in the first scene of the Fourth Act visits Friar Laurence in his cell. She is to be married to Paris on Wednesday, and on Tuesday night she takes the potion which shall make her seem as dead for two-and-forty hours. On Wednesday she is laid in the tomb of the Capulets, and the time of her awakening will depend upon the time at which she took the draught, if we take forty-two hours as an exact statement of time. The action is in what are spoken of as "these hot days," which the calculations of

the Nurse as to Juliet's birthday place near the middle of July, when it wants "a fortnight and odd days" to Lammas-tide—loafmass, the 1st of August, time of the presentation in church of loaves baked from the new corn of the harvest. Daybreak in the middle of July is about four in the morning. If Juliet took the potion at 4 a.m. on the night between Tuesday and Wednesday, the forty-two hours of her death-like trance would end at 10 p.m. on Thursday night, and the events in the churchyard cover the hours from about ten o'clock on Thursday night—the coming of Paris with his offering of flowers would be towards bedtime—until the dawn of Friday morning, for the play closes with daybreak.

The swiftness of action is meant to associate the story with the rash passions of youth. It prompts Friar Laurence's warning (Act II., Scene 6)—

"These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so:
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

But though an impetuous love passion in young spirits impatient of delay, a stir of quick Italian blood in the hot July weather, it is young love, fresh in the morning, radiant with colours of the dawn, in direct contrast—and among Shakespeare's plays in designed contrast—to the middle-aged sensualism of Antony and Cleopatra. It is marked by a tender spirit of reverence. Juliet is Romeo's "sweet saint;" all the divine beauty of the love wherewith God binds the innocence of young men and young maidens for joint conquest of the evils of the world, is shown by the master poet in sharp contrast with the quick passions of

hate. As Romeo says in the first scene of the fray whose sound has reached him, "Here's much to do with hate, but more with love." Shakespeare often builds the story of a play upon a discord that he may show how it is turned to harmony. There are the two discords between pairs of brothers in *As You Like It*—one brought to music by man's love to his neighbour, and the other by his love to God. There is the discord between Jew and Christian in the *Merchant of Venice* tuned in the last act to music of the spheres, as the son of the Christian and the daughter of the Jew exchange responses in their litany of love. It was, in the treacheries of Proteus in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, made love again upon the instant by a true repentance. It was in the cruelty of those who set Prospero adrift upon the waters, and whom he brought into his power by a magic Tempest, only that he might use his art to bring them to repentance and return with them in love and human fellowship. It is in *Romeo and Juliet*. The feuds of Capulet and Montague stand for the discords of the world, that raise the storms in which young love is wrecked. But even here love bears its proper fruit. From each of the contending factions that represent the strength of hate, young love flutters to find its mate in the opposing rank. Of hate comes death; but of the innocent love, even in death, springs life that wears the laurel crown. The death of the young lovers is the death of the old hate. Juliet's dower after death is the hand of her father knit in friendship with the hand of his old enemy—

"O brother Montague, give me thy hand :
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand."

Old Montague will raise a statue of gold to the daughter of the Capulets. Old Capulet will pay equal honour to the son of the Montagues. Shakespeare thus closes his play

as he had foreshadowed it in the opening Chorus, which said that the star-crossed lovers—

“Do with their death bury their parents' strife.”

The play, properly acted, would end with the old heads of opposing faction, Capulet and Montague, mourning with joined hands over the dead lovers whom their strife has slain. The play, improperly acted, leaves out that most essential part of the tale in order that the curtain may fall while the audience is applauding the elaborate stage-death of the Star Actor. That luminary has taken care to fall as far as may be from the body of Juliet, in order that he may wriggle himself with a pathetic eel-like motion across the intervening space, and there must be no old Capulet and old Montague to catch the applause at the fall of the curtain merely because they have essential business to do after the Star Actor and Moon Actress have got through their business of dying. When shall we all understand our Shakespeare well enough to be impatient of these ignorances of stage managers? Every self-styled “practical” man who treads the boards is ready to play Tybalt to Shakespeare's Mercutio, and often—as here, in cutting out the reconciliation of the Capulets and Montagues over the bodies of Romeo and Juliet—he makes a wound “not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve.” It lets the soul out of the play.

In the division of the story of the play the First Act ends with the love at first sight on Sunday night; the Second Act ends with the marriage on Monday afternoon, and includes provision of a rope ladder for Romeo's entrance to his wife's chamber on Monday night. The Third Act brings into the streets the fray that parts the lovers. Mercutio is killed by Tybalt, and Tybalt by Romeo, an hour after the secret marriage to Juliet. Romeo is banished and will go to

Mantua after his wedding night, when Romeo and Juliet meet to part for ever in this world, while old Capulet is planning the marriage of Juliet to the Count Paris, and she resists compulsion put on her to marry what would be a second husband on Thursday. In the Fourth Act Friar Laurence invents his plan of the potion, which is carried out; and in the Fifth Act comes the thwarting of the plan, with all the tragic issues. But there is God's Providence in these, for the lovers wake to heaven and leave a legacy of love on earth in the extinction of the feuds between the Capulets and the Montagues.

In the opening of the play with marking of the feud, the growth of the strife from servants upward, till the heads of the two houses are involved, prepares for the entrance of Romeo with a young passionate yearning to love and be loved that spends itself in vain on Rosaline; and here there is an indication of the time. It is "but new struck nine." In the next scene we pass from Montague to Capulet, and preparation for the "old accustomed feast." Capulet speaks of his daughter's youth in answer to the suit of Paris, "She hath not seen the change of fourteen years"; the Nurse afterwards, in her calculations with Lady Capulet, makes that more exact; and suggests also,—what accords with bygone customs—that she was three years old when she was weaned. No stress should be laid on the quotation of an earthquake to remember by. That is the way of an old nurse's talk. There was an earthquake in England on the 6th of April, 1580, when Shakespeare was sixteen years old, and he may actually have heard old women reckon from the earthquake. But to infer from this mention of eleven years since the earthquake, as Tyrwhitt did, and Malone half supported him in doing, that Shakespeare wrote *Romeo and Juliet* in 1591, is building upon sand.

When Lady Capulet, speaking of the suit of Paris, says to Juliet—

"I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid,"

we find that the age of Lady Capulet is under thirty. But the old age of her husband is marked delightfully in the next scene, when his talk of the past with an old kinsman is brought into immediate juxtaposition with Romeo's first words upon seeing Juliet. In like manner the fiery hate of Tybalt, when he detects Romeo in the house of his enemies, is expressed in words that stand next before the first utterances of Romeo's love. The deep sense of reverence in those first utterances is also strongly marked. To touch Juliet is to profane a shrine; she is to Romeo his "dear saint," and the same phrase recurs in the balcony scene—"My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself."

Friar Laurence is first shown when he has returned to his cell from gathering herbs in the early morning, and his knowledge of the powers of herbs is marked at the outset for dramatic purpose, while his moralising on them fits the spirit of the story—

"Two such opposéd kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant
Full soon the canker doth eat up that plant."

The Nurse sent out at nine to Romeo, finds him at noon, each hour being marked in the dialogue of the play. The animal character of the Nurse, as well as her infirmity, makes her serve admirably as foil to Juliet. Her earthly views of love and marriage, marked by sexual suggestion and low thought, bring out into vivid expression the fine spirit of youth and glow of young imagination that melts the flesh into the spirit, instead of burying the spirit in the flesh. This difference leads to a complete severance of the old ties that had bound them together from the days when Juliet lay at her nurse's breast. Love opens the girl's eyes

to the lower nature that is earthly, sensual; and Juliet's thought of her is—

“Go, counsellor;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.”

The careful marking of the swift passage of time may be observed, first in the indication of the interval of one hour between the marriage and the killing of Tybalt—

“Tybalt, that an hour

Hath been my cousin,”

then in the indication of the passage of two more hours before the evil tidings have reached Juliet:—

“Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three hours' wife, have mangled it?”

Such strokes abound, but I will add only one more note. When Juliet stabs herself with Romeo's dagger, it is the last stroke of the dagger of a Montague into the heart of a Capulet.

H. M.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young Nobleman,
Kinsman to the Prince.*

MONTAGUE, { *Heads of two*
CAPULET, { *Houses, at vari-*
 { *ance with each*
 { *other.*

Uncle to Capulet.

ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the
Prince, and Friend to
Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *Nephew to Mont-
ague, and Friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *Nephew to Lady
Capulet.*

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Francis-
can.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same
Order.*

BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, { *Servants to Capu-*
GREGORY, { *let.*

PETER, *another Servant to
Capulet.*

ABRAHAM, *Servant to Mont-
ague.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Chorus.

*Page to Paris ; Another Page ;
an Officer.*

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to
Montague.*

LADY CAPULET, *Wife to
Capulet.*

JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.*

*Citizens of Verona ; Kinsfolk
of both Houses ; Maskers,
Guards, Watchmen, and
Attendants.*

SCENE.—During the greater part of the Play, in VERONA :
once, in the Fifth Act, at MANTUA.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life ;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could
remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage ;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend
[*Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of
CAPULET, with swords and bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry
coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o'
the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand : therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave ; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true ; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall :—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant : when I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids ; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids ?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads ; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to

stand ; and 't is known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'T is well thou art not fish ; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool ; here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out : quarrel ; I will back thee.

Gre. How ! turn thy back and run ?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry : I fear thee !

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides ; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them ; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say ay ?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir ; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. Say 'better': here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools! [*Beating down their weapons.* Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward.

[*They fight.*]

Enter several persons of both Houses, who join the fray ; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

1 *Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans ! strike ! beat them down !

Down with the Capulets ! down with the Montagues !

Enter CAPULET, in his gown ; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this ? Give me my long sword, ho !

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch ! Why call you for a sword ?

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Cap. My sword, I say !—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet !—Hold me not ; let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with his Train

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you
beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movéd prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away :
You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.—
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, and *Attendants* ; CAPULET,
Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, *Citizens*, and *Servants*.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new
abroach ?—

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach :
I drew to part them ; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared ;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and
part,

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made ; but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood :
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not
be found,

Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself ;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means ?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends :
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes : so please you, step
aside ;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young ?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me ! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast ?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours ?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes
them short.

Ben. In love ?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love ?

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should without eyes see pathways to his will !
Where shall we dine ? O me ! What fray was
here ?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here 's much to do with hate, but more with love :
Why, then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !
O anything, of nothing first created !
O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms !
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is !
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh ?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it pressed
With more of thine : this love that thou hast
shown

Doth add more grief to too-much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs ;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears :
What is it else ? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

[*Going.*]

Ben. Soft, I will go along ;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself ; I am not here ;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee ?

Ben. Groan ? why, no ;
But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will ;
A word ill urged to one that is so ill.
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aimed so near, when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man ! And she's fair
I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss : she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Dian's wit,
And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still
live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
waste;

For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair:
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who passed that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* *Servant*.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
And pity 't is, you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world ;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years :
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marred are those so early
made.

The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old-accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,

Such as I love ; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light ;
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparelled April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be :
Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there [*giving a paper*],
and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here ? It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets ; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's
burning,

One pain is lessened by another's anguish ;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning ;

One desperate grief cures with another's languish
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee ?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-
man is,

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped, and tormented, and—Good-den, good
fellow.

Serv. God gi' good-den.—I pray, sir, can you
read ?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book :
but, I pray, can you read anything you see ?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the lan-
guage.

Serv. Ye say honestly ; rest you merry.

Rom. Stay, fellow ; I can read. [*Reads.*

“Signior Martino and his wife and daughters :
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters ; the
lady widow of Vitruvio ; Signior Placentio and his
lovely nieces ; Mercutio and his brother Valentine ;
mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters ; my
fair niece Rosaline ; Livia ; Signior Valentio, and
his cousin Tybalt ; Lucio, and the lively Helena.”

A fair assembly : whither should they come ?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither ?

Serv. To supper ; to our house.

Rom. Whose house ?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that
before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My
master is the great rich Capulet ; and if you be
not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and
crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry ! [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st,
With all the admiréd beauties of Verona :
Go thither ; and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
fires ;

And these, who, often drowned, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.

One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut ! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye ;
But in that crystal scales let there be weighed
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows
best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter ? call her
forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year
old,

I bade her come.—What, lamb ! what, ladybird !—
God forbid !—where's this girl ?—what, Juliet !

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now ! who calls ?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will ?

La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave
awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again :
I have remembered me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but
four,—

She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide ?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls !—
Were of an age : Well, Susan is with God ;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen ;
That shall she, marry ; I remember it well.
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years ;
And she was weaned,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day ;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall :
My lord and you were then at Mantua.—
Nay, I do hear a brain :—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug !
Shake, quoth the dove-house : 't was no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years ;
For then she could stand alone, nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about ;
For even the day before, she broke her brow :
And then my husband—God be with his soul !
'A was a merry man—took up the child :
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face ?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,
Wilt thou not, Jule ?' and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.'
To see now, how a jest shall come about !
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it : ' Wilt thou not, Jule ?'
 quoth he ;

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—' Ay.'

La. Cap. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy
 peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but
 laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say—' Ay :'

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone ;

A perilous knock ; and it cried bitterly :

' Yea,' quoth my husband, ' fall'st upon thy face ?'

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age ;

Wilt thou not, Jule ?' it stinted, and said—' Ay.'

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
 say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to
 his grace !

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed :

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I come to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married ?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour ! were not I thine only nurse,

I 'd say, thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now ; younger
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers : by my count,

I was your mother much upon these years

That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief,—

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady ! lady, such a man,
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a
flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower ; in faith, a very
flower.

La. Cap. What say you ? can you love the
gentleman ?

This night you shall behold him at our feast :

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;

Examine every several lineament,

And see how one another lends content ;

And what obscured in this fair volume lies,

Find written in the margent of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover :

The fish lives in the sea ; and 't is much pride

For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story :
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less ! nay, bigger : women grow by
men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris,
love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move ;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served
up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse
cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity.
I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow
straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the county
stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy
days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse,

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out, of such prolixity.
We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch; I am not for this
 ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you
 dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing
 shoes
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,

And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpiercé with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden
love ;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with
love :

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in :

[*Putting on a mask.*

A visor for a visor !—what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities ?

Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter ; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons, light of
heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;
For I am proverbéd with a grandsire phrase ;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on :
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut ! dun 's the mouse, the constable's own word.

If thou art dun, we 'll draw thee from the mire,
Or, save your reverence, love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that 's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask.
But 't is no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with
you.

She is the Fairies' midwife ; and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep :

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ,
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the Fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
love ;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight ;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes ;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace ! Mercutio, peace !
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams ;
Which are the children of an idle brain
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from
ourselves ;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early ; for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life, closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death :
But He that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail. On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to
take away ? he shift a trencher ! he scrape a
trencher !

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one
or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 't is a
foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the
court-cupboard, look to the plate.—Good thou, save
me a piece of marchpane ; and, as thou lovest
me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and
Nell.—Antony ! and Potpan !

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy ; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—
Cheerly, boys: be brisk awhile, and the longer
liver take all. *[They retire behind.]*

*Enter CAPULET, &c., with the Guests, and the
Maskers.*

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have
their toes
Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with
you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
she,

I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians,
play.

A hall, a hall! give room; and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days :
How long is 't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask ?

2 *Cap.* By 'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man ! 't is not so much, 't is not so
much.

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years ; and then we masked.

2 *Cap.* 'T is more, 't is more : his son is elder,
sir ;

His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that ?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the
hand

Of yonder knight ?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright !

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear ;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—

Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! dares the slave
Come hither, covered with an antick face,
To flear and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm
you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone:
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:

It is my will ; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest :
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured :
What ! goodman boy !—I say, he shall :—go to.
Am I the master here, or you ? go to.
You'll not endure him !—God shall mend my
soul,—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests !
You will set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !

Tyb. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to ;
You are a saucy boy :—is 't so, indeed ?—
This trick may chance to scathe you ;—I know
what.

You must contrary me ! marry, 't is time.—
Well said, my hearts !—You are a princox ; go :
Be quiet, or—More light, more light !—For shame !
I'll make you quiet. What !—cheerly, my hearts !

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meet-
ing

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. [To JULIET.] If I profane with my unworhiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

[*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly-
urged!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with
you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.
I nursed her daughter, that you talked withal;
I tell you—he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why, then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentle
man?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would
not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learned even now
Of one I danced withal.

[*One calls within, "Juliet."*]

Nurse. Anon, anon!—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Now old Desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his heir:
That fair for which love groaned for and would die,
With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again,
Alike bewitchéd by the charm of looks ;
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks :

Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new belovéd anywhere.

But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—By the Wall of CAPULET'S Orchard.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here ?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo ! my cousin Romeo ! Romeo !

Mer. He is wise ;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leaped this orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo ! humours ! madman ! passion ! lover !

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh !

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied ;

Cry but 'Ah me !' pronounce but 'love' and
'dove,'

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nickname for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim

When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid !—

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not ;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us !

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him : 't would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjured it down ;

That were some spite : my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these
trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night :
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open *et cætera*, thou a poperin pear !
Romeo, good night :—I'll to my truckle-bed ;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go ?

Ben. Go, then ; for 't is in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—CAPULET'S Orchard.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*

But, soft ! what light through yonder window
breaks ?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she :

Be not her maid, since she is envious ;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.—

It is my lady ; O, it is my love !

O, that she knew she were !—

She speaks, yet she says nothing ; what of that ?

Her eye discourses ; I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars,

As daylight doth a lamp : her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !

O ! that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek !

Jul. Ay me !

Rom. She speaks.—

O, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a wingéd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturnéd wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou
Romeo ?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name :
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I
speak at this ?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy :
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name.
What's in a name ? that which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet ;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name ;

And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself !

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized ;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreened
in night,
So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee :
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and
wherefore ?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb ;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch
these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out :

And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords : look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
eyes ;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place ?

Rom. By Love, that first did prompt me to
inquire ;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my
face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny :

What I have spoke ; but farewell compliment !
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say—‘ Ay,’
And I will take thy word ; yet, if thou swear’st,
Thou may’st prove false : at lovers’ perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo !
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou think’st I am too quickly won,
I’ll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
And therefore thou may’st think my haviour light :
But trust me, gentleman, I’ll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard’st, ere I was ware,
My true love’s passion ; therefore pardon me ;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in
thee,

I have no joy of this contráct to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden ;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, ' It lightens.' Sweet, good night !
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast !

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request
it ;

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what purpose, love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have ;
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*]

I hear some noise within ; dear love, adieu !—

Anon, good nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night ! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam !

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not
well,

I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam !

Jul. By-and-by ; I come.—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night ! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light.—

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
books ;

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks. [Retiring slowly.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again !

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My dear ?

Jul. By what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail : 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here, till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'T is almost morning ; I would have thee
gone :

And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I :
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night : parting is such sweet
sorrow

That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast !

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning
night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light ;

And fleckéd darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels :
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juicéd flowers.
The earth that 's nature's mother is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb :
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part,
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposéd kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—Grace, and rude Will ;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distempered head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature :
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true ; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That 's my good son : but where hast thou been, then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That 's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies :
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love
is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is here !

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline :
And art thou changed ? pronounce this sentence,
then :

Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave

To lay one in another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not : her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow ;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow : they stumble that run
fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?
Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,

Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lipping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—‘By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!’—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Sure wit : follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness.

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio ; my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs ; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done ; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose ?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening ; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose ?

Mer. O ! here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad': which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face ; for her fan 's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den ?

Mer. 'T is no less, I tell you ; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you ! what a man are you ?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said ;—for himself to mar, quoth 'a ?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo ?

Rom. I can tell you ; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well ? very well took, i' faith ; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd ! So ho !

Rom. What hast thou found ?

Mer. No hare, sir ; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

‘ An old hare hoar,

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in Lent :

But a hare that is hoar,

Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.’

Romeo, will you come to your father’s ? we’ll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady ; farewell, ‘ lady, lady, lady.’
[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell !—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery ?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk ; and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An ‘a speak anything against me, I’ll take him down, an ‘a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks ; and if I cannot, I’ll find those that shall. Scurvy knave ! I am none of his flirt-gills ; I am none of his skains-mates !—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure ?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure ; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers.—Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word ; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out : what she bid me say, I will keep to myself ; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say : for the gentlewoman is young ; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart ! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord ! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse ? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest ; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon ;

And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell

Be shrived, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir ; not a penny.

Rom. Go to ; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir ? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse ; behind the abbey-wall,

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell ; be trusty, and I'll quite thy pains.

Farewell ; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee ! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse ?

Nurse. Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir ; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord !—when 't was a little prating thing,—O,—There's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard ; but she,

good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man ; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter ?

Rom. Ay, nurse ; what of that ? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name. R is for the—— No : I know it begins with some other letter ; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit ROMEO.*]
Peter !

Peter. Anon ?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan and go before.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse ;

In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him ; that's not so.

O, she is lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving back shadows over louring hills :
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey ; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me :
But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God, she comes !—O honey nurse, what news ?
Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why
look'st thou sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary ; give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache ! What a jaunt have I had !

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news :

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste ? can you not stay awhile ?

Do you not see that I am out of breath ?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath ?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good or bad ? answer to that ;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance :

Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad ?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo ! no, not he ; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's ; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench ; serve God. What, have you dined at home ?

Jul. No, no ; but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches ! what a head have I !

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back—o' t' other side.—O, my back, my back !

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about

To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ?—why, she is within ;
Where should she be ? How oddly thou repliest :
' Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother ? '

Nurse. O, God's lady dear !

Are you so hot ? Marry, come up, I trow ;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil !—come, what says Romeo ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell ;

There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church ; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark ;
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go ; I'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune !—Honest nurse, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

Rom. Amen, Amen ! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too
much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,

Brag of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work ;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *Page, and Servants.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire :
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that
when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me
his sword upon the table and says, 'God send me
no need of thee !' and, by the operation of the
second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed,
there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood, as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT and others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—

Gentlemen, good den ; a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us ? Couple it with something ; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving ?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort ! what, dost thou make us minstrels ? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords : here's my fiddlestick ; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort !

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze :

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes
my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your
livery :

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him 'man.'

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love
thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none ;
Therefore farewell ; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn and
draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. *[Drawing.]*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. *[They fight.]*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons. Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! Tybalt,—Mercutio,—the prince expressly hath Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.— Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio!

[Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.]

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What! art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough.—

Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide

as a church-door ; but 't is enough, 't will serve : ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses !—'Zounds ! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death ! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic !—Why the devil came you between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses !
They have made worms' meat of me : I have it,
And soundly too :—your houses !

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf ; my reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin : O sweet Juliet !
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softened valour's steel !

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead ;
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend ;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph ! and Mercutio slain !
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now !—
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again
That late thou gav'st me ; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company ;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight ; TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone !
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain :
Stand not amazed : the prince will doom thee
death,

If thou art taken.—Hence !—be gone !—away !—

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool !—

Ben. Why dost thou stay ? [*Exit ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
their Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray:

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's
child!

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is
spilled

Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—

O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
slay;

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink

How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure :—all this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bowed,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
' Hold, friends ! friends, part ! ' and, swifter than
his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled ;
But by-and-by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning ; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
And as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague ;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give :
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend ;

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding ;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses ;
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging ; such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked-of, and unseen !—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties ; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks
With thy black mantle, till strange love grown
bold
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in
night ;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—

Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-browed
night,

Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun. —
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possessed it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead.

We are undone, lady, we are undone.—

Alack the day !—he's gone, he's killed, he's dead !

Jul. Can Heaven be so envious ?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though Heaven cannot.—O, Romeo, Romeo—
Who ever would have thought it !—Romeo—

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus ?

This torture should be roared in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself ? say thou but *I*,

And that bare vowel, *I*, shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*,

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.

If he be slain, say—*I* ; or if not,—no :

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes—

God save the mark !—here on his manly breast :

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,

All in gore blood ;—I swoounded at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart !—poor bankrupt, break
at once !

To prison, eyes ; ne'er look on liberty !

Vile earth, to earth resign ; end motion here,

And thou, and Romeo press one heavy bier !

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt ! the best friend I had :
O courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman !
That ever I should live to see thee dead !

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary ?
Is Romeo slaughtered ? and is Tybalt dead ?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord ?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom !
For who is living, if those two are gone ?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishéd ;
Romeo, that killed him, he is banishéd.

Jul. O God !—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood ?

Nurse. It did, it did : alas the day, it did !

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face !
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?
Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !
Dove-feathered raven ! wolvish-ravening lamb !
Despiséd substance of divinest show !
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st ;
A damnéd saint, an honourable villain !—
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace !

Nurse.

There 's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjured,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

Ah ! where 's my man ? give me some *aqua vitæ* :

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me
old.

Shame come to Romeo !

Jul.

Blistered be thy tongue

For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :

Upon his brow Shame is ashamed to sit ;

For 't is a throne where Honour may be crowned

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that killed
your cousin ?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,

When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it ?

But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?

That villain cousin would have killed my husband :

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you mistaking offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.

All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murdered me. I would forget it fain ;

But, O, it presses to my memory

Like damnéd guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banishéd !'

That 'banishéd,' that one word 'banishéd,'

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there :

Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be ranked with other griefs,

Why followed not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which modern lamentation might have moved ?

But, with a rearward following Tybalt's death,

'Romeo is banishéd !'—to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead : 'Romeo is banishéd !'

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death ; no words can that woe sound.

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse ;

Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears : mine
shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled :

He made you for a highway to my bed,

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowéd.

Come, cords ; come, nurse ; I'll to my wedding
bed ;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

Nurse. Hie to your chamber ; I'll find Romeo
To comfort you :—I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night :

I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him ! give this ring to my true
knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fear-
ful man :

Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,

And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company :
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanished from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death';
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more, than death; do not say 'banishment.'

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banishéd.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banishéd is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death;—then 'banishéd'
Is death mis-termed. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,

Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word death to banishment :
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is
here,

Where Juliet lives ; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
But Romeo may not ; he is banishéd.
This may flies do, but I from this must fly :
They are free men, but I am banishéd.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground
knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—' banishéd '—to kill me ? ' Banishéd ' ?
O friar ! the damnéd use that word in hell ;
Howling attends it : how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly cónfessor,

A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word 'banishéd'?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that
word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banishéd.

Rom. Yet 'banishéd'?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost
not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murderéd,
Doting like me, and like me banishéd,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Knocking within.*

Fri. Arise ; one knocks ; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock !—Who's there ?—

Romeo, arise ;

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile !—Stand up ;

[*Knocking.*

Run to my study.—By-and-by.—God's will !

What simpleness is this !—I come, I come.

[*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? what's your will ?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand :

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri.

Welcome then.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar, Where is my lady's lord ? where's Romeo ?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O ! he is even in my mistress' case,

Just in her case ! O woful sympathy !
Piteous predicament ! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—
Stand up, stand up ; stand, an you be a man :
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand ;
Why should you fall into so deep an O ?

Rom. Nurse !

Nurse. Ah sir ! ah sir !—Well, death's the end
of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet ? how is it with
her ?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own ?
Where is she ? and how doth she ? and what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love ?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and
weeps ;

And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her ; as that name's curséd hand
Murdered her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy

Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :

Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art :
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :

Unseemly woman, in a seeming man ;

And ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both !

Thou hast amazed me : by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?

And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,

By doing damnéd hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and
earth?

Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.

Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,

And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

Digressing from the valour of a man ;

Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,

Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish ;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,

Missshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismembered with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :
The law, that threatened death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :
A pack of blessings light upon thy back ;
Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her ;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord ! I could have stayed here all the
night

To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this !

Fri. Go hence ; good night ; and here stands all
your state :

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day, disguised from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua : I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand ; 't is late : farewell ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter.

Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I :—well, we were born to die.—
'T is very late ; she 'll not come down to-night :
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.—
Madam, good night : commend me to your
daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-
morrow ;
To-night she 's mewed up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think, she will be ruled
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft : what day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is
too soon ;

O' Thursday let it be :—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We 'll keep no great ado :—a friend or two ;—
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore, we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—o' Thursday be it then.—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! 't is so very late, that we
May call it early by-and-by.—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops :
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay than will to go :
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul ? let 's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is ; hie hence, be gone, away !
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us :
Some say, the lark and loathéd toad change eyes ;
O, now I would they had changed voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

O, now be gone : more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light : more dark and dark
our woes !

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your
chamber :

The day is broke ; be wary, look about. *[Exit.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll
descend. *[Descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so ? love, lord, ay, husband,
friend !

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

For in a minute there are many days :

O, by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell ! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again ?

Rom. I doubt it not ; and all these woes shall
serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God ! I have an ill-divining soul :
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb :
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you :
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu ! adieu !

[*Exit.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune ! all men call thee fickle :
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith ? Be fickle, fortune ;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter, are you up ?

Jul. Who is 't that calls ? is it my lady mother ?
Is she not down so late, or up so early ?
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither ?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet ?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death ?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with
tears ?

And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him
live :

Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of
love ;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss but not the
friend

Which you so weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

Jul. What villain, madam ?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him ! I do, with all my heart ;

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is because the traitor murderer
lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my
hands :

Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death !

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear
thou not :

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished runagate doth live,

Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed.—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him !

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find
such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child ;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I looked not for

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter
too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so
yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle
dew ;

But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

How now ? a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ?
Evermore showering ? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tosséd body.—How now, wife ?
Have you delivered to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives
you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave !

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
wife.

How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?
Is she not proud ? doth she not count her blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul. Not proud, you have, but thankful, that
you have :

Proud can I never be of what I hate ;
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. How now ! how now, chop-logic ! What
is this ?

‘Proud,’—and ‘I thank you,’—and ‘I thank you
not ;’—

And yet ‘not proud ;’—mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints ’gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter’s Church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion ! out, you baggage !

You tallow-face !

La. Cap. Fie, fie ! what, are you mad ?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient
wretch !

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me ;

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us
blest,

That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much
And that we have a curse in having her :
Out on her, hilding !

Nurse. God in heaven bless her !—

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips ; go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den.

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool !
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad :
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her matched ; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,
Stuffed (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—' I'll not wed,'—' I cannot love,'—
' I am too young,'—' I pray you, pardon me.'—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me :
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to 't, bethink you ; I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
word.

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack! that Heaven should practise strata-
gems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 't is. Romeo
Is banishéd, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first: or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 't were as good he were

As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too; else beshrew
them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell

To make confession and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath praised him with above compare

So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy :

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir ? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so ;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind :
Uneven is the course ; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should
be slowed.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife !

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That 'may be' must be, love, on Thursday
next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this
father ?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price

Being spoke behind your back than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with
tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ;

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with
that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth ;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered
it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O, shut the door ; and when thou hast done
so,
Come weep with me ; past hope, past cure, past
help !

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long experienced time,
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter : I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it ;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears :
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls :
Or bid me go into a new-made grave

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then : go home, be merry, give
consent

To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow ;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilléd liquor drink thou off ;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour ; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease :
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death :
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :

Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against thou thalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. Hold; get you gone: be strong and prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall
help afford.

Farewell, dear father.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET'S House

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *Nurse*, and *two*
Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit* *Servant*.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir ; for I 'll try
if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so ?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot
lick his own fingers : therefore, he that cannot lick
his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.—

[*Exit* *Servant*.]

We shall be much unfurnished for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence ?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on
her :

A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with
merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong ? where have you
been gadding ?

Jul. Where I have learned me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests ; and am enjoined
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you !
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county : go tell him of this ;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell ;
And gave him what becoméd love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't ; this is well : stand
up :

This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county ;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday ; there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her :—we'll to church
to-morrow. [*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision :
'T is now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her:
I'll not to bed to-night ;—let me alone ;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho !—
They are all forth : well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best : but, gentle
nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho ? need you my
help ?

Jul. No, madam ; we have culled such neces-
saries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you,
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap.

Good night :

Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell !—God knows when we shall meet
again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life :

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse !—What should she do here ?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

Come, vial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all ?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning ?

No, no ;—this shall forbid it :—lie thou there.

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured,

Because he married me before to Romeo ?

I fear, it is ; and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient réceptacle,
Where, for this many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad;—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environéd with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point :—stay, Tybalt, stay !—
Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.

SCENE IV.—CAPULET'S Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock hath
crowed,

The curfew bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock :—

Look to the baked meats, good Angelica :

Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go ;
Get you to bed ; 'faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit. What ! I have watched
ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in
your time ;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !—

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

Now, fellow,

What's there ?

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir ; but I know
not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*]—
Sirrah, fetch drier logs :

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said ; a merry whoreson,
ha !

Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 't is day :

The county will be here with music straight,

For so he said he would.—[*Music within.*] I hear
him near.—

Nurse !—Wife !—What, ho !—What, nurse, I say !

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet ; go, and trim her up ;

I'll go and chat with Paris.—Hie, make haste,
Make haste ; the bridegroom he is come already :
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber ; JULIET on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress !—what, mistress !—Juliet !—
fast, I warrant her, she :—

Why, lamb !—why, lady !—fie, you slug-a-bed !—
Why, love, I say !—madam ! sweet-heart !—why,
bride !

What, not a word ?—you take your pennyworths
now ;

Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep !
I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam !
Ay, let the county take you in your bed ;
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be ?
What, dressed ! and in your clothes ! and down
again !

I must needs wake you. Lady ! lady ! lady !
Alas ! alas ! Help ! help ! my lady's dead !

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !
Some aqua vitæ, ho ! My lord ! my lady !

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here ?

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. What is the matter ?

Nurse. Look, look ! O heavy day !

La. Cap. O me ! O me !—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee !—
Help, help !—Call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame ! bring Juliet forth ; her lord
is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead ; alack
the day !

La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead !

Cap. Ha ! let me see her.—Out, alas ! she's cold ;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff ;
Life and these lips have long been separated :
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. O woful time !

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.—

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife.—There she lies,
Flower as she was, defloweréd by him
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful
day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catched it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day, most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !
Never was seen so black a day as this :
O woful day, O woful day !

Par. Beguiled, divorcéd, wrongéd, spited, slain !
Most détestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown !—
O love ! O life !—not life, but love in death !

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyred,
killed !

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity ?—
O child ! O child !—my soul, and not my child !
Dead art thou !—Alack, my child is dead !
And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's cure lives
not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid ; now Heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid :
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 't was your heaven she should be advanced :
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well :
She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church ;
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordainéd festival
Turn from their office to black funeral :
Our instruments to melancholy bells ;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast ;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in ;—and, madam, go with
him ;—

And go, Sir Paris :—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill ;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, PARIS,
and *Friar*.

1 *Mus.* Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be
gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [Exit.

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Peter. Musicians, O, musicians! 'Heart's ease,' 'Heart's ease:' O! an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

1 *Mus.* Why 'Heart's ease'?

Peter. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe.' O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we: 'tis no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

• *Mus.* No.

Peter. I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Peter. No money, on my faith, but the glee: I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you! Do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Peter. Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me like men :

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound—*

Why ‘silver sound’? why ‘music with her silver sound’? What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Peter. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—‘silver sound,’ because musicians sound for silver.

Peter. Pretty too!—what say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* ‘Faith, I know not what to say.

Peter. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer : I will say for you. It is ‘music with her silver sound,’ because musicians have no gold for sounding :—

*Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[*Exit.*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same !

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack ! Come, we 'll in here ;
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to
think !—

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possessed,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona !—How now, Balthasar ?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?

How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then, I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.—

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts 'a dwells, which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes ; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house :
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art
poor ;

Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back ;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
sell :

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave ; for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !

Enter Friar LAURENCE. .

Lau. This same should be the voice of Friar
John.—

Welcome from Mantua : what says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth ;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence ;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone ;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake :
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents ;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Churchyard ; in it a Monument
belonging to the CAPULETS.

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy : hence, and stand
aloof ;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee ; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I
strew,

O woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by
moans :

The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep !—

[*The Boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What curséd foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite ?
What, with a torch ?—muffle me, night, awhile.

[*Retires.*

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch,
mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter : early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face ;
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By Heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take
thou that :

Live, and be prosperous : and farewell, good fellow,

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout :
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*]
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banished haughty Montague,
That murdered my love's cousin,—with which
grief,

It is supposéd, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.

[*Advancing.*]

Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursued further than death ?
Condemnéd villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I
hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;
Fly hence, and leave me : think upon these gone ;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury : O, be gone !
By Heaven, I love thee better than myself,

For I come hither armed against myself :
Stay not, be gone ; live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then, have at thee,
boy. *[They fight.*

Page. O Lord, they fight : I will go call the
watch. *[Exit.*

Par. O, I am slain. *[Falls.]* If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. *[Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face :
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris !

What said my man, when my betosséd soul
Did not attend him as we rode ? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet :
Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so ?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.

A grave ? O, no, a lantern, slaughtered youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.

[Laying PARIS in the monument.]

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry ! which their keepers call
A lightening before death : O, how may I
Call this a lightening ? O my love ! my wife !
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
Thou art not conquered ; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy ?
Forgive me, cousin !—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair ? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous ;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again : here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids ; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your
last !

Arms, take your last embrace ! and, lips, O you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death !
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide !
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !
Here's to my love ! [*Drinks.*]—O true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick !—Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*]

*Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar
LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-
night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves !—Who's
there ?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my
friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir ; and there's my
master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it ?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there ?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence :
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon
me;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo !—[*Advancing.*

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—

What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discoloured by this place of peace ?

[*Enters the tomb.*

Romeo ! O, pale !—Who else ? what, Paris too ?
And steeped in blood ?—Ah ! what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance !—

The lady stirs. [JULIET wakes.

Jul. O comfortable friar ! where is my lord ?

I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*]

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that
nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep :
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents : come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead ;
And Paris too : come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;
Come, go, good Juliet.—[*Noise again.*] I dare no
longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

[*Exit Friar LAURENCE.*]

What's here? a cup closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips ;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]
Thy lips are warm.

1 *Watch.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy :—which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy
dagger! [*Snatching ROMEO's dagger.*]

This is thy sheath ; [*stabs herself*] there rust, and
let me die. [*Dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place ; there, where the torch
doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody : search about the
churchyard.

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain ;

And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain this two days buried.—

Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—

Raise up the Montagues,—some others search :—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man ; we found him
in the churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety till the prince
come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,
and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion : stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad ?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry, 'Romeo,'
Some 'Juliet,' and some 'Paris,' and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our
ears ?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County Paris
slain ;
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes.

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughtered
Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O Heaven!—O wife, look how our daughter
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And is mis-sheathéd in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in
this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true
descent;

And then will I be general of your woes
And lead you even to death : meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemnéd, and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know
in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betrothed, and would have married her perforce,
To County Paris :—then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutored by my art,

A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death : meantime, I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned my letter back. Then, all alone,
At the prefixéd hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of Heaven with patience :
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy ; and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;

And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?—

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by-and-by, my master drew on him ;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death :
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.- -

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love;

And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punished.

Cap. O brother Montague! give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings;

The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE GOODLY HISTORY OF THE TRUE
AND CONSTANT LOVE BETWEEN
ROMEUS AND JULIETTA.

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[*Abridged from Painter's "Palace of Pleasure."*]

WHEN the senior Escala was Lord of Verona, there were two families in the Citie, of farre greater fame than the rest, as well for riches as Nobilitie: the one called the Montesches, and the other the Capellets: but like as most commonly there is discorde amongs them which be of semblable degree in honour, even so there hapned a certaine enimitie betwene them: and for so much as the beginning thereof was unlawful, and of ill foundation, so likewise in processe of time it kindled to such flame, as by divers and sundry devises practised on both sides, many lost their lives. The Lord Bartholomew of Escala, (of whome we have already spoken) being Lord of Verona, and seeing such disorder in his common weale, assayed divers and sundry wayes to reconcile those two houses, but all in vaine: for their hatred had taken sutch roote, as the same could not be moderated by any wise counsell or good advice: betwene whome no other thing could be accorded, but giving over armure and weapon for the time, attending some other season more convenient, and with better leisure to appease the rest. In the time that these things were adoeing, one of the familie of Montesches called Rhomeo, of the age of xx. or xxi. yeres, the fairest and best conditioned Gentleman that was amongs the Veronian youth, fell in love with a young Gentlewoman of Verona, and in few dayes was attached with her comely and good behaviour, as he abandoned all other affaires and businesse to serve and honor hir. And, after many letters, ambassades, and presents, he determined in the end to speke unto hir, and to disclose his passions, which he did without any other practise. But she shewed hir self so austere and sharp of speach, as she vouchsafed not with one loke to beholde him. But the more the yong Gentleman saw hir whist and silent, the more he was inflamed; and after hee had continued certaine months in that service wythout remedy of his grieve, he determined in the end to depart Verona,

for prooffe if by change of the place he might alter his affection. But minding to put in prooffe what hee thought, at one instant hee was reduced to the contrarie, who not knowing whereuppon to resolve, passed dayes and nights in marvellous plaintes and Lamentations. Whereof his parents, and kindred did marvell greatly, bewaylinge his misfortune, but above all other one of his companions of riper age and counsell than he, began sharply to rebuke him. For the love that he bare him was so great as hee felt his Martirdome, and was partaker of his passion: which caused him by ofte viewing hys friends disquietnesse in amorous pangs, to say thus unto him: "Rhomeo, I marvell much that thou spendest the best time of thine age, in pursute of a thing, from which thou seest thy self despised and banished. Yelde thy heart to some other place, and choose some Mistresse according to thy worthinesse, and henceforth doe not sow thy paines in a soil so barraine whereof thou reapest no frute: the time approacheth when all the dames of the Citie shall assemble, where thou maist behold such one as shall make thee forget thy former griefs." This yong Gentleman attentively hearing all the perswading reasons of his friend, determined to put them in prooffe, and to be present indifferently at all the feasts and assemblies of the citie, without bearing affection more to one woman than to an other. And continued in this manner of life ii. or iii. monthes. It chaunced then within few dayes after, about the feast of Christmasse, when feasts and bankets most commonly be used, and masks according to the custome frequented: And bicause that Anthonie Capellet was the chief of that familie, and one of the most principal Lords of the Citie, made a banket, and for the better solempnization of the same invited all the noble men and dames, at what time ther was the most part of the youth of Verona. The family of the Capellets was at variance with the Montesches, which was the cause that none of that family repaired to that banket, but onely the yong Gentleman Rhomeo, who came in a Maske after supper with certain other yong Gentlemen. And after they had remained a certaine space with their visards on, at length they did put off the same, and Rhomeo very shamefast, withdrew himself into a corner of the Hall: but by reason of the light of the torches which burned very bright, he was by and by known and looked upon of the whole company, but specially of the Ladies: for bisides his native beautie wherewith nature had adorned him, they marvelled at his audacitie how he durst presume to enter so secretly into the house of those which had litle cause to do him any good. Notwithstanding, the Capellets dissembling their malice, either for the honor of the company,

or else for respect of his age, did not misuse him either in word or deede: by meanes whereof with free liberty he behelde and viewed the ladies at his pleasure: and after hee had particularly given judgement uppon the excellency of each one, according to his affection, he saw one gentlewoman amongs the rest of surpassing beautie who (although he had never seene hir tofore) pleased him above the rest, and attributed unto hir in heart the chieftest place for all perfection in beautie. And feastyng hir incessantly with piteous lookes, the love which he bare to his first Gentlewoman was overcome with this new fire, that tooke such nourishment and vigor in his heart, as he was able never to quench the same but by death onely. The Gentlewoman that dydde put Rhomeo to suche payne was called Julietta, and was the daughter of Capellet, the maister of the house where that assemblie was, who as hir eyes dydde roll and wander to and fro, by chaunce espied Rhomeo, whiche unto hir seemed to be the goodliest Gentleman that ever shee sawe. And Love which lay in wayte never untill that time, assailing the tender heart of that yong Gentlewoman, touched hir so at the quicke, as for any resistance she coulde make, was not able to defende hys forces, and then began to set at naught the royalties of the feast, and felt no pleasure in hir hart, but when she had a glimpse by throwing or receiving some sight or looke of Rhomeo.

Love having made the heartes breach of those two lovers, as they two sought meanes to speake together, Fortune offered them a very meete and apt occasion. A certain lorde of that troupe and company took Julietta by the hande to daunce, wherein shee behaved hir selfe so well, and with so excellent grace, as shee wanne that daye the price of honour from all the maidens of Verona. Rhomeo, having forseene the place whereunto she minded to retire, approached the same, and so discretely used the matter, as he found the meanes at hir returne to sit beside hir. Julietta when the daunce was finished, returned to the very place where she was set before, and was placed betwene Rhomeo and an other Gentleman called Mercutio, which was a courtlike gentleman, very wel beloved of all men, and by reason of his pleasant and courteous behavior was in all companies wel intertained. Mercutio that was of audacitie among maidens, as a lion is among lambes, seased incontinently upon the hande of Julietta, whose hands wontedly wer so cold bothe in winter and sommer as the mountain yce, although the fire's heat did warme the same. Rhomeo which sat upon the left side of Julietta, seing that Mercutio held hir by the right hand, toke hir by the other, that he might not be deceived

of his purpose, and straining the same a litle, he felt himself so prest with that newe favor, as he remained mute, not able to aunswer: But she perceiving by his change of color, that the fault proceded of very vehement love, desiring to speake unto him, turned hir selfe towards him, and with trembling voice joyned with virginal shamefastnesse, intermedled with a certaine bashfulnesse, sayd to him: "Blessid be the hour of your nere aproche:" but minding to proceede in further talke, love had so closed up hir mouth, as she was not able to end hir tale.

Whereunto the yong gentleman all ravished with joy and contentation, sighing, asked hir what was the cause of that right fortunate blessing. Julietta, somewhat more emboldened with pitiful loke and smiling countenance, said unto him: "Syr, do not marvell if I do blesse your comming hither, bicause sir Mercutio a good time with frosty hand hath wholly frozen mine, and you of your curtesy have warmed the same again." Whereunto immediatly Rhomeo replied: "Madame, if the heavens have bene so favorable to employ me to do some agreeable service being repaired hither by chaunce amongs other Gentlemen, I esteeme the same well bestowed, craving no greater benefite for satisfaction of all my contentations received in this worlde, than to serve, obey and honor you as long as my life doth last, as experience shall yeld more ample prooffe when it shall please you to give further assaye." Scarse had he made an end of those last words, but the daunce of the Torche was at an end. Whereby Julietta, which wholly burnt with love, straightly clasping hir hand with his, had no leisure to make other aunswere, but softly thus to say: "My deare friend, I know not what other assured witsse you desire of Love, but that I let you understand that you be no more your owne, than I am yours, being ready and disposed to obey you so farre as honoure shall permit, beseeching you for the present time to content your selfe with this answere, untill some other season meeter to communicate more secretelly of our affaires." Rhomeo seeing himself pressed to part with the companie, and for that hee knewe not by what meanes hee might see hir againe that was his life and death, demaunded of one of his friends what she was, who made answer that she was the daughter of Capellet, the Lord of the house, and maister of that dayes feast. Julietta covetous on the other side, to know what yong Gentleman hee was which had so courteously intertained hir that night, and of whome she felt the new wound in hir heart, called an old Gentlewoman of honor which had nurssed hir and

brought hir up, unto whom she sayd, leaning upon hir shoulder: "Mother, what two yong Gentlemen be they which goe forth with two torches before them?" Unto whome the olde Gentlewoman told the names of the houses wherof they came. Then she asked hir againe, What young gentleman is that which holdeth the visarde in his hande, with the Damaske cloke about him? "It is" (quod she) "Rhomeo Montesche, the sonne of youre Father's capitall enemy and deadly foe to all your kinne." But the maiden at the only name of Montesche was altogether amazed, despairing for ever to attain to husband hir great affectioned friend Rhomeo, for the auncient hatreds betwene those two families. Nevertheless she knew so wel how to dissemble hir grief and discontented minde, as the olde Gentlewoman perceived nothing, who then began to persuade hir to retire into hir chamber: whome she obeyed: and being in hir bed, thinking to take hir wonted rest, a great tempest of divers thoughts began to environ and trouble hir minde, in such wise as she was not able to close hir eyes, but turning here and there, fantasied divers things in hir thought, sometimes purposed to cut off the whole attempt of that amorous practise, sometimes to continue the same. Thus was the poore pucell vexed with two contraries, the one comforted hir to pursue hir intent, the other proposed the imminent perill wherunto indiscretely she headlong threw hir self: and after she had wandred of long time in this amorous Laberinth, she knew not whereupon to resolve, but wept incessantly, and accused hir self.

Afterwards sodainly as she condempned that which she suspected in the beginning, sayd: "If it be true that the face is the faithfull messanger of the mindes conceit, I may be assured that hee doeth love me: for I marked so many chaunged coloures in his face in time of his talke with me, and sawe him so transported and besides himself, as I cannot wishe any other more certaine looke of love, wherin I will persist immutable to the last gaspe of life, to the intent I may have him to be my husband. For it may so come to passe, as this newe alliance shall engender a perpetuall peace and amitie betwene his house and mine." Arresting then upon this determination still, as she saw Rhomeo passing before hir father's gate, she shewed hir self with merry countenance, and followed him so with looke of eye, untill she had lost his sight. And continuing this manner of life for certaine dayes, Rhomeo not able to content himself with lookes, daily did beholde and marke the situation of the house, and one day amongs others hee espied Julietta at hir chamber window, bounding upon a narrow lane, right over

against which Chamber he had a gardeine, which was the cause that Rhomeo fearing discovery of their love, began then in the day time to passe no more before the gate, but so soone as the night with his browne mantell had covered the earth, he walked alone up and downe that little street. And after he had bene there many times, missing the chiefest cause of his comming, Julietta impacient of hir evill, one night repaired to hir window, and perceived through the brightnesse of the Moone her friend Rhomeo hard under hir window, no lesse attended for, than, he himselve was waighting. Then she secretely with teares in hir eyes, and with voyce interrupted by sighes, sayd : " Signior Rhomeo, me thinke that you hazarde your persone to much to the mercy of them which meane you little good." " Madame," answered Rhomeo, " my life is in the hand of God, who only can dispose the same : howbeit if any man had sought meanes to berieve me of life, I should (in the presence of you) have made him known what mine abilitie had bene to defend the same. Notwithstanding life is not so deare, and of such estimation unto me, but that I could vouchsafe to sacrifice the same for your sake : desiring not to conserve the same for any commoditie that I hope to have therby, nor for any other respect, but only to love, serve, and honor you, so long as breath shal remaine in me." So soone as he had made an end of his talke, love and pitie began to sease upon the heart of Julietta, and leaning hir head upon hir hand, having hir face all besprent with teares, she said unto Rhomeo : " Syr Rhomeo, I pray you not to renue that grief againe : for the only memory of such inconvenience, maketh me to counterpoise betwene death and life, my heart being so united with yours, as you cannot receive the least injury in this world, wherein I shall not be so great a partaker as your self : beseeching you for conclusion, that if you desire your owne health and mind, to declare unto me in fewe wordes what youre determination is to attaine : for if you covet any other secrete thing at my handes, more than myne honour can well allow, you are marvelously deceived : but if your desire be godly, and that the friendship which you protest to beare me be founded uppon vertue, and to be concluded by marriage, receiving me for your wyfe and lawfull spouse, you shall have such part in me, as whereof without any regard to the obedience and reverence that I owe to my parentes, or to the auncient enimitie of our families, I will make you the onely Lord and maister over me, and of all things that I possess, beyng prest and readie in all points to folowe your commaundment : but if your intent be otherwise, and thinke to reape the fruit of my virginie, under the pretense of wanton amitie, you be greatly deceived, and doe praye

you to avoide and suffer me from henceforth to live in rest amongs mine equals." Rhomeo which looked for none other thing, holding up his handes to the heavens, with incredible joy and contentation, answered: "Madame, for so much as it hath pleased you to do me that honour to accept me for such a one, I accorde and consent to your request, and do offer unto you the best part of my heart, which shall remaine with you for guage and sure testimonie of my saying, untill such time as God shall give me leave to make you the entier owner and possessor of the same. And to the intent I may begyn mine enterprise, to morrow I wil to frier Laurence for counsell in the same, who besides that he is my ghostly Father, is accustomed to give me instruction in all my other secrete affaires, and fayle not (if you please) to meete me againe in this place at this very hour, to the intent I may give you to understande the devise betwene him and me," which she liked very wel, and ended their talk for that time, Rhomeo receiving none other favour at hir hands for that night, but only words. This frier Laurence, of whom hereafter we shal make more ample mention, was an auncient Doctor of Divinity, of the order of the friers Minors, who besides the happy profession which he had made in studie of holie writ, was very skilful in Philosophy, and a great searcher of nature secrets, and exceeding famous in Magike knowledge, and other hidden and secret sciences, which nothing diminished his reputation, bicause hee did not abuse the same. And this Frier through his vertue and piety, had so wel won the citizens hearts of Verona, as he was almost the confessor to them all, and of al men generally revered and beloved: and many tymes for his great prudence was called by the lordes of the Citie, to the weightie causes of the same. And amonges other he was greatly favored by the lord of Escal, that time the principal governor of Verona, and of al the familie of Montesches, and of the Capellets, and of many other. The yong Rhomeo (as we have alredy declared) from his tender age, bare a certein particular amitie to frier Laurence, and departed to him his secrets, by meanes wherof so soone as he was gone from Julietta, went straight to the Friers Franciscans, wher from point to point he discoursed the successe of his love to that good father, and the conclusion of the mariage betwene him and Julietta, adding upon the end of talk, that hee wold rather choose shameful death, than to faile hir of his promise. To whom the good Frier after he had debated divers matters, and proposed al the inconveniences of that secrete anriage, exhorted hym to more mature deliberation of the same: notwithstanding, all the alleged persuasions wer not able to revoke his promise. Wherefore the Frier

vanquished with his stubbornesse, and also forecasting in his minde that the mariage might be some meanes of reconciliation of those two houses, in the end agreed to his request, intreating him, that he might have one delayed day for leysure to excogitate what was beste to be done. But if Rhomeo for his part was carefull to provide for his affaires, Julietta likewise did her indevor. For seing that she had none about hir to discover hir passions, she devised to impart the whole to hir nurse which laye in hir chambre, appointed to waite upon hir, to whome she committed the intier secrets of the love betwene Rhomeo and hir. And although the old woman in the beginning resisted Julietta hir intent, yet' in the ende she knewe so wel how to persuade and win hir, that she promised in all that she was able to do, to be at her commandement. And then she sent hir with al diligence to speake to Rhomeo, and to know of him by what meanes they might be married, and that he would do hir to understand the determination betwene frier Laurence and him. Whom Rhomeo answered, how the first day wherin he had informed frier Laurence of the matter, the said frier deferred answer until the next, which was the very same, and that it was not past one houre sithens he returned with final resolution, and that frier Laurence and he had devised, that she the Saterdag folowing, should desire leave of hir mother to go to confession, and to repaire to the church of Saint Francis, where in a certain chapel secretly they shold be married, praying hir in any wise not to faile to be there. Which thing she brought to passe with such discretion, as hir mother agreed to hir request: and accompanied onely with hir governesse, and a yong mayden, she repaired thither at the determined day and time. And so soone as she was entred the church, called for the good Doctor frier Laurence, unto whom answere was made that he was in the shriving chapel, and forthwith advertisement was given him of hir comming. So soon as frier Laurence was certified of Julietta, he went into the body of the church, and willed the old woman and yong maiden to go heare service, and that when he had hearde the confession of Julietta, he would send for them again to waite upon hir. Julietta being entred a litle cell with frier Laurence, he shutte fast the doore as he was wont to do, where Rhomeo and he had bene together shut fast in, the space of one whole houre before. Then frier Laurence, after that hee had shrived them, sayde to Julietta: "Daughter, as Rhomeo here present hath certified me, you be agreed and contented to take him to husband, and he likewise you for his espouse and wife. Do you now still persist and continue in that minde?" The lovers answered that they desired none other thing. The

Frier seeyng their conformed and agreeable willes, after he had discoursed somewhat upon the commendation of mariage dignitie, pronounced the usuall woordes of the Church, and she having received the ryng from Rhomeo, they rose up before the Frier, who sayd unto them: "If you have any other thing to conferre together, do the same with spede: for I purpose that Rhomeo shall go from hence so secretly as he can." Rhomeo sorie to go from Julietta sayd secretly unto hir, that she should send unto him after diner the olde woman, and that he woulde cause to be made a corded ladder the same evening, there by to climbe up to hir chamber window, where at more leysure they would devise of their affaires. Things determined betwene them, either of them retired to their house with incredible contentation, attendyng the happie houre for consummation of their mariage. When Rhomeo was come home to his house, he declared wholly what had passed betwene him and Julietta, unto a servant of his called Pietro, whose fidelitie he had so greatly tryed, as he durst have trusted him with his life, and commaunded him with expedition to provide a ladder of cordes with ii. strong hookes of iron fastned to both ends, which he easily did, bicause they were much used in Italie. Julietta did not forget in the evening about five of the clocke, to sende the old woman to Rhomeo, who having prepared all things necessary, caused the ladder to be delivered unto hir, and prayed hir to require Julietta the same evening not to faile to be at the accustomed place. But if this journey seemed long to these passioned lovers, let other judge, that have at other times assayed the like: for every minute of an houre seemed to them a thousand years, so that if they had power to commaunde the heavens (as Josua did the Sunne) the earth had incontinently bene shadowed wyth darkest cloudes. The appointed houre come, Rhomeo put on the moste sumptuous apparell he had, and conducted by good fortune neere to the place where his heart toke life, was so fully determined of his purpose, as easily hee clymed up the garden wall. Being arrived hard to the window, he perceived Julietta, who had already so wel fastned the corded ladder to draw him up, as without any daunger at all he entred hir chambre, which was so clere as the day, by reson of the tapers of virgin wax, which Julietta had caused to be lighted that she myght the better beholde hir Rhomeo. Julietta, after she had kissed and re-kissed hym a million of times, sayd, "Ah Rhomeo" [&c.], whom Rhomeo with weping eye, giving over silence answered: "Madame, forsomuch as" [&c.]. And as Julietta was about to make answer, the olde woman came in the mean time, and sayd unto them: "He that wasteth time in talke, recovereth

the same too late. But for so much as either of you hath endured such mutuall paines, behold (quoth she) a campe which I have made ready" (shewing them the field bed which she had prepared and furnished,) wherunto they easily agreed. Their mariage thus consumate, Rhomeo perceiving the morning make too hastie approach, tooke his leave, making promise that he would not faile within a day or two to resort againe to the place by like meanes and semblable time, untill Fortune had provided sure occasion unfearfully to manifest their mariage to the whole worlde. And thus a month or twaine, they continued their joyful mindes, to their incredible satisfaction, until Lady Fortune, envious of their prosperitie, turned hir wheele to tumble them into sutch a bottomlesse pit, as they payed hir usury for their plesures past, by a certain most cruell and pitiful death, as you shall understand heereafter by the discourse that foloweth. Now as we have before declared, the Capellets and the Montesches were not so wel reconciled by the Lord of Verona, but that there rested in them such sparkes of ancient displeasures, as either partes waited but for some light occasion to draw togethers, which they did in the Easter holy dayes, (as bloody men commonly be most willingly disposed after a good time to commit some nefarious deede) besides the gate of Boursarie leading to the olde castell of Verona, a troupe of the Capellets rencountred with certain of the Montesches, and without other woordes began to set upon them. And the Capellets had for chief of their glorious enterprise one called Thibault cosin Germaine to Julietta, a yong man strongly made, and of good experience in armes, who exhorted his Companions with stout stomakes to repress the boldnesse of the Montesches, that there should from that time forth no memory of them be left at all. And the rumoure of this fray was increased throughoute all the corners of Verona, that succour should come from all partes of the Cittie to departe the same. Whereof Rhomeo advertized, who walked alonges the Citie with certaine of his companions, hasted him spedily to the place where the slaughter of his Parentes and alies were committed: and after he had well advised and beholden many wounded and hurt on both sides, he sayd to his companions: "My friends, let us part them, for they be so flesht one upon an other, as they wil all be hewed to pieces before the game be done." And saying so, he thrust himself amids the troupe, and did no more but part the blowes on either side, crying upon them aloud: "My friends, no more, it is time henceforth that our quarel cease. For bisides the provocation of Gods just wrath, our two families be slaundersous to the whole world, and cause this common wealth to

grow unto disorder." But they were so egre and furious one against the other, as they gave no audience to Rhomeo his counsel, and bent themselves to kill, dismember and teare eche other in pieces. And the fight was so cruell and outrageous betwene them, as they which looked on were amased to see them endure those blowes, for the ground was al covered with armes, legges, thighs, and bloud, wherein no signe of cowardnesse appeared, and maintained their flighte so long, that none was able to judge who had the better, untill that Thibault cousin to Julietta, inflamed with ire and rage, turned towards Rhomeo, thinking with a foine to run him through. But he was so well armed and defended with a privie coate which he wore ordinarily for the doubt hee had of the Capellets, as the pricke rebounded : unto whom Rhomeo made answer : "Thibault, thou maiest know by the pacience which I have had untill this present time, that I came not hither to fight with thee or thine, but to seeke peace and attonement betwene us, and if thou thinkest that for default of corage I have failed min endeavor, thou doest great wrong to my reputation. And impute this my suffrance to some other perticular respect, rather than to want of stomake. Wherefore abuse me not but be content with this great effusion of bloud and murders already committed, and provoke me not I besecche thee to pass the bounds of my good wil and mind." "Ah Traitor," sayde Thibault, "thou thinkest to save thy selfe by the plot of thy pleasant tong, but see that thou defend thy selfe, else presently I will make thee feele that thy tong shall not garde thy corpe, nor yet be the buckler to defend the same from present death." And saying so, he gave him a blowe with such furie, as had not other warded the same, he had cut of his head from his shoulders. And the one was no readier to lend, but the other incontinently was able to pay againe, for he being not only wroth with the blow that he had received, but offended with the injurie which the other had done, began to pursue his enimie with such courage and vivacitie, as the third blow with his sward he caused him to fall backwarde starke deade upon the ground with a pricke vehemently thrust into his throte, which he followed till his sward appeard through the hinder parte of the same, by reason whereof the conflict ceased. For bisides that Thibault was the chief of his companie he was also borne of one of the Noblest houses within the Citie, which caused the Potestate to assemble his Soldiers with diligence for the apprehension and imprisonment of Rhomeo, who seeing yl fortune at hand, in secrete wise conveyed himself to frier Laurence at the Friers Franciscanes. And the Frier understanding of his facte, kept him in a certaine secrete

place of his Convent until Fortune did otherwise provide for his safe going abroad. The brute spread throughout the Citie, of this chaunce don upon the Lord Thibault, the Capellets in mourning weedes caused the dead body to be carried before the signiory of Verona, so well to move them to pitie as to demaund justice for the murder: before whome came also the Monteschies, declaring the innocencie of Rhomeo, and the wilful assault of the other. The Counsel assembled and witnesses heard on both parts, a straight commaundement was given by the Lord of the Citie to give over their weapons, and touching the offense of Rhomeo, bicause he had killed the other in his owne defense, he was banished Verona for ever. This common misfortune published throughout the Citie, was generally sorowed and lamented. Some complained the death of the Lord Thibault, so well for his dexteritie in armes, as for the hope of his great good service in time to come, if he had not bene prevented by such cruell death. Other bewailed (specially the Ladies and Gentlewomen) the overthrow of yong Rhomeo, who besides his beautie and good grace wherwith he was enriched, had a certaine naturall allurements, by vertue whereof he drew unto him the hearts of eche man, like as the stony Adamant doth the cancred iron, in such wise as the whole nation and people of Verona lamented his mischance: but above al, infortunate Julietta, who advertised both of the death of hir cousin Thibault, and of the banishment of hir husband, made the aire sound with infinite nombre of mornefull plaints and miserable lamentations. Then feeling herself too much outraged with extreme passion, she went into hir chamber, and overcome with sorow threw hir self upon hir bed, where she began to reinforce hir dolor after so strange fashion, as the most constant would have bene moved to pitie. Then like one out of hir wittes, she gazed heere and there, and by Fortune beholding the window whereat Rhomeo was wont to enter into hir chamber, cried out: "Oh unhappy windowe, Oh entry most unlucky" [and so forth]. And having made an ende of those hir words, hir heart was so grievously strained, as she could neither weepe nor speake, and stode so immoveable, as if she had bene in a traunce. Then being somewhat come againe unto hir self, with feeble voyce she sayde: "Ah murderous tong of other mennes honor" [&c.]. And thinking to use some further talke, all the powers of hir body failed hir with signes of present death. But the good olde woman which could not imagine the cause of Julietta hir long absence, doubted very much that she suffered some passion, and sought hir up and downe in every place within hir fathers palace, untill at length she found her lying a long upon hir bed,

all the outward parts of hir body so colde as Marble. But the good olde woman which thought hir to be dead, began to cry like one out of hir wittes, saying: "Ah deare daughter, and noursechilde, how much doeth thy death now grieve me at the very heart?" And as she was feeling all the partes of hir body, she perceived some sparke of life to be yet within the same, whych caused hir to call hir many times by her name, till at length she brought her out of hir sounde. Then she sayd unto her: "Why Julietta, myne own deare darling, what meane you by this turmoiling of your self? I cannot tel from whence this your behavior and that immoderate heavinesse doe procede, but wel I wote that within this houre I thought to have accompanied you to the grave." "Alas good mother" (aunswered wofull Julietta) "doe you not most evidently perceive and see what juste cause I have to sorrow and complaine, losing at one instant two persons of the worlde which were unto me moste deare?" "Methinke," answered the good woman, "that it is not semely for a Gentlewoman of your degree to fall into such extremetie: for in time of tribulation wisdome shoulde most prevaile. And if the Lord Thibault be dead, do you thinke to get hym againe by teares? What is he that doth not accuse his overmuch presumption? would you that Rhomeo had done that wrong to him, and his house, to suffer himselfe outraged and assailed by one, to whome in manhode and prowesse he is not inferiour?" Suffiseth you that Rhomeo is alive, and his affaires in such estate who in time may be called home again from banishment, for he is a great lorde, and as you know wel allied and favored of all men, wherfore arme your self from henceforth with patience. For albeit that Fortune doth estraunge him from you for a time, yet sure I am, that hereafter shee will restore him unto you againe with greater joye and contentation than before. And to the end that we be better assured in what state he is, if you will promise me to give over your heaviness, I will to-day know of frier Laurence whether he is gone." To whiche request Julietta agreed, and then the good woman repaired to St. Frauncis, where she found frier Laurence, who told hir that the same night Rhomeo would not fail at his accustomed houre to visit Julietta, and there to do hir to understand what he purposed to doe in time to come. The assigned houre come, Rhomeo fayled not according to his promise to bee in his Garden, where he found his furniture prest to mount the chamber of Julietta, who with displayed armes, began so straightly to imbrace hym, as it seemed that the soule woulde have abandoned hir body. And they two more than a large quarter of an houre were in such agonie, as they were not able

to pronounce one worde, and wettyng eache others face faste closed together, the teares trickeled downe in suche abundance, as they seemed to bee thoroughlye bathed therein. Whiche Rhomeo perceyving, and thynkyng to staye those immoderate teares, sayde unto hir: "Myne owne dearest friende Julietta [&c.], I muste wander lyke a vagabonde through dyverse Provinces, and sequesterate my selfe from my friendes, withoute assured place of myne abode, whych I desyre to lette you wete, to the intente you maye be exhorted, in tyme to come, pacientely to beare so well myne absence, as that whych it shall please God to appointe." But Julietta, al affrighted with teares and mortall agonies, woulde not suffer him to passe any further, but interruptyng hys purpose, sayde unto hym: "Rhomeo [&c.]—no, no, Rhomeo, thou must fully resolve thy selfe upon one of these ii. points, either to see me incontinently throwen down hedlong from this high window after thee: or else to suffer me to accompanie thee into that cuntry or place whither Fortune shall guide thee [&c.]." Rhomeo seeing hir in these alterations, fearing that worsse inconvenience would chaunce, tooke hir againe betweene his armes, and kissing hir amorously, sayd: "Julietta, the onely mistresse of my heart, I pray thee in the name of God, and for the fervent love which thou bearest unto me, to extirpate and do away those vaine cogitations, except thou meane to seeke and hazard the destruction of us both: for if thou persever in this determination, there is no remedie but we must both perish: for so soon as thine absence shalbe knowne, thy father will make such earnest pursute after us, that we cannot choose but be discried and taken, and in the ende cruelly punished, I as a theefe and stealer of thee, and thou as a disobedient daughter to thy father: and so in stead of pleasant and quiet life, our dayes shalbe abridged by most shameful death. But if thou wilt recline thy selfe to reason (the right rule of humane life), and for the time abandon our mutual delights, I will take such order in the time of my banishment, as within iiij. or iiij. months without any delay, I shalbe revoked home again. But if it fall out otherwise (as I trust not), how so ever it happen, I wil come againe unto thee, and with the helpe of my friends wil fetch thee from Verona by strong hand, not in counterfeit apparell as a stranger, but like my spouse and perpetuall companion. In the meane time quiet your self, and be sure that nothing else but death shal devide and put us asunder." The reasons of Rhomeo so much prevailed with Julietta, as she made him this answer: "My deare friend, I will doe nothing contrary to your will and pleasure. And to what place so ever you repair, my heart shall be your owne, in like sorte as you

have given yours to be mine. In the meane while I pray you not to faile oftentimes to advertise me by frier Laurence, in what state your affairs be, and specially of the place of your abode." Thus these two pore lovers passed the night togither, untill the day began to appeare, which did separate them. to their extreame sorow and grief. Rhomeo having taken leave of Julietta, went to S. Fraunces, and after he hadde advertised frier Laurence of his affaires, departed from Verona in the habit of a Marchaunt straunger, and used such expedition, as without hurt hee arrived at Mantoua (acompanied onely with Petre his servaunt, whome hee hastely sent backe againe to Verona, to serve his father), where he tooke a house : and living in honorable company, assayed certaine months to put away the grieffe which so tormented him. But during the time of his absence, miserable Julietta could not so cloke hir sorow, but that through the evill colore of hir face, hir inwarde passion was discried. By reason whereof hir mother, who heard hir oftentimes sighing, and incessantly complaining, coulde not forbear to say unto hir : "Daughter, if you continue long after this sorte, you will hasten the death of your good father and me, who love you so dearely as our owne lives : wherefore henceforth moderate your heavinesse, and endeavor your self to be mery : thinke no more upon the death of your cosin Thibault, whome (sith it pleased God to call away) do you thinke to revoke with teares, and to withstand his almighty will?" But the pore Gentlewoman not able to dissemble hir grief, sayd unto hir : "Madame, long time it is sithens the last teares for Thibault wer poured forth, and I beleve that the fountaine is so well soked and dried up, as no more will spring in that place." The mother, which coulde not tell to what effect those woords were spoken, held hir peace, for feare she should trouble hir daughter : and certaine dayes after seeing hir to continue in heavinesse and continuall griefs, assayed by all meanes possible to know, as well of hir, as of other the housholde servauntes, the occasion of hir sorow, but all in vaine : wherwith the pore mother, vexed beyonde measure, proposed to let the Lorde Antonio hir husband to understand the case of hir daughter. And upon a day seeing him at convenient leisure, she sayd unto him : "My Lord, if you have marked the countenance of our daughter, and hir kinde of behavior sithens the death of the Lord Thibault hir cosin, you shall perceive so straunge mutation in hir, as it will make you to marvell : for she is not only contented to foregoe meat, drinke, and sleepe, but she spendeth hir time in nothing else but in weeping and lamentation, delighting to kepe hir selfe solitarie within hir chamber, where she tormenteth hir self so outragiously, as if wee take not heede,

hir life is to be doubted, and not able to know the originall of hir paine, the more difficulte shall be the remedie. Uncertaine wherupon to resolve, I doe thinke verily that she mourneth for some despite, to see the most part of hir companions married, and she yet unprovided, persuading with hir self (it may be) that we hir parents doe not care for hir. Wherefore, deare husband, I heartely beseeche you for our rest and hir quiet, that hereafter ye be carefull to provide for hir some mariage worthy of our state:" whereunto the Lord Antonio willingly agreed, saying unto hir: " Wife, I have many times thought upon that whereof you speake, notwithstanding sith as yet she is not attained to the age of xviii. yeares, I thought to provide a husband at leisure. Nevertheless things being come to these termes, I will be mindful of the same to your contentation, and she matched in such wise, as she shall thinke the time hitherto well delayed. In the meane while mark diligently whither she be in love with any, to the end that we have not so gret regard to goodes, or the nobilitie of the house wherein we meane to bestow hir, as to the life and helth of our daughter, who is to me so dere as I had rather die a begger without lands or goods, than to bestow hir upon one which shal use and intreat hir yll." Certaine dayes after that the Lord Antonio had bruted the mariage of his Daughter, many Gentlemen were suters, so wel for the excellencie of her beautie, as for hir great riches and revenue. But above all others the alliance of a yong Earle named Paris, the Counte of Lodronne, liked the Lord Antonio: unto whome liberally he gave his consent, and told his wife the party upon whom he did meane to bestow his daughter. The mother very joy ful that they had found so honest a Gentleman for their daughter, caused hir secretly to be called before hir, doing hir to understand what things had passed betwene hir father and the Counte Paris, discoursing unto hir the beauty and good grace of that yong Counte, the vertues for which he was commended of al men, joyning therunto for conclusion the great riches and favor which he had in the goods of fortune, by means whereof she and hir friends shold live in eternall honor. But Julietta which had rather to have bene torn in pieces than agree to that mariage, answered hir mother with a more than accustomed stoutnesse.

The dolorous mother whiche knewe not what judgement to fixe upon hir daughters aunswere, like a woman confused and bisides hir self went to seke the Lorde Antonio, unto whome without conceyling any part of hir daughters talke, she did him understand the whole. The good olde man, offended beyonde measure, commaunded her incontinently by force to be

brought before him, if of hir own good wil she wold not come. So soone as she came before hir father, hir eyes ful of tears, fel downe at his feet, which she bathed with the luke warm drops that distilled from hir eyes in great abundance, and thinking to open hir mouth to crie him mercie, the sobbes and sighes many times stopt hir speach, that she remained dumbe, not able to frame a worde. But the old man nothing moved with his daughters teares, sayde unto hir in great rage: "Come hither thou unkynde and disobedient daughter, hast thou already forgotten howe many times thou hast heard spoken at the table, of the puissance and authoritye our aunciente Romane fathers had over their children? [&c.] I take the omnipotencie of that almightie God to witnesse, whiche hath vouchsafed to bryng thee forth into this worlde, that if upon Tuesday nexte thou failest to prepare thy selfe to be at my castel of Villafranco, where the Counte Paris purposeth to meete us, and there give thy consent to that which thy mother and I have agreed upon, I will not onely deprive thee of my worldly goodes, but also will make thee espouse and marie a prison so strayght and sharpe, as a thousande times thou shalt curse the day and tyme wherin thou wast borne. Wherefore from henceforth take advisement what thou dost, for except the promise be kept which I have made to the Counte Paris, I will make thee feelee how great the just choler of an offended father is against a childe unkinde." And without staying for other answer of his daughter, the olde man departed the chamber, and lefte hir uppon hir knees. Julietta knowing the furie of hir father, fearing to incurre his indignation, or to provoke his further wrath, retired for that day into hir chamber, and contrived the whole nyght more in weeping than sleeping. And the next morning faining to goe heare service, she went forth with the woman of hir chamber to the friers, where she caused father Laurence to be called unto her, and prayed him to heare hir confession. And when she was upon hir knees before him, shee began hir confession with teares, tellyng him the great mischief that was prepared for hir, by the mariage accorded betweene hir father and the Counte Paris. And for conclusion said unto him: "Sir, for so much as you know that I cannot by Gods law be married twice, and that I have but one God, one husbände, and one faith, I am determind (when I am from hence) to with these two hands which you see joyned before you, this day to end my sorrowful life, that my soule may beare witnesse in the heavens, and my bloode upon the earth, of my faith and loyaltie preserved." Then havyng ended hir talke, she looked about hir, and seemed by her wilde countenaunce, as though

she had devised some sinister purpose. Wherefore frier Laurence, astonned beyond mesure, fearing lest she wold have executed that which she was determined, sayd unto hir: "Mistresse Julietta, I pray you in the name of God by litle and litle to moderate youre conceyved grieffe, and to content yourselfe whilst you be here, untill I have provided what is best for you to do, for before you part from hence, I wil give you such consolation and remedie for your afflictions, as you shall remaine satisfied and contented." And resolved uppon this goode minde, he speedily wente out of the Church unto his chamber, where he began to consider of many things, his conscience beyng moved to hinder the mariage betwene the Counte Paris and hir, knowing that by his meanes she had espoused an other, and callyng to remembrance what a dangerous enterprise he had begonne by committynge hymselfe to the mercie of a symple damosell, and that if shee failed to be wyse and secrete, all their doings should be descried, he defamed, and Rhomeo hir spouse punished. Hee then after he had well debated upon an infinite nombre of devises, was in the ende overcome with pitie, and determined rather to hazarde his honour, than to suffer the adulterie of Counte Paris with Julietta. And beyng determined hereupon, opened his closet, and takyng a vyoll in hys hande, retourned agayne to Julietta, whome hee founde lyke one that was in a traunce, wayhtynge for newes, eyther of lyfe or deathe. Of whome the good olde father demaunded uppon what day hir maryage was appointed. "The first day of that appointment (quoth she) is upon Wednesday, which is the day ordeined for my consent of mariage accorded betwene my father and Counte Paris, but the nuptiall solemnitie is not before the x. day of September." "Wel then" (quod the religious father) "be of good cheere daughter, for our Lord God hath opened a way unto me both to deliver you and Rhomeo from the prepared thralldom. I have knowne your husband from his cradle, and hee hath daily committed unto me the greatest secretes of his conscience, and I have so dearely loved him again, as if he had ben mine own sonne. Wherefore my heart can not abide that any man shold do him wrong in that specially wherin my counsell may stande him in stede. And for somuch as you are his wife, I ought likewyse to love you, and seke meanes to deliver you from the martyrdome and anguish wherwyth I see your heart besieged. Understande then (good daughter) of a secrete which I purpose to manifest unto you, and take heede above all things that you declare it to no living creature, for therein consisteth

your life and death. Ye be not ignorant by the common report of the citizens of this Cittie, and by the same published of me, that I have travailed thorough all the Provinces of the habitable earth, wherby during the continuall time of xx. yeres, I have sought no rest for my wearied body, but rather have mani times protruded the same to the mercy of brute beasts in the wildernesses, and many times also to the mercylesse waves of the seas, and to the pitie of common pirates, together with a thousand other daungers and shipwracks upon sea and land. So it is good daughter that all my wandring voyages have not bene altogether unprofitable. For besides the incredible contentation received ordinarily in mynde, I have gathered some particular fruit, whereof by the grace of God you shall shortly feele some experience. I have proved the secrete properties of stones, of plants, metals, and other things hidden within the bowels of the earth, wherewith I am able to helpe my selfe against the common law of men, when necessity doth serve : specially in things wherein I know mine eternall God to be least offended. Know you therefore good daughter, that with those graces, and favors which the heavens prodigally have bestowed upon me, I have learned and proved of long time the composition of a certaine paaste, which I make of divers soporiferous simples, which beaten afterwards to poudre, and dronke with a quantitie of water, within a quarter of an houre after, bringeth the receiver into such a sleepe, and burieth so deeply the senses and other sprites of life, that the cunningest Phisitian wil judge the party dead : and besides that it hath a more marvellous effect, for the person which useth the same feeleth no kinde of grief, and according to the quantie of the dough, the pacient remaineth in a sweete slepe, but when the operation is perfect and done, hee returneth into his first estate. Now then Julietta receive mine instruction, and put off all feminine affection by taking upon you a manly stomake, for by the only courage of your minde consisteth the hap or mishap of your affaires. Beholde heere I give you a viole which you shal keepe as your owne propre heart, and the night before your mariage, or in the morninge before day, you shal fil the same up with water, and drink so much as is contained therein. And then you shall feele a certain kind of pleasant sleepe, which incroching by litle and litle all the parts of your body, wil constrain them in such wise, as unmoveable they shal remaine : and by not doing their accustomed duties, shall loose their naturall feelings, and you abide in such extasie the space of xl.

houres at the least, without any beating of poulse or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that come to see you, as they will judge you to be dead, and according to the custome of our Citie you shall be caried to the church-yard hard by our Church, where you shall be intombed in the common monument of the Capellets your ancestors, and in the meane time we wil send word to Lord Rhomeo by a speciall messanger to the effect of our devise, who now abideth at Mantua. And the night following I am sure he will not faile to be heere, then he and I together will open the grave, and lift up your body, and after the operation of the poulder is past, he shall convey you secretly to Mantua, unknowen to all your Parents and friends. Afterwards (it may be) Time, the mother of truthe, shall cause concord betwene the offended Citie of Verona and Rhomeo. At which time your common cause may be made open to the generall contentacion of all your frendes." The words of the good Father ended, new joy surprised the heart of Julietta, who was so attentive to his talke as she forgate no one point of hir lesson. Then she sayde unto him: "Father, doubt not at all that my heart shall faile in performance of your commaundement: for were it the strongest poyson, or most pestiferous venome, rather would I thrust it into my body, than to consent to fall into the hands of him, whome I utterly mislike: with a right strong reason then may I fortifie my self, and offer my body to any kind of mortal danger to approche and draw neare to him, upon whome wholly dependeth my life and al the contentation I have in this world." "Go your wayes then my daughter" (quod the Frier) "the mighty hand of God keepe you, and his surpassing power defend you, and confirme that will and good mind of yours, for the accomplishment of this worke." Julietta departed from frier Laurence, and returned home to hir fathers pallace about xi. of the clock, where she founde hir mother at the gate attending for hir: and in good devotion demaunded if she continued stil in hir former follies? But Julietta with more gladsome cheere than she was wont to use, not suffering hir mother to aske againe, sayde unto hir: "Madame, I come from S. Frauncis Church, where I have taried longer peradventure than my duction requireth: how be it not without frute and great rest to my afflicted conscience, by reason of the godly persuasions of our ghostly father frier Laurence, unto whom I have made a large declaration of my life. And chiefly have communicated unto him in confession, that which hath past betwene my Lord my father and you, upon the mariage of Counte Paris and me. But the good man hath reconciled me by

his holy words, and commendable exhortations, that where I had minde never to marry, now I am well disposed to obey your pleasure and commaundement. Wherefore, Madame, I beseeche you to recover the favor and good will of my father, aske pardon in my behalfe, and say unto him (if it please you) that by obeying his fatherly request, I am ready to meete the Counte Paris at Villafranco, and there in your presence to accept him for my Lord and husband: in assurance wherof, by your pacience, I meane to repair into my closet, to make choise of my most pretious jewels, that I being richly adorned and decked, may appeare before him more agreeable to his mind and pleasure." The good mother, rapte with exceeding great joy, was not able to answer a word, but rather made speede to seeke out hir husband the Lord Antonio, unto whome she reported the good will of hir daughter, and how by meanes of frier Laurence hir minde was chaunged. Wherof the good olde man marvellous joyfull, praised God in heart, saying: "Wife, this is not the first good turne which we have received of that holy man, unto whom euery Citizen of this Common wealth is dearly bound. I wold to God that I had redeemed xx. of his years with the third parte of my goods, so grievous is to me his extreme olde age." The self same houre the Lord Antonio went to seeke the Counte Paris, whome he thought to persuaide to goe to Villafranco. But the Counte tolde him againe, that the charge would be to great, and that better it were to reserve that cost to the mariage day, for the better celebration of the same. Notwithstanding if it were his pleasure, he would himself goe visite Julietta: and so they went together. The mother advertised of his comming, caused hir daughter to make hir self ready, and to spare no costly jewels for adorning hir beautie against the Counte's comming, which she bestowed so wel for garnishing of hir personage, that before the Counte parted from the house, she had so stolne away his heart, as he lived not from that time forth, but upon meditation of hir beautie, and slacked no time for acceleration of the mariage day, ceasing not to be importunate upon father and mother for the ende and consummation thereof. And thus with joy inoughe passed forth this day and many others untill the day before the mariage, against which time the mother of Julietta did so well provide, that there wanted nothing to set forth the magnificence and nobilitie of their house. Villafranca, wherof we have made mention, was a place of pleasure, where the lorde Antonio was wont many times to recreate himself a mile or two from Verona, there the dynner was prepared, for so much as the ordinary solemnitie of necessitie muste be done at Verona. Julietta

perceiving hir time to approach, dissembled the matter so well as shee coulde: and when time forced hir to retire to her chambre, hir woman wold have waited upon hir, and have lyen in hir chambre, as hir costume was: But Julietta sayde unto hir: "Good and faithfull mother, you know that to morrow is my mariage day, and for that I would spende the most parte of the night in prayer, I pray you for this time to let me alone, and to morrow in the morning about vi. of the clocke come to me againe to helpe make mee redie." The good olde woman willing to follow hir mind, suffred hir alone, and doubted nothing of that whiche she did meane to do. Julietta being within hir chambre having an eawer ful of water standing upon the table filled the vial which the Frier gave hir: and after she had made the mixture, she set it by hir bed side, and went to bed. And being layde, new thoughts began to assaile hir, with a concept of grievous death, which broughte hir into such case as she coulde not tell what to doe, but playning incessantly sayd: "Am not I the most unhappy and desperat creature, that ever was borne of woman? For me there is nothyng left in this wretched worlde but mishap, misery, and mortall woe, my distresse hath brought me to such extremitie, as to save mine honor and conscience, I am forced to devoure the drinke wherof I know not the virtue: but what know I (sayd she) whether the operation of this powder will be too soone or too late, or not correspondent to the due time, and that my faulte being discovered, I shall remayne a fable to the people? What know I moreover, if the serpents and other venomous and crawling wormes, which commonly frequent the graves and pittes of the earth, will hurt me, thinking that I am dead? But howe shal I indure the stinche of so many carions and bones of myne auncestors which rest in the grave, if by fortune I do awake before Rhomeo and frier Laurence doe come to help me?" And as she was thus plunged in the deepe contemplation of things, she thought that she sawe a certaine vision or fansie of her cousin Thibault, in the very same sort as she sawe him wounded and imbrued wyth blod, and musyng howe that she must be buried quicke amongs so many dead carcasses and deadly naked bones, hir tender and delicate body began to shake and tremble, and her yelow locks to stare for feare, in such wise as frightened with terrour a colde sweate beganne to pierce hir heart and bedew the rest of all hir membres, in suche wise as she thought that a hundred thousand deathes did stande about hir, haling her on every side, and plucking her in pieces, and feelyng that hir forces dimynyshed by litle and litle, fearing that through too great debilitie she was not able to do hir enterprise, like a furious

and insensate woman, without further care, gulped up the water within the viol, then crossing hir armes upon hir stomacke, she lost at that instant all the powers of hir body, and remained in a traunce. And when the mornyng light began to thrust his head out of his Orient, hir chamber woman which had lockte hir in with the key, did open the doore, and thinking to awake hir, called hir many times, and sayde unto hir: "Mistresse, you sleepe too long, the Counte Paris will come to raise you." The poore olde woman spake unto the wall, and sang a song unto the deafe. For if all the horrible and tempestuous soundes of the worlde had bene canoned forth oute of the greatest bombardes, and sounded through hir delicate eares, hir spirits of lyfe were so fast bounde and stopt, as she by no meanes coulde awake, wherewith the poore olde woman amazed, began to shake hir by the armes and handes, which she founde so colde as marble stone. Then puttyng hir hande unto hir mouthe, sodainely perceyved that she was deade, for she perceyved no breath in hir. Wherefore lyke a woman out of hir wyttes, shee ranne to tell hir mother, who so madde as tigre, bereft of hir faons, hyed hir selfe into hir daughters chaumber, and in that pitifull state beholding hir daughter, thinking her to be deade, cried out: "Ah cruell death, which hast ended all my joye and blisse, use the last scourge of thy wrathfull ire against me, least by sufferying me to lyve the rest of my woeful dayes, my tormente do increase." Then she began to fetch such straining sighs, as hir heart dyd seeme to cleave in pieces. And as hir cries beganne to encrease, beholde the father, the Counte Paris, and a greate troupe of Gentlemen and Ladies, which were come to honour the feaste, hearing no soner tell of that which chaunced, were stroke into such sorrowfull dumpes as he whiche had behelde their faces would easily have judged that the same had ben a day of ire and pitie, specially the lord Antonio, whose heart was irapped with such surpassing wo, as neither teare nor word could issue forth, and knowing not what to doe, streight way sent to seke the most expert phisitians of the towne, who after they had inquired of the life past of Julietta, deemed by common reporte, that melancholie was the cause of that sodaine death, and then their sorowes began to renue a freshe. And whilest these things were in this lamented state, frier Laurence with diligence dispatched a Frier of his Covent, named frier Anselme, whome he trusted as himselfe, and delivered him a letter written with his owne hande, commanding him expressly not to gyve the same to any other but to Rhomeo, wherein was conteyned the chaunce which had passed betwene him and Julietta, specially the vertue of the powder,

and commanded him the nexte ensuing night to speede himselfe to Verona, for that the operation of the poudre that time would take ende, and that he should cary with him back againe to Mantua his beloved Julietta, in dissembled apparell, untill Fortune had otherwise provided for them. The frier made such hast as (too late) he arrived at Mantua, within a while after. And bicause the maner of Italie is, that the frier travailing abroad oughte to take a companion of his covent, to doe his affaires within the Citie, the frier went into his covent, but bicause he was entred in, it was not lawfull for him to come out againe that day, for that certain dayes before, one religious of that covent, as it was sayd, did die of the plague. Wherefore the magistrates appointed for the healthe and visitation of the sicke, commaunded the warden of the house that no Friers should wander abroad the Citie, or talke with any citizen, untill they were licensed by the officers in that behalfe appointed, which was the cause of the great mishap, which you shal heare hereafter. The Frier being in this perplexitie, not able to goe forth, and not knowing what was contained in the letter, deferred his jorney for that day. Whilest things were in this plight, preparation was made at Veronna, to doe the obsequies of Julietta. There is custome also (which is common in Italie), to place all the beste of one lignage and familie in one Tombe, wherby Julietta was layde in the ordinarie grave of the Capellettes, in a Churcheyarde, harde by the Church of the Friers, where also the Lorde Thibault was interred. And hir obsequies honourably done, every man returned: whereunto Pietro, the servant of Rhomeo, gave hys assystance. For as we have before declared, his mayster sent him backe againe from Mantua to Veronna, to do his fater service, and to advertise hym of that whiche shoulde chaunce in his absence there: who seeing the body of Julietta, inclosed in tombe, thinkyng with the rest that she had bene dead in deede, incontinently toke poste horse, and with diligence rode to Mantua, where he founde his master in his wonted house, to whome he sayde, with his eyes full of teares: "Syr, there is chaunced unto you so straunge a matter, as if so bee you do not arme your selfe with constancie, I am afayde that I shall be the cruell minister of your death. Be it knowne unto you syr, that yesterday morning my mistresse Julietta left hir lyfe in this world to seke rest in an other: and wyth these eyes I saw hir buried in the Churchyarde of S. Frauncis." At the sounde of which heavie message, Rhomeo began wofully to lamente, as though his spirites grieved with the torment of his passion at that instant woulde have abandoned his bodie. But strong Love which woulde not

permitted hym to faint untill the extremitie, framed a thoughte in his fantasie, that if it were possible for hym to dye besides hir, his death shoulde be more glorious, and shee (as he thought) better contented. By reason whereof, after hee had washed his face for feare to discover hys sorrow, he went out of hys chamber, and commaunded hys man to tarrie behind hym, that hee might walke through oute all the corners of the Citie, to fynde propre remedie (if it were possyble) for hys grieve. And amonges others, beholdyng an Apotecaries shoppe of lytle furniture and lesse store of boxes and other thinges requisite for that science, thought that the verie povertie of the mayster Apothecarye would make hym wyllingly yelde to that whych he pretended to demaunde. And after hee hadde taken hym aside, secretly he sayd unto hym: "Syr, if you be the mayster of the house, as I thynke you be, behold here Fiftie Ducates, whych I gyve you, to the intent you delyver me some strong and violent poyson that within a quarter of an houre is able to procure death unto hym that shall use it." The couetous Apothecarie entised by gayne, agreed to hys request, and fayning to gyve hym some other medicine before the peoples face, he speedily made ready a strong and cruel poyson, afterwarde hee sayd unto hym softly: "Syr, I gyve you more than is needefull, for the one halfe in an houres space is able to destroye the strongest manne of the worlde:" who after he hadde receyved the poyson, retourned home, where he commaunded his man to depart with diligence to Veronna, and that he should make provision of candels, a tynder boxe, and other instrumentes meete for the openyng of the grave of Julietta, and that above all things he should not faile to attende hys commyng besides the Churchyarde of S. Frauncis, and upon paine of his life to keepe his intente in scilence. Which Pietro obeyed in order as his master had commaunded hym, and made therein such expedition, as he arrived in good tyme to Verona, taking order for all thinges that were commaunded him. Rhomeo in the mean whyle beyng solicited wyth mortal thoughtes, caused incke and paper to be broughte unto hym, and in fewe wordes put in writing all the discourse of his love, the mariage of hym and Julietta, the meane observed for consummation of the same, the helpe that he hadde of Frier Laurence, the buying of his poyson, and last of all his death. Afterwarde, having finished his heavey tragedie, hee closed the letters, and sealed the same with his seale, and directed the Superscription thereof to hys father: and puttyng the letters into his pursse, he mounted on horsebacke, and used such diligence, that he arrived uppon darke night at the Citie of Veronna, before the gates were shut, where he found

his servant taryng for him with a Lanterne and instruments as is beforesayd, meete for the openyng of the grave, unto whome hee said : " Pietro, helpe mee to open this Tombe, and so soone as it is open, I commaunde thee uppon payne of thy lyfe, not to come neere me, nor to stay me from the thing I purpose to doe. Beholde, there is a letter which thou shalt present to morrow in the morning to my father at hys uprising, which peradventure shall please him better than thou thynkest." Pietro, not able to imagine what was his maisters intent, stode somewhat aloofe to beholde his maisters gestes and countenance. And when they hadde opened the vaulte, Rhomeo descended downe two steppes, holdyng the candell in his hand and beganne to beholde wyth pitifull eye, the body of hir, which was the organ of his lyfe, and washt the same with the teares of his eyes, and kyst it tenderly, holding it harde betwene his armes, and not able to satisfie him selfe with her sight, put his fearefull handes uppon the colde stomacke of Julietta. And after he had touched her in manye places, and not able to feel any certain judgements of lyfe, he drew the poyson out of his boxe, and swallowyng downe a greate quantitie of the same, cried out : " O Julietta, of whome the worlde was unworthie, what death is it possible my hearte coulde choose out more agreeable than that whiche it suffereth hard by thee? What grave more glorious, than to be buried in thy tombe? What more worthie or excellent Epytaph can bee vowed for memorie, than the mutuall and pitifull sacrifice of our lyves?" And thinking to renue his sorowe, his hearte began to frette thorough the violence of the poyson, which by litle and litle assailed the same, and lookyng aboute hym, espyed the bodie of the Lorde Thibault, lying nexte unto Julietta, whyche as yet was not al together putrified, and speakyng to the bodye as though it hadde been alyve, sayde : " In what place so ever thou arte (O cousyn Thibault) I most heartily doe crye thee mercy for the offense whyche I have done by deprivyng of thy lyfe : and if thy ghost doe wyshe and crye oute for vengeaunce upon mee, what greater or more cruell satisfaction canste thou desyre to have, or henceforth hope for, than to see hym which murdered thee, to bee empoysoned wyth hys own handes, and buried by thy syde." Then endyng hys talk, felyng by litle and litle that his life began to faile, falling prostrate uppon his knees, with feeble voice hee softly said : " O my Lord God, which to redeeme me didst descend from the bosome of thy father, and tokest humane flesh in the wombe of the virgine, I acknowledge and confesse, that this body of mine is nothing else but earth and dust." Then seased uppon with desperate sorow, he fell downe

upon the body of Julietta with sutch vehemence, as the heart faint and attenuated with too great torment, not able to beare so hard a violence, was abandoned of all his sense and naturall powers, in such sort as the siege of his soul failed him at that instant, and his membres stretched forth, remained stiffe and colde. Frier Laurence, which knew the certaine time of the pouders operation, marvelled that he had no answere of the letter which he sent to Rhomeo by his fellow frier Anselme, departed from S. Frauncis, and with instruments for the purpose, determined to open the grave to let in air to Julietta, which was ready to wake : and approaching the place, he espied a light within, which made him afraid untill that Pietro, which was hard by, had certified him that Rhomeo was within, and had not ceased there to lament and complaine the space of half an houre. And when they two were entred the grave, and finding Rhomeo without life, made such sorowe as they can well conceive which love their deare friend with like perfection. And as they were making their complaints, Julietta rising out of hir traunce, and beholding light within the tombe, uncertaine whether it were a dreame or fantasie that appeared before hir eyes, comming againe to hir selfe, knew frier Laurence, unto whom she sayd : "Father, I pray thee in the name of God to perfourme thy promise, for I am almost deade." And then frier Laurence concealing nothing from hir (because he feared to be taken through his too long abode in that place), faithfully rehearsed unto hir, how he had sent frier Anselme to Rhomeo at Mantua, from whome as yet he had received no answer. Notwithstanding he found Rhomeo dead in the grave, whose body he pointed unto, lying hard by hir, praying hir sith it was so, patiently to beare that sodaine misfortune, and that if it pleased hir, he would convey hir into some monastery of women, where she might in time moderate hir sorow, and give rest unto hir minde. Julietta had no sooner cast eye upon the dead corpse of Rhomeo, but began to breake the fountaine pipes of gushing teares, which ran forth in such abundance, as not able to support the furor of her grief, she breathed without ceasing upon his mouth, and then throwing hir selfe upon his body, and embracing it very hard, seemed that by force of sighes and sobs, she wold have revived, and brought him againe to life, and after she had kissed and rekindled him a million of times, she cried out : "Ah the swete rest of my cares, and the only porte of all my pleasures and pastimes, hadst thou so sure a heart to choose thy Churchyarde in this place betwene the armes of thy perfect lover, and to ende the course of thy life for my sake in the floure of thy youth when life to

thee shold have bene most dear and delectable?" And as she thought to continue hir complaints, Pietro advertised frier Laurence that he heard a noise bisides the citadel, wherwith being afraid, they spedily departed, fearing to be taken. And then Julietta seing hir self alone, and in full libertie, toke againe Rhomeo betwene hir armes, kissing him with such affection, as she semed to be more attained with love than death, and drawing out the dagger which Rhomeo ware by his side, she pricked hir self with many blowes against the hart, saying with feble and pitiful voyce: "Ah death the end of sorow, and beginning of felicity, thou art most heartily welcome: feare not at this time to sharpen thy dart: give no longer delay of life, for fear that my sprite travail not to finde Rhomeos ghost amonges such numbres of carion corpses. And thou my deare Lord and loyall husbände Rhomeo, if there rest in thee any knowledge, receive hir whome thou hast so faithfully loved, the only cause of thy violent death, which frankly offereth up hir soule that none but thou shalt joy the love wherof thou hast made so lawfull conquest, and that our soules passing from this flight, may eternally live together in the place of everlasting joy:" and when she had ended those words she yelded up hir ghost. While these things thus were done, the garde and watch of the Citie, by chance passed by, and seeing light within the grave, suspected straight that they were Necromancers which had opened the tombe to abuse the dead bodies for aide of their arte: and desirous to know what it ment, went downe into the vault, where they found Rhomeo and Julietta, with their armes imbracing eche others neck, as though there had ben some token of life. And after they had well viewed them at leisure, they knew in what case they were. And then all amazed they sought for the thieves which (as they thought) had done the murder, and in the end found the good father frier Laurence, and Pietro the servaunt of dead Rhomeo (which had hid themselves under a stall) whom they carried to prison, and advertised the Lord of Escala, and the Magistrates of Verona of that horrible murder, which by and by was published throughout the Citie. Then flocked together al the Citizens, women and children, leaving their houses, to looke upon that pitiful sight, and to the ende that in presence of the whole Citie, the murder should be knowne, the Magistrates ordained that the two dead bodies should be erected upon a stage to the view and sight of the whole world, in such sort and maner as they were found within the grave, and that Pietro and frier Laurence should publicly be examined, that afterwarde there might be no murmure or other pretended cause of ignorance. And this good olde Frier being upon the

scaffold, having a white beard all wet and bathed with teares, the judges commaunded him to declare unto them who were the authors of that murder, sith at untimely houre he was apprehended with certaine irons besides the grave. Frier Laurence a rounde and franke man of talke, nothing moved with that accusation, sayd unto them with stoute and bolde voyce: "My masters, there is none of you all (if you have respect unto my forepassed life, and to my aged yeres, and therewithall have consideration of this heavy spectacle, wherunto unhappy fortune hath presently brought me) but doeth marvell of so sodaine mutation and change unlooked for, for so much as these three score and ten or twelve yeares sithens I came into this world, and began to prove the vanities thereof, I was never suspected, touched, or found guilty of any crime which was able to make me blush, or hide my face, although (before God) I doe confesse my self to be the greatest and most abominable sinner of al the redeemed flock of Christ. So it is notwithstanding, that sith I am prest and ready to render mine accompt, and that death, the grave and wormes do daily summon this wretched corps of mine to appeare before the justice seate of God, still wayhtyng and attending to be caried to my hoped grave, this is the houre I say, as you likewise may thinke wherein I am fallen to the greatest damage and prejudice of my life and honest port. But (thankes be to mine eternall God) I feele no worme that gnaweth, nor any remorse that pricketh me touching that fact, for which I see you all troubled and amazed. And to set your hearts at rest, and to remove the doubts which hereafter may torment your consciences, I will disclose from first to last the entire discourse of this pitifull tragedie." Then the Fatherly Frier began to repeate the story of the love betwene Julietta and Rhomeo. And for more ample approbation of his saying, he humbly besought the Lord of Veronna and the Magistrates to send to Mantua for frier Anselme to know the cause of his slacke returne, that the content of the letter sent to Rhomeo might be seene. To examine the woman of the chamber of Julietta, and Pietro the servaunt of Rhomeo, who not attending for further request, sayd unto them: "My Lordes, when Rhomeo entred the grave, he gave me this Pacquet, written as I suppose with his owne hand, who gave me expresse commaundement to deliver them to his father." The pacquet opened, they found the whole effecte of this story, specially the Apothecaries name, which solde him the poyson, the price, and the cause wherefore he used it, and all appeared to be so cleare and evident, as there rested nothing for further verification of the same, but their presence

at the doing of the particulars thereof, for the whole was so wel declared in order, as they were out of doubt that the same was true. And then the Lord Bartholomew of Escala, after he had debated with the Magistrates of these events, decreed that the woman of Julietta hir chamber should be banished, bicause she did conceyle that privie mariage from the father of Rhomeo, which if it hadde been knowne in time had bred to the whole Citie an universal benefit. Pietro bicause he obeyed his masters commaundement, and kept close his lawful secrets, according to the wel conditioned nature of a trusty servant, was set at liberty. The Poticarie taken, rackt, and founde guiltie, was hanged. The good olde man frier Laurence, as well for respect of his auncient service which he had done to the Common wealth of Verona, as also for his vertuous lyfe (for the which he was specially recommended) was let goe in peace, withoute any note of infamie. Notwithstanding by reason of his age, he voluntarily gave over the worlde, and closed him selfe in a hermitage, two miles from Verona, where he lived v. or vi. yeares, and spent his tyme in continuall prayer, untill he was called out of this transitorie worlde, into the blisfull state of everlasting joy. And for the compassion of so straunge an infortune, the Montesches and Capellets poured forth such abundance of teares, as with the same they did evacuate their auncient grudge and choler, whereby they were then reconciled. And they which could not be brought to attonement by any wisdome or humane counsell, were in the ende vanquished and made friends by pitie. And to immortalize the memorie of so intier and perfect amitie, the lorde of Verona ordeined that the two bodies of those miraculous lovers should be fast intombed in the grave where they ended their lives, where was erected a high marble pillar, honoured with an infinite numbre of Epitaphes, which to this day be apparant, with such noble memorie, as amongs all the rare excellencies, wherewith that Citie is furnished, there is none more famous than the monument of Rhomeo and Julietta.

TO THE READER.

THE God of all glory created universally all creatures to set forth His praise, both those which we esteem profitable in use and pleasure and also those which we account noisome and loathsome. But principally He hath appointed man the chiefest instrument of His honour, not only for ministering matter thereof in man himself, but as well in gathering out of other the occasions of publishing God's goodness, wisdom, and power. And, in like sort, every doing of man hath by God's dispensation something whereby God may and ought to be honoured. So the good doings of the good and the evil acts of the wicked, the happy success of the blessed and the woeful proceedings of the miserable, do in divers sort sound one praise of God. And as each flower yieldeth honey to the bee, so every example ministereth good lessons to the well disposed mind. The glorious triumph of the continent man upon the lusts of wanton flesh encourageth men to honest restraint of wild affections; the shameful and wretched ends of such as have yielded their liberty thrall to foul desires teach men to withhold themselves from the

headlong fall of loose dishonesty. So, to like effect, by sundry means the good man's example biddeth men to be good, and the evil man's mischief warneth men not to be evil. To this good end serve all ill ends of ill beginnings. And to this end, good reader, is this tragical matter written to describe unto thee a couple of unfortunate lovers thralling themselves to dishonest desire, neglecting the authority and advice of parents and friends, conferring their principal counsels with drunken gossips and superstitious friars (the naturally fit instruments of unchastity), attempting all adventures of peril for the attaining of their wished lust, using auricular confession (the key of whoredom and treason) for furtherance of their purpose, abusing the honourable name of lawful marriage to cloak the shame of stolen contracts; finally, by all means of dishonest life, hastening to most unhappy death. This precedent, good reader, shall be to thee as the slaves of Lacedæmon, oppressed with excess of drink, deformed and altered from likeness of men, both in mind and use of body, were to the free-born children, so showed to them by their parents to the intent to raise in them a hateful loathing of so filthy beastliness. Hereunto, if you apply it, ye shall deliver my doing from offence, and profit yourselves. Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can look for (being there much better set forth than

I have or can do), yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve to like good effect if the readers do bring with them like good minds to consider it, which hath the more encouraged me to publish it such as it is.

ARTHUR BROOKE.

TO THE READER.

AMID the desert rocks, the mountain bear
Brings forth uniform, unlike herself, her young;
Naught else but lumps of flesh, withouten hair.
In tract of time, her often licking tongue
Gives them such shape, as doth, ere long, delight
The lookers on; or when one dog doth shake
With muzzled mouth, the joints too weak to fight,
Or when upright he standeth by his stake
(A noble crest), or wild in savage wood
A dozen dogs one holdeth at a bay,
With gaping mouth, and stained jaws with blood.
Or else, when from the farthest heavens they
The lode stars are the weary pilot's mark,
In storms to guide to haven the tossed bark;—

Right so my Muse
Hath (now at length) with travail long brought forth
Her tender whelps, her divers kinds of style,
Such as they are, or naught or little worth,
Which careful travail and a longer while
May better shape. The eldest of them, lo,
I offer to the stake; my youthful work,

Which one reproachful mouth might overthrow :
The rest, unlicked as yet, awhile shall lurk
Till time give strength to meet and match in fight
With slander's whelps. Then shall they tell of strife,
Of noble triumphs, and deeds of martial might,
And shall give rules of chaste and honest life.
The while, I pray, that ye with favour blame,
Or rather not reprove the laughing game
Of this my Muse.

THE ARGUMENT.

LOVE hath inflaméd twain by sudden sight,
And both do grant the thing that both desire ;
They wed in shrift by counsel of a friar ;
Young Romeus climbs fair Juliet's bower by night.
Three months he doth enjoy his chief delight :
By Tybalt's rage, provokéd unto ire,
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hire.
A banished man he 'scapes by secret flight :
New marriäge is offered to his wife :
She drinks a drink that seems to reave her breath ;
They bury her, that sleeping yet hath life.
Her husband hears the tidings of her death ;
He drinks his bane ; and she with Romeus' knife,
When she awakes, herself, alas, she slay'th.

ROMEUS AND JULIET.

THERE is beyond the Alps a town of ancient fame,
Whose bright renown yet shineth clear, Verona men it
name ;

Built in a happy time, built on a fertile soil,
Maintained by the heavenly fates, and by the townish
toil.

The fruitful hills above, the pleasant vales below,
The silver stream with channel deep, that through the
town doth flow ;

The store of springs that serve for use, and eke for
ease,

And other more commodities, which profit may and
please ;

Eke many certain signs of things betide of old,
To fill the hungry eyes of those that curiously behold ;
Do make this town to be preferred above the rest
Of Lombard towns, or at the least comparéd with the
best.

In which while Escalus as prince alone did reign,
To reach reward unto the good, to pay the lewd with
pain,

Alas, I rue to think, a heavy hap befell :
Which Boccace scant (not my rude tongue) were able
forth to tell.

Within my trembling hand my pen doth shake for
fear,

And on my cold amazed head, upright doth stand my
hair.

But sith she doth command whose hest I must obey.
In mourning verse, a woeful chance to tell I will
essay.

Help, learned Pallas, help, ye Muses, with your art,
Help, all ye damnéd fiends, to tell of joys returned to
smart.

Help, each ye sisters three, my skilless pen t' indite :
For you it caused which I, alas, unable am to write.

There were two ancient stocks, which Fortune high
did place

Above the rest, endowed with wealth, and nobler of
their race,

Loved of the common sort, loved of the prince alike,
And like unhappy were they both, when Fortune list
to strike.

Whose praise with equal blast, Fame in her trumpet
blew ;

The one was clepéd Capelet, and th' other Montague.

A wonted use it is, that men of likely sort

(I wot not by what fury forced), envȳ each other's
port.

So these, whose equal state bred envy pale of hue,
And then of grudging envy's root, black hate and
rancour grew.

As of a little spark, oft riseth mighty fire,

So of a kindled spark of grudge, in flames flash out
their ire :

And then their deadly feud, first hatched of trifling
strife,

Did bathe in blood of smarting wounds, it reaved
breath and life,

No legend lie I tell, scarce yet their eyes be dry
That did behold the grisly sight, with wet and weeping
eye.

But when the prudent prince, who there the sceptre
held,

So great a new disorder in his common weal beheld,
By gentle mean he sought their choler to assuage ;
And by persuasion to appease their blameful furious
rage.

But both his words and time the prince hath spent in
vain ;

So rooted was the inward hate, he lost his busy pain.
When friendly sage advice, no gentle words avail ;
By thund'ring threats and princely power their
courage gan he quail.

In hope that when he had the wasting flame sup-
prest,

In time he should quite quench the sparks that burned
within their breast.

Now whilst these kindred do remain in this estate,
And each with outward friendly show doth hide his
inward hate,

One Romeus, who was of race a Montague,
Upon whose tender chin, as yet, no manlike beard
there grew,

Whose beauty and whose shape so far the rest did
stain :

That from the chief of Veron youth he greatest fame
did gain,

Hath found a maid so fair (he found so foul his hap)
Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his
heart entrap,

That from his own affairs his thought she did re-
move;

Only he sought to honour her, to serve her, and to
love.

To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent,
At length (in hope of better speed) himself the lover
went;

Present to plead for grace, which absent was not
found:

And to discover to her eye his new receivéd wound.
But she that from her youth was fostered evermore
With virtue's food, and taught in school of wisdom's
skilful lore,

By answer did cut off th' affections of his love,
That he no more occasion had so vain a suit to move.
So stern she was of cheer (for all the pain he took),
That in reward of toil she would not give a friendly
look.

And yet how much she did with constant mind
retire

So much the more his fervent mind was pricked forth
by desire.

But when he many months, hopeless of his recure,
Had servéd her, who forcéd not what pains he did
endure:

At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove

If change of place might change away his ill-bestowéd
love ;

And speaking to himself, thus gan he make his
moan :

“ What booteth me to love and serve a fell unthankful
one,

Sith that my humble suit and labour sowed in vain
Can reap none other fruit at all but scorn and proud
disdain ?

What way she seeks to go, the same I seek to run ;
But she the path wherein I tread with speedy flight
doth shun.

I cannot live except that near to her I be ;
She is aye best content when she is furthest oft from
me.

Wherefore henceforth I will far from her take my
flight :

Perhaps mine eye once banishéd by absence from her
sight,

This fire of mine that by her pleasant eyne is fed
Shall little and little wear away, and quite at last be
dead.”

But whilst he did decree this purpose still to
keep,

A contrary repugnant thought sank in his breast so
deep,

That doubtful is he now which of the twain is best ;
In sighs, in tears, in plaint, in care, in sorrow, and
unrest,

He moans the day, he wakes the long and weary
night ;

So deep hath love with piercing hand engraved her
beauty bright

Within his breast, and hath so mastered quite his
heart,

That he of force must yield as thrall, no way is left
to start.

He can not stay his step, but forth still must he run;
He languisheth and melts away as snow against the
sun.

His kindred and allies do wonder what he ails,
And each of them in friendly wise his heavy hap be-
wails.

But one among the rest, the trustiest of his feres,
Far more than he with counsel filled, and riper of his
years,

Gan sharply him rebuke, such love to him he bare
That he was fellow of his smart, and partner of his
care.

“What meanst thou, Romeus,” quoth he, “what
doting rage

Doth make thee thus consume away the best part of
thine age

In seeking her that seems and hides her from thy
sight,

Not forcing all thy great expense, ne yet thy honour
bright,

Thy tears, thy wretched life, ne thine unspotted truth,
Which are of force, I ween, to move the hardest heart
to ruth.

Now for our friendship's sake and for thy health I
pray,

That thou henceforth become thine own ; O give no
more away

Unto a thankless wight thy precious free estate :

In that thou lovest such a one thou seem'st thyself to
hate.

For she doth love elsewhere, and then thy time is
lorne,

Or else (what booteth thee to sue) Love's court she hath
forsworn.

Both young thou art of years, and high in Fortune's
grace ;

What man is better shaped than thou ? who hath a
sweeter face ?

By painful studies' mean great learning hast thou
won ;

Thy parents have none other heir, thou art their only
son.

What greater grief, trow'st thou, what woeful deadly
smart

Should so be able to distraint thy seely father's
heart

As in his age to see thee plungéd deep in vice,

When greatest hope he hath to hear thy virtues' fame
arise.

What shall thy kinsmen think, thou cause of all their
ruth ?

Thy deadly foes do laugh to scorn thy ill employéd
youth.

Wherefore my counsel is, that thou henceforth begin
To know and fly the error which too long thou livedst
in.

Remove the veil of love that keeps thine eyes so
blind,

That thou ne'er canst the ready path of thy forefathers
find.

But if unto thy will so much in thrall thou art,
Yet in some other place bestow thy witless wand'ring
heart.

Choose out some worthy dame, her honour thou and
serve,

Who will give ear to thy complaint, and pity ere thou
sterve.

But sow no more thy pains in such a barren soil
As yields in harvest time no crop, in recompense of
toil.

Ere long the townish dames together will resort ;
Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely
port,

With so fast fixed eye perhaps thou may'st behold
That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions
past of old."

The young man's listening ear received the whole-
some sound,

And reasons truth yplanted so, within his head had
ground ;

That now with healthy cool ytempered is the heat,
And piecemeal wears away the grief that erst his
heart did frete.

To his approved friend a solemn oath he plight,
At every feast he kept by day, and banquet made by
night,

At pardons in the church, at games in open street,

And everywhere he would resort, where ladies wont to
meet ;

Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,
For he would view and judge them all with unalluréd
eye.

How happy had he been had he not been forsworn ;
But twice as happy had he been had he been never
born.

For ere the moon could thrice her wasted horns renew,
False fortune cast for him, poor wretch, a mischief
new to brew.

The weary winter nights restore the Christmas
games,

And now the season doth invite to banquet townish
dames,

And first in Capel's house, the chief of all the kin
Spareth for no cost the wonted use of banquets to
begin.

No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,
No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,
But Capilet himself hath bid unto his feast,
Or by his name in paper sent, appointed as a guest.
Young damsels thither flock, of bachelors a rout,
Not so much for the banquet's sake, as beauties to
search out.

But not a Montague would enter at his gate,
For, as you heard, the Capilets and they were at
debate.

Save Romeus, and he, in mask with hidden face :
The supper done, with other five did press into the
place.

When they had masked a while, with dames in courtly
wise,

All did unmask, the rest did show them to their ladies'
eyes ;

But bashful Romeus, with shamefast face forsook
The open press, and him withdrew into the chamber's
nook.

But brighter than the sun the waxen torches shone :
That maugre what he could, he was espied of every
one.

But of the women chief, their gazing eyes that threw
To wonder at his sightly shape and beauty's spotless
hue ;

With which the heavens him had and nature so be-
decked,

That ladies thought the fairest dames were foul in his
respect.

And in their head beside another wonder rose,
How he durst put himself in throng among so many
foes.

Of courage stout they thought his coming to pro-
ceed,

And women love a hardy heart as I in stories read.

The Capilets disdain the presence of their foe,
Yet they suppress their stirréd ire, the cause I do not
know :

Perhaps to offend their guests the courteous knights
are loth,

Perhaps they stay from sharp revenge, dreading the
Prince's wrath.

Perhaps for that they shamed to exercise their rage

Within their house, 'gainst one alone, and him of tender
age.

They use no taunting talk, nor harm him by their
deed :

They neither say, What mak'st thou here, nor yet they
say God speed.

So that he freely might the ladies view at ease :

And they also beholding him, their change of fancies
please,

Which Nature had him taught to do with such a grace,
That there was none but joyéd at his being there in
place.

With upright beam he weighed the beauty of each
dame,

And judged who best, and who next her, was wrought
in Nature's frame.

At length he saw a maid, right fair of perfect shape,
Which Theseus or Paris would have chosen to their
rape.

Whom erst he never saw, of all she pleased him
most :

Within himself he said to her, thou justly may'st thee
boast

Of perfect shape's renown, and beauty's sounding praise,
Whose like nor hath nor shall be seen, nor liveth in
our days.

And whilst he fixed on her his partial piercé'd eye,
His former love, for which of late he ready was to die,
Is now as quite forgot, as it had never been :

The proverb saith, unminded oft are they that are
unseen.

And as out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,
So novel love out of the mind the ancient love doth
rive.

This sudden kindled fire in time is wax so great,
That only death and both their bloods might quench
the fiery heat.

When Romeus saw himself in this new tempest tossed,
Where both was hope of pleasant port, and danger to
be lost :

He, doubtful, scarcely knew what countenance to keep ;
In Lethe's flood his wonted flames were quenched and
drenchéd deep.

Yea, he forgets himself, nor is the wretch so bold
To ask her name that without force hath him in
bondage fold.

Nor how to unloose his bonds doth the poor fool
devise,

But only seeketh by her sight to feed his hungry
eyes :

Through them he swalloweth down love's sweet im-
poisoned bait :

How surely are the wareless rapt by those that lie in
wait !

So is the poison spread throughout his bones and
veins,

That in a while (alas the while) it hasteth deadly
pains.

Whilst Juliet (for so this gentle damsel hight)
From side to side on every one did cast about her
sight :

At last her floating eyes were anchored fast on him,

Who for her sake did banish health and freedom from
each limb.

He in her sight did seem to pass the rest as fair
As Phœbus's shining beams do pass the brightness of
a star.

In wait lay warlike Love with golden bow and shaft,
And to his ear with steady hand the bowstring up he
raught.

Till now she had escaped his sharp inflaming dart :
Till now he listed not assault her young and tender
heart.

His whetted arrow loosed, so touched her to the
quick,

That through the eye it struck the heart, and there the
head did stick.

It bootèd not to strive, for why, she wanted strength ;
The weaker eye unto the strong of force must yield at
length.

The poms now of the feast her heart 'gins to des-
pise ;

And only joyeth when her eyes meet with her lover's
eyes.

When their new smitten hearts had fed on loving
gleams,

Whilst passing to and fro their eyes ymingled were
their beams,

Each of these lovers gan by other's looks to know
That friendship in their breast had root, and both
would have it grow.

When thus in both their hearts had Cupid made his
breach :

And each of them had sought the mean to end the war
by speech,

Dame Fortune did assent their purpose to advance :
With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her forth
to dance ;

She quit herself so well, and with so trim a grace,
That she the chief praise won that night from all
Verona race.

The whilst our Romeus a place had warely won,
Nigh to the seat where she must sit, the dance once
being done.

Fair Juliet turnéd to her chair with pleasant cheer,
And glad she was her Romeus approached so near.
At th' one side of her chair her lover Romeo,
And on the other side there sat one called Mercutio ;
A courtier that eachwhere was highly had in price,
For he was courteous of his speech, and pleasant of
device.

Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,
Such was among the bashful maids, Mercutio to behold.
With friendly grip he seized fair Juliet's snowish
hand :

A gift he had that Nature gave him in his swathing
band,

That frozen mountain ice was never half so cold
As were his hands, though no'er so near the fire he did
them hold.

As soon as had the knight the virgin's right hand
raught,

Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus
caught.

For he wist well himself for her abode most pain,
And well he wist she loved him best unless she list
to fain.

Then she with tender hand his tender palm hath
pressed;

What joy trow you was grafféd so in Romeus' cloven
breast?

The sudden sweet delight had stoppéd quite his tongue,
Nor can he claim of her his right, nor crave redress of
wrong.

But she espied straight way, by changing of his hue
From pale to red, from red to pale, and so from pale
anew,

That vehement love was cause, why so his tongue did
stay,

And so much more she longed to hear what Love could
teach him say.

When she had longéd long, and he long held his
peace,

And her desire of hearing him, by silence did in-
crease,

At last with trembling voice and shamefast cheer, the
maid

Unto her Romeus turned herself, and thus to him she
said:

“O blessed be the time of thy arrival here—”

But ere she could speak forth the rest, to her love
drew so near,

And so within her mouth her tongue he glued fast,
That no one word could 'scape her more, than what
already passed.

In great contented ease the young man straight is
wrapt :

“ What chance,” quoth he, “ unaware to me, O lady mine,
is hapt

That gives you worthy cause, my coming here to
bliss ?”

Fair Juliet was come again unto herself by this :

First ruthfully she looked, then said with smiling
cheer :

“ Marvel not with my heart’s delight, my only knight
and fere,

Mercutio’s icy hand had all to frozen mine,

And of thy goodness thou again hast warméd it with
thine.”

Whereto with stayéd brow, ’gan Romeus to reply :

“ If so the gods have granted me such favour from the
sky,

That by my being here, some service I have done

That pleaseth you I am as glad as I a realm had won.

O well bestowéd time, that hath the happy hire,

Which I would wish if I might have, my wishéd heart’s
desire.

For I of God would crave, as prize of pains forepassed,
To serve, obey, and honour you, so long as life shall
last :

As proof shall teach you plain, if that you like to try
His faultless truth, that nill for ought unto his lady lie.
But if my touchéd hand have warméd yours some
deal,

Assure yourself the heat is cold, which in your hand
you feel,

Compared to such quick sparks and glowing furious glede
As from your beauty's pleasant eyes, Love causéd to
proceed ;

Which have so set on fire each feeling part of mine,
That lo, my mind doth melt away, my outward parts
do pine.

And but you help, all whole to ashes shall I turn ;
Wherefore, alas, have ruth on him, whom you do force
to burn."

Even with his ended tale, the torches dance had end,
And Juliet of force must part from her new-chosen
friend.

His hand she claspéd hard, and all her parts did shake,
When leisureless with whisp'ring voice thus did she
answer make :

" You are no more your own, dear friend, than I am
yours

(My honour saved) prest to obey your will, while life
endures."

Lo, here the lucky lot that shall true lovers find,
Each takes away the other's heart, and leaves the own
behind.

A happy life is love if God grant from above,
That heart with heart by even weight do make ex-
change of love.

But Romeus gone from her, his heart for care is cold ;
He hath forgot to ask her name that hath his heart in
hold.

With forgéd careless cheer, of one he seeks to know,
Both how she hight, and whence she came, that him
enchanted so.

So hath he learned her name, and knoweth she is no
guest,

Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.

Thus hath his foe in choice to give him life or death,
That scarcely can his woeful breast keep in the lively
breath.

Wherefore with piteous plaint fierce Fortune doth he
blame

That in his ruth and wretched plight doth seek her
laughing game.

And he reproveth love, chief cause of his unrest,
Who ease and freedom hath exiled out of his youthful
breast.

Twice hath he made him serve, hopeless of his reward;
Of both the ills to choose the less, I ween the choice
were hard.

First to a ruthless one he made him sue for grace,
And now with spur he forceth him to run an endless
race.

Amid these stormy seas one anchor doth him hold,
He serveth not a cruel one, as he had done of old.
And therefore is content, and chooseth still to serve:
Though hap should swear that guerdonless the wretched
wight should starve.

The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine;
For want of food amid his food the miser still doth
pine.

As careful was the maid what way were best devise
To learn his name that entertained her in so gentle
wise,

Of whom her heart received so deep, so wide a wound.

An ancient dame she called to her, and in her ear gan
round :

This old dame in her youth had nursed her with her
milk,

With slender needle taught her sew, and how to spin
with silk.

“What twain are those,” quoth she, “which press unto
the door,

Whose pages in their hand do bear two torches light
before?”

And then as each of them had of his household name,
So she him named : yet once again the young and wily
dame,—

“And tell me who is he with vizor in his hand,
That yonder doth in masking weed beside the window
stand.”

“His name is Romeus,” said she, “a Montague,
Whose father’s pride first stirred the strife which both
your households rue.”

The word of “Montague” her joys did overthrow,
And straight instead of happy hope, despair began to
grow.

“What hap have I,” quoth she, “to love my father’s
foe?”

What, am I weary of my weal? what, do I wish my
woe?”

But though her grievous pains distrained her tender
heart,

Yet with an outward show of joy she cloakéd inward
smart;

And of the courtlike dames her leave so courtly took,

That none did guess the sudden change by changing of
her look,

That at her mother's hest to chamber she her hied,
So well she feynéd, mother nor nurse the hidden harm
descried.

But when she should have slept, as wont she was, in
bed,

Not half a wink of quiet sleep could harbour in her head;
For lo, a hugy heap of divers thoughts arise,
That rest have banished from her heart, and slumber
from her eyes.

And now from side to side she tosses and she turns,
And now for fear she shivereth, and now for love she
burns;

And now she likes her choice, and now her choice she
blames,

And now each hour within her head a thousand fancies
frames.

Sometime in mind to stop, amid her course begun;
Sometime she vows, what so betide, that tempted race to
run.

Thus dangers dread and love within the maiden
fought:

The fight was fierce, continuing long by their contráry
thought.

In turning maze of love she wand'reth to and fro,
Then standeth doubtful what to do, last overprest with
woe,

How so her fancies cease, her tears did never blin;
With heavy cheer and wringéd hands, thus doth her
plaint begin:

“ Ah, silly fool,” quoth she, “ yeaught in subtle snare :
Ah, wretched wench, bewrapt in woe, ah, caitiff clad
with care,

Whence comes these wand’ring thoughts to thy uncon-
stant breast,

By straying thus from reason’s lore, that reave thy
wonted rest ?

What if his subtle brain to feign have taught his
tongue,

And so the snake that lurks in grass, thy tender heart
hath stung ?

What if with friendly speech the traitor lie in wait,
As oft the poison’d hook is hid, wrapp’d in the pleasant
bait ?

Oft under cloak of truth, hath falsehood served her
lust,

And turned their honour into shame that did so slightly
trust.

What, was not Dido so, a crownéd queen, defamed ?
And eke for such a heinous crime, have men not
Theseus blamed ?

A thousand stories more, to teach me to beware,
In Boccace and in Ovid’s books too plainly written are.
Perhaps the great revenge he cannot work by strength,
By subtle sleight (my honour stained) he hopes to work
at length.

So shall I seek to find my father’s foe his game ;
So I defiled, report shall take her trump of black
defame,

Whence she with puffed cheek shall blow a blast so
shrill

Of my dispraise, that with the noise Verona shall she
fill.

Then I, a laughing-stock through all the town become,
Shall hide myself, but not my shame, within an hollow
tomb."

Straight underneath her foot, she treadeth in the dust
Her troublesome thought, as wholly vain, inbred of fond
distrust.

"No, no, by God above, I wot it well," quoth she,
"Although I rashly spake before, in no wise can it be"
That where such perfect shape, with pleasant beauty
rests,

There crooked craft and treason black should be
appointed guests.

Sage writers say, the thoughts are dwelling in the
eyne;

Then sure I am, as Cupid reigns, that Romeus is mine.
The tongue the messenger eke call they of the mind;
So that I see he loveth me, shall I then be unkind?

His face's rosy hue, I saw full oft to seek,
And straight again it flashéd forth, and spread in either
cheek,

His fixé heavenly eye, that through me quite did
pierce

His thoughts unto my heart, my thoughts they seemed
to rehearse.

What meant his falt'ring tongue in telling of his tale?
The trembling of his joints, and even his colour waxen
pale?

And whilst I talk with him, himself he hath exiled
Out of himself (as seeméd me) nor was I sure beguiled.

Those arguments of love, Craft wrote not in his face,
But Nature's hand, when all deceit was banished out of
place.

What other certain signs seek I of his goodwill?
These do suffice; and steadfast will I love and serve him
still,

Till Atropos shall cut my fatal thread of life,
So that he mind to make of me his lawful wedded wife.
For so perchance this new alliance may procure
Unto our houses such a peace as ever shall endure."
Oh, how we can persuade ourself to what we like,
And how we can persuade our mind, if aught our mind
mislike !

Weak arguments are strong our fancies straight to
frame

To pleasing things, and eke to shun, if we mislike the
same.

The maid had scarcely yet ended the weary war,
Kept in her heart by striving thoughts, when every
shining star

Had paid his borrowed light, and Phœbus spread in
skies

His golden rays, which seemed to say, now time it is to
rise.

And Romeus had by this forsaken his weary bed,
Where restless he a thousand thoughts had forged in
his head.

And while with lingering step by Juliet's house he
passed,

And upwards to her windows high his greedy eyes did
cast,

His love that looked for him, there could he straight
 espy.

With pleasant cheer each greeted is, she followeth with
 her eye

His parting steps, and he oft looketh back again,
But not so oft as he desires, warely he doth refrain.

What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy
Ensouréd not the sweet; if love were free from jealousy.
But she more sure within, unseen of any wight,
When so he come, looks after him, till he be out of
 sight.

In often passing so, his busy eyes he threw,
That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.
In happy hour he doth a garden plot espy,
From which, except he warely walk, men may his love
 descry;

For lo, it fronted full upon her leaning place,
Where she is wont to show her heart by cheerful,
 friendly face.

And lest the arbours might their secret love betray,
He doth keep back his forward foot from passing there
 by day;

But when on earth the Night her mantle black hath
 spread,
Well armed, he walketh forth alone, nor dreadful foes
 doth dread.

Whom maketh love not bold, nay, whom makes he not
 blind?

He reaveth danger's dread ofttimes out of the lover's
 mind.

By night he passeth here, a week or two in vain;

And for the missing of his mark, his grief hath him
nigh slain,

And Juliet that now doth* lack her heart's relief,
Her Romeus' pleasant eyes (I mean), is almost dead for
grief.

Each day she changeth hours, for lovers keep an hour
When they are sure to see their love, in passing by
their bower.

Impatient of her woe, she hapt to lean one night
Within her window, and anon the moon did shine so
bright

That she espied her love : her heart revived, sprang,
And now for joy she claps her hands, which erst for
woe she wrang.

Even Romeus, when he saw his long-desired sight,
His mourning cloak of moan cast off, hath clad him
with delight.

Yet dare I say, of both that she rejoiced more :
His care was great, hers twice as great was, all the
time before ;

For whilst she knew not why he did himself absent,
Aye doubting both his health and life, his death she did
lament.

For love is fearful oft where is no cause of fear,
And what love fears, that love laments, as though it
chanced were.

Of greater cause alway is greater work inbred ;
While he naught doubteth of his health, she dreads lest
he be dead.

When only absence is the cause of Romeus' smart,

* Both in text.

By happy hope of sight again he feeds his fainting heart.

What wonder then if he were wrapped in less annoy ?
What marvel if by sudden sight she fed of greater joy ?
His smaller grief or joy no smaller love do prove ;
Nor for she passéd him in both, did she him pass in love :

But each of them alike did burn in equal flame,
The well-beloving knight, and now the well-belovéd dame.

Now whilst with bitter tears her eyes as fountains run,
With whispering voice, inbroke with sobs, thus is her tale begun :

“ O Romeus of your life too lavish sure you are,
That in this place, and at this time, to hazard it you dare !

What if your deadly foes, my kinsmen, saw you here ?
Like lions wild, your tender parts asunder would they tear.

In ruth and in disdain, I, weary of my life,
With cruel hand my mourning heart would pierce with bloody knife.

For you, mine own, once dead, what joy should I have here ?

And now my honour stands which I than life do hold more dear.”

“ Fair lady mine, dame Juliet, my life,” quoth he,
“ Even from my birth committed was to fatal sisters three.

They may, in spite of foes, draw forth my lively thread ;
And they also, whoso saith nay, asunder may it shred.

But who, to reave my life, his rage and force would
bend

Perhaps should try unto his pain how I it could defend.

Nor yet I love it so, but always for your sake

A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corpse betake.

If my mishap were such, that here before your sight,

I should restore again to death, of life my borrowed
light,

This one thing and no more my parting sprite would
rue,

That part he should before that you by certain trial
knew

The love I owe to you, the thrall I languish in,

And how I dread to lose the gain which I do hope to
win :

And how I wish for life, not for my proper ease,

But that in it you might I love, you honour, serve and
please,

Till deadly pangs the sprite out of the corpse shall
send."

And thereupon he sware an oath, and so his tale had
end.

Now love and pity boil in Juliet's ruthful breast ;

In window on her leaning arm her weary head doth
rest ;

Her bosom bathed in tears, to witness inward pain;

With dreary cheer to Romeus, thus answered she
again :

" Ah, my dear Romeus, keep in these words," quoth she,

" For lo, the thought of such mischance, already maketh
me

For pity and for dread well-nigh to yield up breath;
In even balance poiséd are my life and even my death.
For so my heart is knit, yea, made oneself with yours,
That sure there is no grief so small, by which your
mind endures

But as you suffer pain, so I do bear in part
(Although it lessens not your grief) the half of all your
smart.

But these things overpast, if of your health and mine
You have respect, or pity aught my teary weeping
eyen,

In few unfeignéd words, your hidden mind unfold,
That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may
behold.

For if you do intend my honour to defile,
In error shall you wander still, as you have done this
while :

But if your thought be chaste, and have on virtue
ground,

If wedlock be the end and mark which your desire hath
found,

Obedience set aside unto my parents due,
The quarrel even that long ago between our households
grew,

Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,
And following you whereso you go, my father's house
forsake.

But if by wanton love, and by unlawful suit,
You think in ripest years to pluck my maidenhood's
dainty fruit,

You are beguiled, and now your Juliet you beseeks

To cease your suit, and suffer her to live among her likes."

Then Romeus, whose thought was free from foul desire,
And to the top of virtue's height did worthily aspire,
Was filled with greater joy than can my pen express,
Or till they have enjoyed the like, the hearer's heart
can guess.

And then with joined hands heaved up into the skies,
He thanks the gods, and from the heavens for
vengeance down he cries

If he have other thought but as his lady spake;
And then his look he turned to her, and thus did
answer make:

"Since, Lady, that you like to honour me so much
As to accept me for your spouse, I yield myself for
such.

In true witness whereof, because I must depart.
Till that my deed do prove my word, I leave in pawn
my heart.

To-morrow even betimes, before the sun arise,
To Friar Lawrence will I wend, to learn his sage
advice.

He is my ghostly sire, and oft he hath me taught
What I should do in things of weight, when I his aid
have sought.

And at this selfsame hour, I plight you here my faith,
I will be here (if you think good) to tell you what he
saith."

She was contented well; else favour found he none
That night at Lady Juliet's hand save pleasant words
alone.

This barefoot friar girt with cord his greyish weed,
For he of Francis order was a friar as I read.
Not as the most was he, a gross unlearnéd fool,
But doctor of divinity proceeded he in school.
The secrets even he knew, in Nature's works that lurk :
By magic's art most men supposed that he could
 wonders work.
Nor doth it ill beseem divines those skills to know,
If on no harmful deed they do such skilfulness
 bestow ;
For justly of no art can men condemn the use,
But right and reason's law cry out against the lewd
 abuse.
The bounty of the friar and wisdom hath so won
The townfolks' hearts, that well-nigh all to Friar
 Lawrence run
To shrive themselves, the old, the young, the great and
 small ;
Of all he is belovéd well, and honoured much of all.
And for he did the rest in wisdom far exceed,
The prince by him (his counsel craved) was helped at
 time of need,
Betwixt the Capilets and him great friendship grew,
A secret and assured friend unto the Montague.
Loved of this young man more than any other guest,
The friar eke of Verone youth aye likéd Romeus
 best ;
For whom he ever hath in time of his distress,
(As erst you heard) by skilful lore, found out his
 harm's redress.
To him is Romeus gone, nor stayeth he till the morrow ;

To him he painteth all his case, his passéd joy and
sorrow.

How he hath her espied with other dames in dance,
And how that first to talk with her himself he did
advance;

Their talk and change of looks he gan to him
declare,

And how so fast by faith and troth they both ycoupled
are,

That neither hope of life, nor dread of cruel death,
Shall make him false his faith to her while life shall
lend him breath.

And then with weeping eyes he prays his ghostly sire
To further and accomplish all their honest hearts'
desire.

A thousand doubts and more in the old man's head
arose,

A thousand dangers like to come, the old man doth
disclose,

And from the spousal rites he redeth him refrain,
Perhaps he shall be best advised within a week or
twain.

Advice is banished quite from those that follow love,
Except advice to what they like their bending mind
does move.

As well the father might have counselled him to stay
That, from a mountain's top thrown down, is falling
half the way,

As warn his friend to stop, amid his race begun,
Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceth forth
to roam.

Part, won by earnest suit, the friar doth grant at last ;
And part, because he thinks the storms, so lately over-
past

Of both the households' wrath, this marriage might
appease,

So that they should not rage again, but quite for ever
cease.

The respite of a day he asketh, to devise
What way were best unknown to end so great an
enterprise.

The wounded man that now doth deadly pains endure
Scarce patient tarrieth whilst his leech doth make the
salve to cure :

So Romeus hardly grants a short day and a night,
Yet needs he must, else must he want his only heart's
delight.

You see that Romeus no time or pain doth spare ;
Think that the while fair Juliet is not devoid of care.
Young Romeus poureth forth his hap and his mishap
Into the friar's breast ; but where shall Juliet unwrap
The secrets of her heart ? to whom shall she unfold,
Her hidden burning love, and eke her thoughts and
cares so cold ?

The Nurse of whom I spoke within her chamber lay,
Upon the maid she waiteth still, to her she doth
betray

Her new receivéd wound, and then her aid doth crave,
In her she saith it lies to spill, in her, her life to save.
Not easily she made the froward nurse to bow,
But won at length with promised hire, she made a
solemn vow,

To do what she commands, as handmaid of her hest;
Her mistress' secrets hide she will, within her covert
breast.

To Romeus she goes, of him she doth desire,
To know the mean of marriage, by counsel of the
friar,

"On Saturday," quoth he, "if Juliet come to shrift,
She shall be shrived and married; how like you, nurse,
this drift?"

"Now, by my troth," quoth she, "God's blessing have
your heart,

For yet in all my life I have not heard of such a part.
Lord, how you young men can such crafty wiles
devise,

If that you love the daughter well, to blear the
mother's eyes.

An easy thing it is, with cloak of holiness,
To mock the silly mother that suspecteth nothing less.
But that it pleased you to tell me of the case,
For all my many years perhaps I should have found it
scarce.

Now for the rest let me and Juliet alone;
To get her leave, some feat excuse I will devise anon;
For that her golden locks by sloth have been unkempt,
Or for unwares some wanton dream the youthful
damsel dreamt,

Or for in thoughts of love her idle time she spent,
Or otherwise within her heart deserved to be shent.
I know her mother will in no case say her nay;
I warrant you she shall not fail to come on Saturday."
And then she swears to him, the mother loves her well;

And how she gave her suck in youth she leaveth not to tell.

“A pretty babe,” quoth she, “it was when it was young; Lord how it could full prettily have prated with its tongue!

A thousand times and more I laid her on my lap,
And clapped her on the buttock soft, and kissed where
I did clap.

And gladder then was I of such a kiss forsooth,
Than I had been to have a kiss of some old lecher’s
mouth.”

And thus of Juliet’s youth began this prating nurse,
And of her present state to make a tedious long dis-
course.

For though he pleasure took in hearing of his love,
The message answer seeméd him to be of more behove.
But when these beldams sit at ease upon their tale,
The day and eke the candle light before their talk
shall fail,

And part they say is true, and part they do devise,
Yet boldly do they that of both when no man checks
their lies. .

Then he six crowns of gold out of his pocket drew,
And gave them her, “A slight reward,” quoth he,
“and so, adieu.”

In seven years twice told she had not bowed so low
Her crooked knees, as now they bow; she swears she
will bestow

Her crafty wit, her time, and all her busy pain,
To help him to his hopéd bliss, and, cowering down
again,

She takes her leave and home she hies with speedy pace ;
The chamber door she shuts, and then she saith with
smiling face :

“ Good news for thee, my girl, good tidings I thee bring.
Leave off thy wonted song of care, and now of
pleasure sing.

For thou mayest hold thyself the happiest under sun,
That in so little while so well so worthy a knight hast
won.

The best yshaped is he, and hath the fairest face
Of all this town, and there is none hath half so good a
grace,

So gentle of his speech, and of his counsel wise : ”
And still with many praises more she heaved him to
the skies.

“ Tell me else,” quoth she ; “ this evermore I thought,
But of our marriage say at once, what answer have
you brought ? ”

“ Nay, soft,” quoth she, “ I fear your hurt by sudden
joy ; ”

“ I list not play,” quoth Juliet, “ although thou list to
toy.”

How glad trow you was she, when she had heard her say,
No farther off than Saturday, deferréd was the day.

Again, the ancient nurse doth speak of Romeus,
And then, said she, he spake to me, and then I spake
him thus.

Nothing was done or said that she hath left untold,
Save only one : that she forgot, the taking of the gold.

“ There is no loss,” quoth she, “ sweet wench, to loss of
time,

Nor in thine age shalt thou repent so much of any crime.
For when I call to mind my former passéd youth,
One thing there is which most of all doth cause my
endless ruth.

At sixteen years I first did choose my loving fere,
And I was fully ripe before, I dare well say, a year.
The pleasure that I lost, that year so overpast,
A thousand times I have bewept, and shall while life
doth last.

In faith it were a shame, yea, sin it were ywis
When thou mayst live in happy joy to set light by thy
bliss."

She that this morning could her mistress' mind dis-
suade,

Is now become an oratress her lady to persuade.
If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,
To him I speak : if thou wilt speed, thy purse thou
must not spare.

Two sorts of men there are sold welcome in at door :
The wealthy sparing niggard, and the suitor that is
poor.

For glittering gold is wont by kind to move the heart
And oftentimes a slight reward doth cause a more
desert.

Ywritten have I read, I wot not in what book,
There is no better way to fish than with a golden hook.
Of Romeus these two do sit and chat a while,
And to themselves they laugh, how they the mother
shall beguile.

A feat excuse they find, but sure I know it not,
And leave for her to go to shrift on Saturday she got.

So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know
Her mother's angry hours, and eke the true bent of
her bow.

The Saturday betimes, in sober weed yelad,
She took her leave, and forth she went with visage
grave and sad.

With her the nurse is sent as bridle of her lust,
With her the mother sends a maid almost of equal trust.
Betwixt her teeth the bit, the jennet now hath caught,
So warely eke the virgin walks, her maid perceiveth
naught.

She gazeth not in church on young men of the town,
Nor wandereth she from place to place, but straight
she kneeleth down

Upon an altar's step, where she devoutly prays,
And there upon her tender knees the weary lady stays
Whilst she doth send her maid the certain truth to
know

If Friar Lawrence leisure had to hear her shrift, or no.
Out of his shriving place he comes with pleasant cheer ;
The shamefaced maid with bashful brow to himward
draweth near.

"Some great offence," quoth he, "you have committed
late,

Perhaps you have displeased your friend by giving
him a mate."

Then turning to the nurse and to the other maid,
"Go, hear a mass or two," quoth he, "which straightway
shall be said,

For, her confession heard, I will unto you twain
The charge that I received of you restore to you again."

What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayed
That for this trusty friar hath changed her young mis-
trusting maid ?

I dare well say there is in all Verona none
But Romeus, with whom she would so gladly be alone.
Thus to the friar's cell they both forth walkéd bin ;
He shuts the door as soon as he and Juliet were in.
But Romeus, her friend, was entered in before,
And there had waited for his love two hours large and
more.

Each minute seemed an hour, and every hour a day,
'Twixt hope he livéd and despair of coming or of stay.
Now wavering hope and fear are quite fled out of sight.
For what he hoped he hath at hand, his pleasant chief
delight,

And joyful Juliet is healed of all her smart.
For now the rest of all her parts have found her stray-
ing heart.

Both their confessions first the friar hath heard them
make,

And then to her with louder voice thus Friar Lawrence
spake :

“ Fair lady Juliet, my ghostly daughter dear,
As far as I of Romeus learn, who by you standeth here,
'Twixt you it is agreed that you shall be his wife,
And he your spouse in steady truth till death shall end
your life.

Are you both fully bent to keep this great behest ? ”
And both the lovers said it was their only heart's
request.

When he did see their minds in links of love so fast,

When in the praise of wedlock's state some skilful taik
was passed,

When he had told at length the wife what was her due,
His duty eke by ghostly talk the youthful husband
knew;

How that the wife in love must honour and obey,
What love and honour he doth owe, and debt that he
must pay,

The words pronouncéd were which Holy Church of old
Appointed hath for marriäge, and she a ring of gold
Received of Romeus; and then they both arose.

To whom the friar then said, "Perchance apart you will
disclose.

Betwixt yourself alone the bottom of your heart;
Say on at once, for time it is that hence you should
depart."

Then Romeus said to her (both loth to part so soon),
"Fair lady, send to me again your nurse this afternoon.
Of cord I will bespeak a ladder by that time,
By which, this night, while others sleep, I will your
window climb.

Then we will talk of love and of our old despairs,
And then with longer leisure had, dispose our great
affairs."

These said, they kiss, and then part to their fathers'
house,

The joyful bride unto her home, to his eke goeth the
spouse;

Contented both and yet both discontented still,
Till Night and Venus' child give leave the wedding
to fulfil,

The painful soldier sore ybeat with weary war,
The merchant eke that needful things doth dread to
 fetch from far,
The ploughman that for doubt of fierce invading foes,
Rather to sit in idle ease than sow his tilth hath chose,
Rejoice to hear proclaimed the tidings of the peace;
Not pleased with the sound so much; but, when the
 wars do cease,
Then ceased are the harms which cruel war brings
 forth:
The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of
 precious worth,
Dreadless the husbandman doth till his fertile field;
For Wealth, her mate, not for herself, is Peace so pre-
 cious held:
So lovers live in care, in dread, and in unrest,
And deadly war by striving thoughts they keep within
 their breasts:
But wedlock is the peace whereby is freedom won
To do a thousand pleasant things that should not else
 be done.
The news of ended war these two have heard with joy,
But now they long the fruit of peace with pleasure to
 enjoy.
In stormy wind and wave, in danger to be lost,
Thy steerless ship, O Romeus, hath been long while
 betost;
The seas are now appeased, and thou by happy star
Art come in sight of quiet haven; and, now the wreck-
 ful bar
Is hid with swelling tide, boldly thou mayst resort

Unto thy wedded lady's bed, thy long-desiréd port.
 God grant no folly's mist so dim thy inward sight,
 That thou do miss the channel that doth lead to thy
 delight.

God grant no danger's rock ylurking in the dark,
 Before thou win the happy port, wreck thy sea-beaten
 bark.

A servant Romeus had, of word and deed so just
 That with his life (if need required) his master would
 him trust.

His faithfulness had oft our Romeus proved of old,
 And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he
 told.

Who, straight as he was charged, a corden ladder
 looks,

To which he hath made fast two strong and crookéd
 iron hooks.

The bride to send the nurse at twilight faileth not,
 To whom the bridegroom' given hath the ladder that he
 got,

And then to watch for him appointeth her an hour,
 For whether Fortune smile on him, or if she list to
 lour,

He will not miss to come to his appointed place,
 Where wont he was to take by stealth the view of
 Juliet's face.

How long these lovers thought the lasting of the day,
 Let others judge that wonted are like passions to assay :
 For my part, I do guess each hour seems twenty year ;
 So that I deem, if they might have (as of Alcimene we
 hear)

The sun bound to their will, if they the heavens might
guide,

Black shade of night and doubled dark should straight
all over hide.

The appointed hour is come: he, clad in rich array,
Walks toward his desired home: good fortune guide
his way.

Approaching near the place from whence his heart had
life,

So light he wox, he leapt the wall, and there he spied
his wife,

Who in the window watched the coming of her lord:
Where she so surely had made fast the ladder made of
cord,

That dangerless her spouse the chamber window climbs.
Where he ere then had wished himself above ten
thousand times.

The windows close are shut: else look they for no
guest;

To light the waxen quarriers, the ancient nurse is
prest,

Which Juliet had before prepared to be light.

That she at pleasure might behold her husband's beauty
bright.

A kerchief white as snow wore Juliet on her head,
Such as she wonted was to wear, attire meet for the
bed.

As soon as she him spied, about his neck she clung,
And by her long and slender arms a great while there
she hung.

A thousand times she kissed, and him unkissed again.

Nor could she speak a word to him though would she
ne'er so fain.

And like betwixt his arms to faint his lady is;
She fettes a sigh, and clappeth close her closéd mouth
to his :

And ready then to swoon, she lookéd ruthfully,
That lo, it made him both at once to live and eke to
die.

These piteous painful pangs were haply overpast,
And she unto herself again returnéd home at last.
Then through her troubled breast, even from the farth-
est part,

A hollow sigh, a messenger she sendeth from her
heart.

"O Romeus," quoth she, "in whom all virtues shine,
Welcome thou art into this place, where from these
eyes of mine

Such teary streams did flow, that I suppose well-nigh
The source of my bitter tears is altogether dry.
Absence so pined my heart, which on thy presence fed,
And of thy safety and thy health so much I stood in
dread.

But now what is decreed by fatal destiny,
I force it not; let Fortune do and Death their worst to
me.

Fall recompensed am I for all my passéd harms,
In that the gods have granted me to clasp thee in mine
arms."

The crystal tears began to stand in Romeus' eyes,
When he unto his lady's words gave answer in this
wise :

“Though cruel Fortune be so much my deadly foe,
That I ne can by lively proof cause thee, fair dame, to
know

How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,
Nor yet what mighty power thou hast by thy desert on
me,

Nor torments that for thee I did ere this endure,
Yet of thus much (nor will I feign) I may thee well
assure;

The least of many pains which of thy absence sprung
More painfully than death itself my tender heart hath
wrung.

Ere this one death had reft a thousand deaths away,
But life prolonged was by hope of this desired day;
Which so just tribute pays of all my passé moan,
That I as well contented am as if myself alone
Did from the ocean reign unto the sea of Inde.
Wherefore now let us wipe away old cares out of our
mind:

For as the wretched state is now redrest at last,
So is it skill behind our back the curséd care to cast,
Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time as-
signed,

Where we with pleasure may content our discontented
mind,

In Lethe hide we deep all grief and all annoy,
Whilst we do bathe in bliss and fill our hungry hearts
with joy.

And for the time to come, let be our busy care
So wisely to direct our love as no wight else be ware;
Lest envious foes by force despoil our new delight,

And us throw back from happy state to more unhappy
plight."

Fair Juliet began to answer what he said,
But forth in haste the old nurse stepped, and so her
answer stayed.

"Who takes not time," quoth she, "when time well
offered is,
Another time shall seek for time, and yet of time shall
miss.

And when occasion serves, whoso doth let it slip,
Is worthy sure (if I might judge) of lashes with a
whip.

Wherefore, if each of you hath harmed the other so,
And each of you hath been the cause of other's wailed
woe,

Lo, here a field (she showed a fieldbed ready dight)
Where you may, if you list, in arms, revenge yourself
by fight."

Whereto these lovers both gave easily assent,
And to the place of mild revenge with pleasant cheer
they went,

Where they were left alone—the nurse is gone to rest:
How can this be? they restless lie, nor yet they feel
unrest.

I grant that I envÿ the bliss they livéd in;
Oh, that I might have found the like, I wish it for no
sin,

But that I might as well with pen their joys depaint
As heretofore I have displayed their secret hidden
plaint.

Of shivering care and dread I have felt many a fit,

But Fortune such delight as theirs did never grant me
yet.

By proof no certain truth can I unhappy write,
But what I guess by likelihood that I dare to indite.
The blindfold goddess that with frowning face doth
fray,

And from their seat the mighty kings throws down
with headlong sway,

Beginneth now to turn to these her smiling face ;
Needs must they taste of great delight, so much in
Fortune's grace.

If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleasant sport,
I think, O Romeus, Mars himself envies thy happy
sort.

Nor Venus justly might, as I suppose, repent,
If in thy stead, O Juliet, this pleasant time she spent.

Thus pass they forth the night in sport, in jolly
game ;

The hastiness of Phœbus' steeds in great despite they
blame.

And now the virgin's fort hath warlike Romeus
got,

In which as yet no breach was made by force of cannon
shot,

And now in ease he doth possess the hopéd place :
How glad was he, speak you that may your lovers'
parts embrace.

The marriage thus made up, and both the parties
pleased,

The nigh approach of day's return these silly fools
diseased.

And for they might no while in pleasure pass their
time,

Nor leisure had they much to blame the hasty morning's
crime,

With friendly kiss in arms of her his leave he takes,
And every other night to come, a solemn oath he makes,
By oneself mean, and eke to come at oneself hour :
And so he doth, till Fortune list to sauce his sweet with
sour.

But who is he that can his present state assure,
And say unto himself, thy joys shall yet a day endure ?
So wavering Fortune's wheel, her changes be so
strange,

And every wight enthralléd is by fate unto her change,
Who reigns so over all, that each man hath his part
(Although not aye perchance alike) of pleasure and of
smart.

For after many joys, some feel but little pain,
And from that little grief they turn to happy joy again.
But other some there are, that living long in woe,
At length they be in quiet ease, but long abide not so ;
Whose grief is much increased by mirth that went
before,

Because the sudden change of things doth make it seem
the more.

Of this unlucky sort our Romeus is one,
For all his hap turns to mishap, and all his mirth to
moan.

And joyful Juliet another leaf must turn ;
As wont she was (her joys bereft) she must begin to
mourn. ~

The summer of their bliss doth last a month or
twain.

But winter's blast with speedy foot doth bring the fall
again.

Whom glorious Fortune erst had heavéd to the skies,
By envious Fortune overthrown on earth now grovel-
ling lies.

She paid their former grief with pleasure's doubled
gain,

But now for pleasure's usury tenfold redoubleth pain.

The prince could never cause those households so
agree

But that some sparkles of their wrath as yet remain-
ing be ;

Which lie this while raked up in ashes pale and
dead,

Till time do serve that they again in wasting flame
may spread.

At holiest times men say most heinous crimes are
done ;

The morrow after Easter day the mischief new be-
gun.

A band of Capilets did meet (my heart it rues)

Within the walls, by Purser's gate, a band of Mon-
tagues.

The Capilets as chief a young man have chose out,
Best exercised in feats of arms, and noblest of the
rout,

Our Juliet's uncle's son that clipéd was Tybalt ;
He was of body tall and strong, and of his courage
halt.

They need no trumpet-sound to bid them give the
charge,

So loud he cried with strained voice and mouth out-
stretchéd large :

“ Now, now,” quoth he, “ my friends, ourself so let
us wreak

That of this day’s revenge, and us, our children’s
heirs may speak.

Now once for all let us their swelling pride assuage ;
Let none of them escape alive ! ” Then he with furious
rage,

And they with him, gave charge upon their present
foes,

And then forthwith a skirmish great upon this fray
arose.

For lo, the Montagues thought shame away to fly,
And rather than to live with shame, with praise did
choose to die.

The words that Tybalt used to stir his folk to ire,
Have in the breasts of Montagues kindled a furious
fire.

With lions’ hearts they fight, warely themselves de-
fend ;

To wound his foe, his present wit and force each one
doth bend.

This furious fray is long, on each side stoutly fought,
That whether part had got the worst, full doubtful
were the thought.

The noise hereof, anon, throughout the town doth fly,
And parts are taken on every side ; both kindreds
thither hie.

Here one doth gasp for breath, his friend bestrideth
him ;

And he hath lost a hand, and he another maiméd limb :
His leg is cut whilst he strikes at another full,
And whom he would have thrust quite through, hath
cleft his crackéd skull.

Their valiant hearts forbade their foot to give the
ground ;

With unappalléd cheer they took full deep and doubt-
ful wound.

Thus foot by foot long while, and shield to shield set
fast,

One foe doth make another faint, but makes him not
aghast.

And whilst this noise is rife in every townsman's ear,
Eke, walking with his friends, the noise doth woeful
Romeus hear.

With speedy foot he runs unto the fray apace ;
With him those few that were with him he leadeth to
the place.

They pity much to see the slaughter made so great,
That wet-shod they might stand in blood on either side
the street.

" Part, friends," said he, " part, friends—help, friends,
to part the fray ; "

And to the rest, " Enough," he cries, " now time it is
to stay.

God's farther wrath you stir, besides the hurt you
feel,

And with this new uproar confound all this our com-
monweal."

But they so busy are in fight so eager and fierce,
That through their ears his sage advice no leisure had
to pierce.

Then leapt he in the throng, to part and bar the blows
As well of those that were his friends, as of his deadly
foes.

As soon as Tybalt had our Romeus espied,
He threw a thrust at him that would have passed from
side to side;

But Romeus ever went (doubting his foes) well armed,
So that the sword (kept out by mail) had nothing
Romeus harmed.

"Thou doest me wrong," quoth he, "for I but part
the fray;

Not dread, but other weighty cause my hasty hand
doth stay.

Thou art the chief of thine, the noblest eke thou art,
Wherefore leave off thy malice now, and help these
folk to part.

Many are hurt, some slain, and some are like to die."

"No, coward traitor boy," quoth he, "straightway I
mind to try,

Whether thy sugared talk, and tongue so smoothly
filed

Against the force of this my sword shall serve thee for
a shield."

And then at Romeus' head a blow he struck so hard,
That might have clove him to the brain but for his
cunning ward.

It was but lent to him that could repay again,
And give him death for interest, a well-forboren gain.

Right as a forest boar, that lodgéd in the thick,
Pinchéd with dog, or else with spear yprickéd to the
quick,

His bristles stiff upright upon his back doth set,
And in his foamy mouth his sharp and crooked tusks
doth whet :

Or as a lion wild that rampeth in his rage,
His whelps bereft, whose fury can no weaker beast
assuage ;

Such seeméd Romeus in every other's sight,
When he him shope of wrong received t' avenge him-
self by fight.

Even as two thunderbolts thrown down out of the
sky,

That through the air, the massy earth, and seas have
power to fly,

So met these two, and while they change a blow or
twain,

Our Romeus thrust him through the throat, and so is
Tybalt slain.

Lo, here the end of those that stir a deadly strife :
Who thirsteth after others' death, himself hath lost his
life.

The Capilets are quailed by Tybalt's overthrow,
The courage of the Montagues by Romeus' sight doth
grow.

The townsmen waxen strong, the prince doth send his
force ;

The fray hath end, the Capilets do bring the breathless
corse

Before the prince, and crave that cruel deadly pain

May be the guerdon of his fault that hath their kins-
man slain.

The Montagues do plead their Romeus void of fault;
The lookers-on do say, the fight begun was by Tybalt.
The prince doth pause, and then gives sentence in a
while,

That Romeus, for slaying him, should go into exile.
His foes would have him hanged, or starve in prison
strong;

His friends do think (but dare not say) that Romeus
hath wrong.

Both households straight are charged, on pain of losing
life,

Their bloody weapons laid aside, to cease the stirréd
strife.

This common plague is spread through all the town anon,
From side to side the town is filled with murmur and
with moan.

For Tybalt's hasty death bewailéd was of some,
Both for his skill in feats of arms, and for in time to
come

He should (had this not chanced) been rich and of
great power,

To help his friends, and serve the state, which hope
within an hour

Was wasted quite, and he thus yielding up his breath,
More than he helped the town in life, hath harmed it by
his death.

And other some bewail (but ladies most of all)
The luckless lot, by Fortune's guilt, that is so late
befall .

(Without his fault) unto the seely Romeus;
For whilst that he from native land shall live exiléd
thus,
From heavenly beauty's light and his well-shapéd parts.
The sight of which was wont (faire dames) to glad
your youthful hearts,
Shall you be banished quite, and till he do return,
What hope have you to joy? what hope to cease to
mourn?

This Romeus was born so much in heaven's grace,
Of Fortune and of Nature so beloved, that in his face
(Beside the heavenly beauty glist'ring aye so bright,
And seemly grace, that wonted so to glad the seer's
sight)

A certain charm was graved by Nature's secret art,
That virtue had to draw to it the love of many a heart.
So everyone doth wish to bear a part of pain,
That he, released of exile, might straight return again.
But how doth mourn among the mourners Juliet?
How doth she bathe her breast in tears? what deep
sighs does she fet?

How doth she tear her hair? her weed how doth she
rent?

How fares the lover hearing of her lover's banishment?
How wails she Tibalt's death, whom she had loved so
well?

Her hearty grief and piteous plaint, cunning I want to
tell.

For delving deeply now in depth of deep despair,
With wretched sorrow's cruel sound she fills the empty
air;

And to the lowest hell down falls her heavy cry,
And up unto the heaven's height her piteous plaint doth
fly.

The waters and the woods of sighs and sobs resound,
And from the hard resounding rocks her sorrows do
rebound.

Eke from her teary eyes down rainéd many a shower,
That in the garden where she walked might water herb
and flower.

But when at length she saw herself outragéd so,
Unto her chamber straight she hied ; there, overcharged
with woe,

Upon her stately bed her painful parts she threw,
And in so wondrous wise began her sorrows to renew,
That sure no heart so hard (but it of flint had been)
But would have rued the piteous plaint that she did
languish in.

Then rapt out of herself, whilst she on every side
Did cast her restless eye, at length the window she
espied

Through which she had with joy seen Romeus many a
time,

Which oft the vent'rous knight was wont for Juliet's
sake to climb.

She cried, "O curséd window, accursed be every pane,
Through which, alas, too soon I raught the cause of
life and bane !

If by thy means I have some slight delight received,
Or else such fading pleasure as by Fortune straight
was reaved,

Hast thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous

Of heapéd grief, and lasting care, and sorrows
dolorous ?

That these my tender parts, which needful strength do
lack

To bear so great unwieldy load upon so weak a back,
Oppressed with weight of cares and with these sorrows
rife,

At length must open wide to death the gates of loathéd
life ;

That so my weary spirit may somewhere else unload
His deadly load, and free from thrall may seek else-
where abode

For pleasant quiet ease and for assuréd rest,
Which I as yet could never find, but for my more
unrest ?

O Romeus, when first we both acquainted were,
When to thy painted promises I lent my list'ning ear,
Which to the brinks you filled with many a solemn oath,
And I them judged empty of guile, and fraughted full
of troth,

I thought you rather would continue our good-will,
And seek to appease our fathers' strife, which daily
groweth still.

I little weened you would have sought occasion how
By such a heinous act to break the peace and eke
your vow ;

Whereby your bright renown all whole eclipséd is,
And I unhappy husbandless, of comfort robbed and bliss.
But if you did so much the blood of Capels thirst,
Why have you often sparéd mine ? Mine might have
quenched it first,

Since that so many times, and in so secret place
(Where you were wont with veil of love to hide your
hatred's face),

My doubtful life hath happed by fatal doom to stand
In mercy of your cruel heart, and of your bloody hand.
What? seemed the conquest which you got of me so
small?

What? seemed it not enough that I, poor wretch, was
made your thrall,

But that you must increase it with that kinsman's
blood

Which for his worth and love to me most in my favour
stood?

Well, go henceforth elsewhere, and seek another while
Some other as unhappy as I by flattery to beguile;
And where I come, see that you shun to show your
face,

For your excuse within my heart shall find no resting-
place.

And that I now too late my former fault repent,
Will so the rest of weary life with many tears lament,
That soon my joiceless corpse shall yield up banished
breath,

And where on earth it restless lived, in earth seek rest
by death!"

These said, her tender heart by pain oppresséd sore,
Restrained her tears, and forced her tongue to keep her
talk in store;

And then as still she was as if in swoon she lay,
And then again, wroth with herself, with feeble voice
gan say;

“ Ah cruel murdering tongue, murderer of others’
fame,
How durst thou once attempt to touch the honour of
his name,
Whose deadly foes do yield him due and earned praise ?
For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not
decays.
Why blam’st thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt,
Since he is guiltless quite of all, and Tybalt bears the
fault ?
Whither shall he, alas ! poor banished man, now fly ?
What place of succour shall he seek beneath the starry
sky ?
Since she pursueth him, and him defames by wrong,
That in distress should be his fort, and only rampier
strong.
Receive the recompense, O Romeus, of thy wife,
Who for she was unkind herself, doth offer up her life,
In flames of ire, in sighs, in sorrow and in ruth,
So to revenge the crime she did commit against thy
truth ! ”
These said, she could no more, her senses all gan fail,
And deadly pangs began straightway her tender heart
assail ;
Her limbs she stretchéd forth, she drew no more her
breath :
Who had been there, might well have seen the signs of
present death.
The nurse, that knew no cause why she absented her,
Did doubt lest that some sudden grief too much tor-
mented her.

Each where but where she was, the careful beldam
sought ;

Last, of the chamber where she lay, she haply her
bethought ;

Where she with piteous eye her nurse-child did behold,
Her limbs stretched out, her outward parts as any
marble cold.

The nurse supposed that she had paid to death her debt,
And then, as she had lost her wits, she cried to Juliet :
“ Ah, my dear heart,” quoth she, “ how grieveth me
thy death !

Alas ! what cause hast thou thus soon to yield up living
breath ? ”

But while she handled her, and chaféd every part,
She knew there was some spark of life by beating of
her heart,

So that a thousand times she called upon her name ;
There is no way to help a trance but she had tried the
same :

She openeth wide her mouth, she stoppeth close her nose,
She bendeth down her breast, she wrings her fingers
and her toes.

And on her bosom cold she layeth clothés hot,
A warméd and a wholesome juice she poureth down
her throat.

At length doth Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,
And then she stretcheth forth her arm, and then her
nurse she spies.

But when she was awaked from her unkindly trance,
“ Why dost thou trouble me,” quoth she, “ what drove
thee (with mischance)

To come to see my spirit forsake my breathless corse?
Go hence, and let me die, if thou have on my smart
remorse!

For who would see her friend to live in deadly pain?

Alas! I see my grief begun, for ever will remain.

Or who would seek to live, all pleasure being past?

My mirth is done, my mourning moan for aye is like to
last.

Wherefore since that there is none other remedy,

Come, gentle death, and rive my heart at once, and let
me die."

The nurse with trickling tears, to witness inward
smart,

With hollow sigh fetched from the depth of her
appalléd heart,

Thus spake to Juliet, yelad with ugly care:

"Good lady mine, I do not know what makes you thus
to fare;

Nor yet the cause of your unmeasured heaviness.

But of this one I you assure, for care and sorrow's
stress,

This hour large and more, I thought (so God me save)

That my dead corpse should wait on yours, to your
untimely grave."

"Alas! my tender nurse and trusty friend" (quoth
she),

"Art thou so blind that with thine eye thou canst not
easily see

The lawful cause I have to sorrow and to mourn,

Since those the which I hold most dear I have at once
forlorn?"

Her nurse then answered thus : “ Methinks it fits you ill
To fall in these extremities, that may you guiltless spill.
For when the storms of care and troubles do arise,
Then is the time for men to know the foolish from the
wise.

You are accounted wise, a fool am I your nurse ;
But I see not how in like case I could behave me worse.
Tybalt your friend is dead, what, ween you by your tears
To call him back again ? think you that he your crying
hears ?

You shall perceive the fault (if it be justly tried)
Of his so sudden death was in his rashness and his pride.
Would you that Romeus himself had wrongéd so,
To suffer himself causeless to be outragéd of his foe,
To whom in no respect he ought a place to give ?
Let it suffice to thee, fair dame, that Romeus doth live,
And that there is good hope that he within a while
With greater glory shall be called home from his hard
exile.

How well yborn he is, thyself I know canst tell,
By kindred strong, and well allied, of all belovéd well.
With patience arm thyself, for though that Fortune’s
crime,

Without your fault, to both your griefs, depart you for
a time,

I dare say, for amends of all your present pain,
She will restore your own to you within a month or
twain,

With such consented ease as never erst you had ;
Wherefore rejoice a while in hope, and be no more so
sad.

And that I may discharge your heart of heavy care,
A certain way I have found out, my pains ne will I
spare,

To learn his present state, and what in time to come
He minds to do, which, known by me, you shall know
all and some.

But that I dread the whilst your sorrows will you quell,
Straight would I hie where he doth lurk, to Friar
Lawrence' cell.

But if you gin eftsones (as erst you did) to mourn,
Whereto go I, you will be dead before I thence return.
So I shall spend in waste my time and busy pain,
So unto you, your life once lost, good answer comes
in vain ;

So shall I rid myself with this sharp-pointed knife,
So shall you cause your parents dear wax weary of their
life ;

So shall your Romeus, despising lively breath,
With hasty foot, before his time, run to untimely death.
Where if you can awhile, by reason, rage suppress,
I hope at my return to bring the salve of your distress.
Now choose to have me here a partner of your pain,
Or promise me to feed on hope till I return again."

Her mistress sends her forth, and makes a grave
behest,

With reason's reign to rule the thoughts that rage
within her breast.

When hugy heaps of harms are heaped before her eyes,
Then vanish they by hope of 'scape ; and thus the lady
lies

'Twixt well-assuréd trust and doubtful lewd despair :

Now black and ugly be her thoughts, now seem they
white and fair.

As oft in summer-tide black clouds do dim the sun,
And straight again in clearest sky his restless steeds do
run,

So Juliet's wandering mind yelouded is with woe,
And by-and-by her hasty thought the woes doth overgo.

But now is time to tell whilst she was tossed thus
What winds did drive or haven did hold her lover
Romeus.

When he had slain his foe, that gan this deadly strife,
And saw the furious fray had end, by ending Tybalt's
life,

He fled the sharp revenge of those that yet did live,
And doubting much what penal doom the troubled
prince might give,

He sought somewhere unseen to lurk a little space,
And trusty Lawrence' secret cell he thought the surest
place.

In doubtful hap aye best a trusty friend is tried ;
The friendly friar in this distress doth grant his friend
to hide.

A secret place he hath, well sealéd round about,
The mouth of which so close is shut that none may find
it out.

Both room there is to walk, and place to sit and rest,
Besides a bed to sleep upon, full soft and trimly drest.
The floor is plankéd so with mats, it is so warm,
That neither wind nor smoky damp have power him
aught to harm.

Where he was wont in youth his fair friends to bestow,
There now he hideth Romeus, whilst forth he goeth to
know

Both what is said and done, and what appointed pain
Is published by trumpets' sound; then home he hies
again.

By this unto his cell the nurse with speedy pace
Was come the nearest way; she sought no idle resting-
place.

The friar sent home the news of Romeus' certain health,
And promise made (which so befell) he should that
night by stealth

Come to his wonted place, that they in needful wise
Of their affairs in time to come might thoroughly
devise.

Those joyful news the nurse brought home with merry
joy;

And now our Juliet joys to think she shall her love
enjoy.

The friar shuts fast his door, and then to him beneath
That waits to hear the doubtful news of life or else of
death,

"Thy hap" (quoth he) "is good, dangér of death is none,
But thou shalt live, and do full well, in spite of spiteful
fone.

This only pain for thee was erst proclaimed aloud,
A banished man, thou mayst thee not within Verona
shroud."

These heavy tidings heard, his golden locks he tare,
And like a frantic man hath torn the garments that he
ware.

And as the smitten deer in brakes is welt'ring found,
So weltreth he, and with his breast doth beat the trodden
ground.

He rises eft and strikes his head against the walls ;
He falleth down again, and loud for hasty death he calls.
" Come, speedy death " (quoth he), " the readiest leech
in love,

Since nought can else beneath the sun the ground of
grief remove,

Of loathsome life break down the hated staggering
stays,

Destroy, destroy at once the life that faintly yet decays.
But you, fair dame, in whom dame Nature did devise
With cunning hand to work that might seem wondrous
in our eyes,

For you I pray the gods your pleasures to increase,
And all mishap, with this my death, for evermore to
cease.

And mighty Jove with speed of justice bring them low
Whose lofty pride, without our guilt, our bliss doth
overblow.

And Cupid grant to those their speedy wrongs' redress
That shall bewail my cruel death, and pity her distress!"
Therewith a cloud of sighs he breathed into the skies,
And two great streams of bitter tears ran from his
swollen eyes.

These things the ancient friar with sorrow saw and
heard,

Of such beginning eke the end the wise man greatly
feared.

But lo, he was so weak, by reason of his age,

That he ne could by force repress the rigour of his rage.
His wise and friendly words he speaketh to the air,
For Romeus so vexéd is, with care and with despair,
That no advice can pierce his close forstoppéd ears ;
So now the friar doth take his part in shedding ruthful
tears.

With colour pale and wan, with arms full hard yfold,
With woeful cheer, his wailing friend he standeth to
behold.

And then our Romeus, with tender hands ywrung,
With voice with plaint made hoarse, with sobs, and
with a falt'ring tongue,

Renewed with novel moan the dolours of his heart ;
His outward dreary cheer betrayed his store of inward
smart.

First, Nature did he blame, the author of his life,
In which his joys had been so scant, and sorrows aye so
rife ;

The time and place of birth he fiercely did reprove,
He criéd out, with open mouth, against the stars above ;
The fatal sisters three, he said, had done him wrong.
The thread that should not have been spun, they had
drawn forth too long.

He wishéd that he had before this time been born,
Or that as soon as he wan light, his life he had forlorn.
His nurse he curséd, and the hand that gave him pap,
The midwife eke with tender grip that held him in her
lap.

And then did he complain on Venus' cruel son,
Who led him first unto the rocks which he should
warely shun ;

By mean whereof he lost both life and liberty,
And died a hundred times a day, and yet could never die.
Love's troubles hasten long, the joys he gives are
short;

He forceth not a lover's pain, their earnest is his sport.
A thousand things and more I here let pass to write,
Which unto love this woeful man did speak in great
despite.

On Fortune eke he railed, he called her deaf, and blind,
Unconstant, fond, deceitful, rash, unruthful, and un-
kind.

And to himself he laid a great part of the fault,
For that he slew and was not slain in fighting with
Tybalt.

He blamed all the world, and all he did defy
But Juliet, for whom he lived, for whom eke would he
die.

When after raging fits appeased was his rage,
And when his passions poured forth, gan partly to
assuage,

So wisely did the friar unto his tale reply,
That he straight cared for his life, that erst had care
to die.

"Art thou," quoth he, "a man? thy shape saith so thou
art;

Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's
heart.

For manly reason is quite from of thy mind outchased,
And in her stead affections lewd, and fancies highly
placed:

So that, I stood in doubt this hour, at the least,

If thou a man, or woman wert, or else a brutish beast.
A wise man in the midst of troubles and distress
Still stands not wailing present harm, but seeks his
harm's redress.

As when the winter flaws with dreadful noise arise,
And heave the foamy swelling waves up to the starry
skies,

So that the bruised bark, in cruel seas betost,
Despaireth of the happy haven, in danger to be lost,
The pilate bold at helm, cries, Mates, strike now your
sail,

And turns her stem into the waves that strongly her
assail;

Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackful shore,
In greater danger to be wrecked than he had been
before,

He seeth his ship full right against the rock to run,
But yet he doth what lieth in him the perilous rock to
shun;

Sometimes the beaten boat, by cunning government,
The anchors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle
spent,

The rudder smitten off, and overboard the mast,
Doth win the long desired port, the stormy danger
past.

But if the master dread, and overprest with woe,
Begin to wring his hands and lets the guiding rudder
go,

The ship rents on the rock, or sinketh in the deep,
And eke the coward drenched is: so, if thou still
beweep

And seek not how to help the changes that do chance,
Thy cause of sorrow shall increase, thou cause of thy
mischance.

Other account thee wise, prove not thyself a fool ;
Now put in practice lessons learned of old in wisdom's
school.

The wise man saith, beware thou double not thy pain,
For one perhaps thou mayst abide, but hardly suffer
twain.

As well we ought to seek things hurtful to decrease,
As to endeavour helping things by study to increase.
The praise of true freedom in wisdom's bondage lies,
He winneth blame whose deeds be fond, although his
words be wise.

Sickens the body's gaol, grief, gaol is of the mind ;
If thou canst scape from heavy grief, true freedom
shalt thou find.

Fortune can fill no thing so full of hearty grief
But in the same a constant mind finds solace and relief.
Virtue is always thrall to troubles and annoy,
But wisdom in adversity finds cause of quiet joy.
And they most wretched are that know no wretched-
ness,

And after great extremity mishaps aye waxen less.
Like as there is no weal, but wastes away sometime,
So every kind of wailéd woe will wear away in time.
If thou wilt master quite, the troubles that thee spill,
Endeavour first by reason's help to master witless will.
A sundry medicine hath each sundry faint disease,
But patience, a common salve, to every wound gives
ease.

The world is always full of chances and of change,
Wherefore the change of chance must not seem to a
wise man strange.

For tickle Fortune doth, in changing, but her kind,
But all her changes cannot change a steady constant
mind.

Though wavering Fortune turn from thee her smiling
face,

And Sorrow seek to set himself in banished Pleasures'
place,

Yet may thy marréd state be mended in a while,
And she eftsones that frowneth now, with pleasant
cheer shall smile.

For as her happy state no long while standeth sure,
Even so the heavy plight she brings, not always doth
endure.

What need so many words to thee that art so wise?
Thou better canst advise thyself than I can thee
advise.

Wisdom I see is vain, if thus in time of need
A wise man's wit, unpractised, doth stand him in no
stead.

I know thou hast some cause of sorrow and of care,
But well I wot thou hast no cause thus frantiely to
fare.

Affection's foggy mist thy feeble sight doth blind,
But if that reason's beams again might shine into thy
mind.

If thou wouldst view thy state with an indifferent eye,
I think thou wouldst condemn thy plaint, thy sighing,
and thy cry.

With valiant hand thou mad'st thy foe yield up his
breath,

Thou hast escaped his sword, and eke the laws that
threaten death.

By thy escape thy friends are fraughted full of joy,
And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.
Wilt thou, with trusty friends, of pleasure take some
part?

Or else, to please thy hateful foes, be partner of their
smart?

Why criest thou out on love? why dost thou blame
thy fate?

Why dost thou so cry after death? thy life why dost
thou hate?

Dost thou repent the choice that thou so late didst
choose?

Love is thy lord, thou oughtest obey, and not thy
prince accuse.

For thou hast found, thou know'st, great favour in his
sight,

He granted thee at thy request thy only heart's delight.

So that the gods envied the bliss thou livedst in;

To give to such unthankful men is folly and a sin.

Methinks I hear thee say the cruel banishment

Is only cause of thy unrest, only thou dost lament

That from thy native land and friends thou must
depart,

Enforced to fly from her that hath the keeping of thy
heart;

And so oppress with weight of smart that thou dost
feel,

Thou dost complain of Cupid's brand, and Fortune's
turning wheel.

Unto a valiant heart there is no banishmént,
All countries are his native soil beneath the firmament.
As to the fish the sea, as to the fowl the air,
So is like pleasant to the wise each place of his repair.
Though froward Fortune chase thee hence into éxile,
With doubled honour shall she call thee home within a
while.

Admit thou should'st abide abroad a year or twain,
Should so short absence cause so long and eke so
grievous pain ?

Though thou ne mayst thy friends here in Verona see,
They are not banished Mantua, where safely thou must
be.

Thither they may resort, though thou resort not hither,
And there in surety may you talk of your affairs to-
gether.

Yea, but this while, alas, thy Juliet must thou miss,
The only pillar of thy health, and anchor of thy bliss.
Thy heart thou leav'st with her, when thou dost hence
depart,

And in thy breast incloséd bear'st her tender friendly
heart.

But if thou rue so much, to leave the rest behind,
With thought of passéd joys content thy discontented
mind ;

So shall the moan decrease, wherewith thy mind doth
melt,

Comparéd to the heavenly joys which thou hast often
felt.

He is too nice a weakeling that shrinketh at a shower,
And he unworthy of the sweet that tasteth not the sour.
Call now again to mind thy first consuming flame;
How didst thou vainly burn in love of an unloving
dame?

Hadst thou not well nigh wept quite out thy swelling
eyne?

Did not thy parts, fordome with pain, languish away
and pine?

Those griefs and others like, were haply overpast,
And thou in height of Fortune's wheel, well placéd at
the last,

From whence thou art now fallen, that raised up again,
With greater joy a greater while in pleasure may'st
thou reign.

Compare the present while, with times past before,
And think that Fortune hath for thee great pleasure
yet in store.

The whilst, this little wrong, receive thou patiently,
And what of force must needs be done, that do thou
willingly.

Folly it is to fear that thou canst not avoid,
And madness to desire it much, that cannot be enjoyed.
To give to Fortune place, not aye deserveth blame,
But skill it is according to the times thyself to frame."

Whilst to this skilful lore he lent his list'ning ears,
His sighs are stopped, and stoppéd are the conduits of
his tears.

As blackest clouds are chased by winter's nimble wind,
So have his reasons chaséd care out of his careful
mind.

As of a morning foul ensues an evening fair,
So banished hope returneth home to banish his despair.
Now is affection's veil removéd from his eyes.

He seeth the path that he must walk, and reason makes
him wise.

For very shame, the blood doth flash in both his
cheeks,

He thanks the father for his lore, and farther aid he
seeks.

He saith that skilless youth for counsel is unfit,
And anger oft with hastiness are joined to want of wit ;
But sound advice abounds in heads with hoary hairs.
For wisdom is by practice won, and perfect made by
years.

But aye from this time forth, his ready bending will,
Shall be in awe and governéd, by friar Lawrence'
skill.

The governor is now right careful of his charge,
To whom he wisely doth discourse of his affairs at
large.

He tells him how he shall depart the town unknown,
Both mindful of his friends' safety and careful of his
own,

How he shall guide himself, how he shall seek to win
The friendship of the better sort, how warely to
creep in

The favour of the Mantuan prince ; and how he may
Appease the wrath of Escalus, and wipe the fault away ;
The choler of his foes by gentle means to assuage,
Or else by force and practices to bridle quite their
rage ;

And last he chargeth him, at his appointed hour,
To go with manly merry cheer unto his lady's bower.
And there with wholesome words to salve her sorrow's
smart,

And to revive (if need require) her faint and dying
heart.

The old man's words have filled with joy our Romeus'
breast,

And eke the old wife's talk hath set our Juliet's heart
at rest.

Whereto may I compare (O lovers) this your day?
Like days the painful mariners are wonted to assay;
For beat with tempest great, when they at length espy
Some little beam of Phœbus' light that pierceth through
the sky

To clear the shadowed earth by clearness of his face,
They hope that dreadless they shall run the remnant of
their race;

Yea, they assure themselves, and quite behind their back
They cast all doubt, and thank the gods for 'scaping of
the wrack;

But straight the boisterous winds with greater fury
blow,

And overboard the broken mast the stormy blasts do
throw;

The heavens large are clad with clouds as dark as hell,
And twice as high the striving waves begin to roar
and swell;

With greater danger's dread the men are vexéd more,
In greater peril of their life than they had been before.

The golden sun was gone to lodge him in the west,

The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men
to rest ;

When restless Romeus and restless Juliét,
In wonted sort, by wonted mean, in Juliet's chamber
met.

And from the window's top down had he leapéd scarce.
When she with arms outstretchéd wide so hard did
him embrace,

That well nigh had the spirit (not forced by deadly
force)

Flown unto death, before the time abandoning the
corse.

Thus muet stood they both the eighth part of an hour.
And both would speak, but neither had of speaking
any power ;

But on his breast her head doth joyless Juliet lay,
And on her slender neck his chin doth ruthless Romeus
stay.

Their scalding sighs ascend, and by their cheeks down
fall

Their trickling tears, as crystal clear, but bitterer far
than gall.

Then he to end the grief, which both they livéd in,
Did kiss his love, and wisely thus his tale he did begin :

“ My Juliet, my love, my only hope and care,
To you I purpose not as now with length of words
declare

The diverseness, and eke the accidents so strange,
Of frail unconstant Fortune that delighteth still in
change ;

Who in a moment heaves her friends up to the height

Of her swift-turning slippery wheel, then fleets her
friendship straight.

O wondrous change, even with the twinkling of an
eye,

Whom erst herself had rashly set in pleasant place so
high,

The same in great despite down headlong doth she
throw,

And while she treads and spurneth at the lofty state
laid low

More sorrow doth she shape, within an hour's space,
Than pleasures in a hundred years; so geysen is her
grace.

The proof whereof in me, alas, too plain appears,
Whom tenderly my careful friends have fostered with
my fears,

In prosperous high degree maintained so by fate,
That (as yourself did see) my foes envied my noble
state.

One thing there was I did above the rest desire,
To which, as to the sovereign good, by hope I would
aspire.

That by our marriage' mean we might within a
while

(To work our perfect happiness) our parents reconcile :
That safely so we might (not stopped by sturdy strife)
Unto the bounds that God hath set, guide forth our
pleasant life.

But now, alack, too soon my bliss is overblown,
And upside down my purpose and my enterprise are
thrown.

And driven from my friends, of strangers must I
crave,

(O grant it God) from dangers dread that I may surety
have.

For lo, henceforth I must wander in lands unknown,
(So hard I find the prince's doom) exiléd from mine
own.

Which thing I have thought good to set before your
eyes,

And to exhort you now to prove yourself a woman
wise,

That patiently you bear my absent long abode.

For what above by fatal doom decreéd is that God—"

And more than this to say it seeméd he was bent,

But Juliet, in deadly grief, with brackish tears besprent,
Brake off his tale begun, and whilst his speech he
stayed,

These selfsame words, or like to these, with dreary
cheer she said :

" Why, Romeus, can it be thou hast so hard a heart.

So far removed from ruth, so far from thinking on my
smart,

To leave me thus alone (thou cause of my distress)

Besiegéd with so great a camp of mortal wretched-
ness ?

That every hour now, and moment in a day,

A thousand times death brags as he would reave my
life away.

Yet such is my mishap (O cruel destiny),

That still I live, and wish for death, but yet can never
die :

So that just cause I have to think (as seemeth me)
That froward Fortune did of late with cruel death
agree

To lengthen loathéd life, to pleasure in my pain
And triumph in my harm as in the greatest hopéd gain.
And thou the instrument of Fortune's cruel will,
Without whose aid she can no way her tyrant's lust
fulfil,

Art not a whit ashamed (as far as I can see)
To cast me off when thou hast culled the better part of
me.

Whereby, alas, too soon, I seely wretch do prove,
That all the ancient sacred laws of friendship and of
love

Are quelled and quenched quite, since he on whom
alway

My chief hope and my steady trust was wonted still
to stay,

For whom I am become unto myself a foe,
Disdaineth me, his steadfast friend, and scorns my
friendship so.

Nay, Romeus, nay, thou mayest of two things choose
the one,

Either to see thy castaway, as soon as thou art gone.
Headlong to throw herself down from the window's
height,

And so to break her slender neck with all the body's
weight,

Or suffer her to be companion of thy pain

Where so thou go, Fortune thee guide, till thou re-
turn again

So wholly into thine transforméd is my heart,
That even as oft as I do think that thou and I shall
part,

So oft, methinks, my life withdraws itself away.
Which I retain, to no end else, but to the end I may
In spite of all thy foes, thy present parts enjoy,
And in distress to bear with thee the half of thine
annoy.

Wherefore in humble sort, Romeus, I make request,
If ever tender pity yet were lodged in gentle breast,
O let it now have place, to rest within thy heart ;
Receive me as thy servant and the fellow of thy
smart :

Thy absence is my death, thy sight shall give me life.
But if perhaps thou stand in dread, to lead me as a
wife,

Art thou all counselless, canst thou no shift devise ?
What letteth, but in other weed I may myself dis-
guise ?

What, shall I be the first ? hath none done so ere this
To 'scape the bondage of their friends ? thyself can
answer, yes.

Or dost thou stand in doubt, that I thy wife ne can
By service pleasure thee as much as may thy hired
man ?

Or is my loyalty of both accounted less ?
Perhaps thou fear'st lest I for gain forsake thee in
distress.

What, hath my beauty now no power at all on you,
Whose brightness, force, and praise sometimes up to
the skies you blew ?

My tears, my friendship, and my pleasures done of
old,

Shall they be quite forgot indeed!" When Romeus
did behold

The wildness of her look, her colour pale and dead,
The worst of all that might betide to her he gan to
dread;

And once again he did in arms his Juliet take,
And kissed her with a loving kiss, and thus to her he
spake:

"Ah, Juliet," quoth he, "the mistress of my heart,
For whom, even now, thy servant doth abide in deadly
smart,

Even for the happy days which thou desirest to see,
And for the fervent friendship's sake that thou dost
owe to me,

At once these fancies vain out of thy mind root out,
Except perhaps unto thy blame thou fondly go about
To hasten forth my death, and to thine own to run,
Which Nature's law and wisdom's lore teach every
wight to shun.

For, but thou change thy mind (I do foretell the end),
Thou shalt undo thyself for aye, and me thy trusty
friend.

For why, thy absence known, thy father will be wroth,
And in his rage, so narrowly he will pursue us both,
That we shall try in vain to 'scape away by flight,
And vainly seek a lurking place to hide us from his
sight.

Then, we found out, and caught, quite void of strong
defence,

Shall cruelly be punishéd for thy departure hence ;
I, as a ravishér, thou, as a careless child,
I, as a man who doth defile, thou, as a maid defiled ;
Thinking to lead in ease a long contented life
Shall short our days by shameful death : but if, my
 loving wife,
Thou banish from thy mind two foes that Counsel
 hath
(That wont to hinder sound advice) rash Hastiness and
 Wrath ;
If thou be bent t' obey the lore of Reason's skill.
And wisely by her princely power suppress rebellious
 Will :
If thou our safety seek, more than thine own delight,
Since surety stands in parting, and thy pleasures
 grow of sight,
Forbear the cause of joy, and suffer for a while,
So shall I safely live abroad, and safe turn from
 éxile :
So shall no slander's blot thy spotless life distain,
So shall thy kinsmen be unstirred, and I exempt from
 pain.
And think thou not that aye the cause of care shall
 last ;
These stormy broils shall over blow, much like a
 winter's blast.
For Fortune changeth more than fickle fantasy ;
In nothing Fortune constant is, save in inconstancy.
Her hasty running wheel is of a restless course,
That turns the climbers headlong down, from better to
 the worse,

And those that are beneath she heaveth up again :
So we shall rise to pleasure's mount, out of the pit of
pain.

Ere four months overpass, such order will I take,
And by my letters, and my friends, such means I
mind to make,

That of my wandering race ended shall be the toil,
And I called home with honour great unto my native
soil.

But if I be condemned to wander still in thrall,
I will return to you, mine own, befall what may
befall ;

And then by strength of friends, and with a mighty
hand,

From Verone will I carry thee, into a foreign land,
Not in man's weed disguised, or as one scarcely known,
But as my wife and only fere, in garments of thine
own.

Wherefore repress at once the passions of thy heart,
And where there is no cause of grief, cause hope to
heal thy smart.

For of this one thing thou mayest well assuréd be,
That nothing else but only death shall sunder me from
thee."

The reasons that he made, did seem of so great
weight,

And had with her such force, that she to him gave
answer straight ;

"Dear sir, nought else wish I, but to obey your will ;
But sure where so you go your heart with me shall
tarry still

As sign and certain pledge, till here I shall you see,
Of all the power that over you yourself did grant to me ;
And in his stead take mine, the gage of my goodwill :
One promise crave I at your hand, that grant me to
fulfil ;

Fail not to let me have, at Friar Lawrence' hand,
The tidings of your health, and how your doubtful
case shall stand.

And all the weary while that you shall spend abroad,
Cause me from time to time to know the place of your
abode."

His eyes did gush out tears, a sigh broke from his
breast,

When he did grant, and with an oath did vow to keep
the hest.

Thus these two lovers pass away the weary night,
In pain and plaint, not (as they wont) in pleasure and
delight.

But now (somewhat too soon) in farthest East arose
Fair Lucifer, the golden star, that Lady Venus chose ;
Whose course appointed is, with speedy race to run,
A messenger of dawning day, and of the rising sun.
Then fresh Aurora, with her pale and silver glade,
Did clear the skies, and from the earth had chaséd ugly
shade.

When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou wink,
When Phœbus from our hemisphere in western wave
doth sink,

What colour than the heavens do show unto thine eyes
The same (or like), saw Romeus in farthest Eastern
skies,

As yet, he saw no day, ne could he call it night,
With equal force, decreasing dark fought with increas-
ing light.

Then Romeus in arms his lady gan to fold,
With friendly kiss, and ruthfully she gan her knight
behold.

With solemn oath they both their sorrowful leave do
take ;

They swear no stormy troubles shall their steady friend-
ship shake.

Then careful Romeus again to cell returns,
And in her chamber secretly our joyless Juliet mourns.
Now huffy clouds of care, of sorrow and of dread,
The clearness of their gladsome hearts hath wholly
overspread.

When golden-crested Phœbus boasteth him in sky,
And under earth, to 'scape revenge, his deadly foe doth
fly,

Then hath these lovers' day an end, their night
begun,

For each of them to other is as to the world the sun.
No dawning they shall see, no summer any more,
But black-faced night ; with winter rough aye beaten
oversore,

The weary watch, discharged, did hie them home to
sleep,

The warders and the scouts were charged their place
and course to keep,

And Verone gates awide the porters had set open.

When Romeus had of his affairs with Friar Lawrence
spoken,

Warily he walked forth, unknown of friend or foe,
Clad like a merchant venturer, from top even to the
toe.

He spurred apace, and came withouten stop or stay.
To Mantua gates, where lighted down, he sent his man
away

With words of comfort to his old afflicted sire;
And straight in mind to sojourn there, a lodging doth
he hire,

And with the nobler sort he doth himself acquaint.
And of his open wrong received, the Duke doth hear
his plaint,

He practiseth by friends for pardon of exile,
The whilst he seeketh every way his sorrows to be-
guile.

But who forgets the coal that burneth in his breast?
Alas! his cares deny his heart the sweet desired rest;
No time finds he of mirth, he finds no place of joy,
But everything occasion gives of sorrow and annoy.
For when in turning skies the heaven's lamps are
light,

And from the other hemisphere fair Phœbus chaseth
night,

When every man and beast hath rest from painful
toil,

Then in the breast of Romeus his passions gin to
boil,

Then doth he wet with tears the couch whereon he lies,
And then his sighs the chamber fill, and out aloud he
cries

Against the restless stars, in rolling skies that range,

Against the fatal sisters three, and Fortune full of
change.

Each night a thousand times he calleth for the day,
He thinketh Titan's restless steeds of restiness do stay,
Or that at length they have some baiting place found
out,

Or (guided ill) have lost their way and wandered far
about.

While thus in idle thoughts the weary time he spend-
eth,

The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of
night he endeth.

Is he accompanied, is he in place alone,

In company he wails his harm, apart he maketh moan ;
For if his feres rejoice, what cause hath he to joy,
That wanteth still his chief delight, while they their
loves enjoy ?

But if with heavy cheer they show their inward grief,
He walleth most his wretchedness, that is of wretches
chief.

When he doth hear abroad the praise of ladies blown,
Within his thought he scorneth them, and doth prefer
his own.

When pleasant songs he hears, while others do rejoice,
The melody of music doth stir up his mourning voice.
But if in secret place he walk somewhere alone,
The place itself and secretness redoubleth all his moan.
Then speaks he to the beasts, to feathered fowls, and
trees,

Unto the earth, the clouds, and to whatso beside he
sees.

To them he showeth his smart, as though they reason
had,

Each thing may cause his heaviness, but naught may
make him glad,

And (weary of the day) again he calleth night,

The sun he curseth, and the hour when first his eyes
saw light.

And as the night and day their course do interchange,
So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day
exchange.

In absence of her knight, the lady no way could
Keep truce between her griefs and her, though ne'er so
fain she would;

And though with greater pain she cloaked sorrow's
smart,

Yet did her paléd face disclose the passions of her
heart.

Her sighing every hour, her weeping everywhere,
Her reckless heed of meat, of sleep, and wearing of her
gear,

The careful mother marks; then of her health afraid,
Because the griefs increased still, thus to her child she
said:

“Dear daughter, if you should long languish in this sort,
I stand in doubt that oversoon your sorrows will make
short

Your loving father's life, and mine, that love you more
Than our own proper breath and life. Bridle hence-
forth therefore

Your grief, and pain yourself on joy your thought to
set,

For time it is, that now you should our Tybalt's death
forget.

Of whom, since God hath claimed the life that was
but lent,

He is in bliss, ne is there cause why you should thus
lament?

You cannot call him back, with tears and shriekings
shrill:

It is a fault thus still to grudge at God's appointed
will."

The silly soul hath now no longer power to feign,
Ne longer could she hide her harm, but answered thus
again,

With heavy broken sighs, with visage pale and dead:
"Madame, the last of Tybalt's tears a great while since
I shed;

Whose spring hath been ere this so laded out by me,
That empty quite, and moistureless, I guess it now to
be.

So that my painéd heart by conduits of the eyne
No more henceforth (as wont it was) shall gush forth
dropping brine."

The woeful mother knew not what her daughter meant,
And loth to vex her child by words, her peace she
warely hent.

But when from hour to hour, from morrow to the
morrow,

Still more and more she saw increased her daughter's
wonted sorrow,

All means she sought of her and household folk to
know

The certain root whereon her grief and bootless moan
doth grow.

But lo, she hath in vain her time and labour lore,
Wherefore without all measure is her heart tormented
sore.

And sith herself could not find out the cause of care,
She thought it good to tell the sire how ill his child
did fare.

And when she saw her time, thus to her fere she said :
“ Sir, if you mark our daughter well, the countenance
of the maid,

And how she fareth since that Tybalt unto death
(Before his time, forced by his foe) did yield his living
breath,

Her face shall seem so changed, her doings eke so
strange,

That you will greatly wonder at so great and sudden
change.

Not only she forbears her meat, her drink, and sleep,
But now she tendeth nothing else but to lament and
weep.

No greater joy hath she, nothing contents her heart
So much, as in her chamber close to shut herself
apart :

Where she doth so torment her poor afflicted mind,
That much in danger stands her life, except some help
we find.

But (out, alas !) I see not how it may be found,
Unless that first we might find whence her sorrows
thus abound.

For though with busy care I have employed my wit,

And uséd all the ways I knew to learn the truth of it,
Neither extremity nor gentle means could boot :
She hideth close within her breast her secret sorrow's
root.

This was my first conceit, that all her ruth arose
Out of her cousin Tybalt's death, late slain of deadly
foes ;

But now my heart doth hold a new repugnant thought :
Some greater thing, not Tybalt's death, this change in
her hath wrought.

Her self assuréd me, that many days ago
She shed the last of Tybalt's tears ; which word amazed
me so,

That I then could not guess what thing else might her
grieve ;

But now at length I have bethought me, and I do
believe

The only crop and root of all my daughter's pain
Is grudging envy's faint disease ; perhaps she doth
d disdain

To see in wedlock yoke the most part of her peers,
Whilst only she unmarriéd doth lose so many years.
And more, perchance she thinks you mind to keep
her so ;

Wherefore despairing doth she wear herself away with
woe.

Therefore, dear sir, in time take on your daughter
ruth ;

For why, a brittle thing is glass, and frail is frailesse
youth.

Join her at once to some in link of marriage

That may be meet for our degree, and much about her
age:

So shall you banish care out of your daughter's breast,
So we her parents in our age shall live in quiet rest."

Whereto gan easily her husband to agree,

And to the mother's skilful talk thus straightway
answered he:

"Oft have I thought, dear wife, of all these things ere
this,

But evermore my mind me gave, it should not be
amiss,

By farther leisure had, a husband to provide;

Scarce saw she yet full sixteen years: too young to be
a bride.

But since her state doth stand on terms so perilous,

And that a maiden daughter is a treasure dangerous,

With so great speed I will endeavour to procure

A husband for our daughter young, her sickness faint
to cure,

That you shall rest content, so warely will I choose,

And she recover soon enough the time she seems to lose.

The whilst seek you to learn, if she in any part

Already hath (unware to us) fixéd her friendly heart;

Lest we have more respect to honour and to wealth

Than to our daughter's quiet life and to her happy
health;

Whom I do hold as dear as the apple of mine eye,

And rather wish in poor estate and daughterless to die

Than leave my goods and her enthralled to such a one,

Whose churlish dealing (I once dead) should be her
cause of moan."

This pleasant answer heard, the lady parts again,
And Capilet, the maiden's sire, within a day or twain,
Conferreth with his friends for marriage of his
daughter,

And many gentlemen there were with busy care that
sought her,

Both for the maiden was well-shapéd, young, and fair,
As also well brought up and wise; her father's only heir.

Among the rest was one inflamed with her desire,
Who, County Paris clipéd was, an earl he had to sire.

Of all the suitors him the father liketh best,

And easily unto the earl he maketh his behest

Both of his own goodwill and of his friendly aid

To win his wife unto his will and to persuade the maid.

The wife did joy to hear the joyful husband say

How happy hap, how meet a match, he had found out
that day;

Ne did she seek to hide her joys within her heart,

But straight she hieth to Juliet, to her she tells apart

What happy talk (by means of her) was past no rather

Between the wooing Paris and her careful loving
father.

The person of the man, the features of his face,

His youthful years, his fairness, and his port and seemly
grace,

With curious words she paints before her daughter's
eyes,

And then with store of virtue's praise she heaves him
to the skies.

She vaunts his race and gifts that Fortune did him
give,

Whereby, she saith, both she and hers in great delight
shall live.

When Juliet conceived her parents' whole intent,
Whereto both love and reason's right forbade her to
assent,

Within herself she thought, rather than be forsworn,
With horses wild her tender parts asunder should be
torn.

Not now with bashful brow (in wonted wise) she spake
But with unwonted boldness straight into these words
she brake :

“ Madam, I marvel much, that you so lavish are
Of me, your child (your jewel once, your only joy and
care)

As thus to yield me up, at pleasure of another,
Before you know if I do like or else mislike my lover.
Do what you list, but yet of this assure you still :
If you do as you say you will, I yield not thereuntil.
For had I choice of twain, far rather would I choose
My part of all your goods and even my breath and
life to lose,

Than grant that he possess of me the smallest part ;
First, weary of my painful life, my cares shall kill my
heart,

Else will I pierce my breast with sharp and bloody
knife,

And you, my mother, shall become the murderess of
my life,

In giving me to him, whom I ne'er can ne may
Ne ought to love ; wherefore on knees, dear mother, I
you pray

To let me live henceforth as I have lived tofore :
Cease all your troubles for my sake, and care for me
no more ;

But suffer Fortune fierce to work on me her will,
In her it lieth to do me boot, in her it lieth to spill.
For whilst you, for the best, desire to place me so,
You haste away my lingering death and double all my
woe."

So deep this answer made the sorrows down to sink
Into the mother's breast, that she ne knoweth what to
think

Of these her daughter's words, but all appalled she
stands,

And up unto the heaven she throws her wond'ring
head and hands ;

And, nigh beside herself, her husband hath she sought,
She tells him all, she doth forget ne yet she hideth
aught.

The testy old man wroth, disdainful without measure,
Sends forth his folk in haste for her, and bids them
take no leisure,

Ne on her tears or plaint at all to have remorse,
But (if they cannot with her will) to bring the maid
perforce.

The message heard, they part to fetch that they must
fetch,

And willingly with them walks forth obedient Juliet.
Arrivéd in the place, when she her father saw,
Of whom (as much as duty would) the daughter stood
in awe,

The servants sent away (the mother thought it meet),

The woeful daughter, all bewept, fell grovelling at his
feet,
Which she doth wash with tears as she thus grovelling
lies :

So fast and eke so plenteously distil they from her
eyes ;

When she to call for grace her mouth doth think to
open,
Muet she is, for sighs and sobs her fearful talk have
broken.

The sire, whose swelling wrath her tears could not
assuage,
With fiery eyes and scarlet cheeks thus spake her in
his rage,
Whilst ruthfully stood by the maiden's mother mild.
“ Listen,” quoth he, “ unthankful and thou disobedient
child ;

Hast thou so soon let slip out of thy mind the word
That thou so oftentimes hast heard rehearséd at my
board,

How much the Roman youth of parents stood in awe,
And eke what power upon their seed the fathers had
by law ?

Whom they not only might pledge, alienate, and sell.
(When so they stood in need), but more, if children did
rebel,

The parents had the power of life and sudden death.
What if those goodmen should again receive the living
breath,

In how straight bonds would they thy stubborn body
bind ?

What weapons would they seek for thee? what tor-
ments would they find

To chasten (if they saw) the lewdness of thy life,
Thy great unthankfulness to me, and shameful sturdy
strife?

Such care thy mother had, so dear thou wert to me,
That I with long and earnest suit provided have for
thee

One of the greatest lords, that wonnes about this town,
And for his many virtues' sake a man of great renown.
Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,
So rich ere long he shall be left, his father's wealth is
such,

Such is the nobleness and honour of the race
From whence his father came; and yet thou playest in
this case

The dainty fool and stubborn girl, for want of skill
Thou dost refuse thy offered weal, and disobey my will.
Even by His strength I swear, that first did give me
life,

And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on
my wife,

Unless by Wednesday next, thou bend as I am bent,
And at our castle called Freetown thou freely do assent
To County Paris' suit, and promise to agree
To whatsoever then shall pass, twixt him, my wife,
and me,

Not only will I give all that I have away
From thee to those that shall me love, me honour, and
obey,

But also to so close and to so hard a gaol,

I shall thee wed for all thy life, that sure thou shalt
not fail

A thousand times a day to wish for sudden death,
And curse the day and hour when first thy lungs did
give thee breath.

Advise thee well and say that thou art warnéd now,
And think not that I speak in sport, or mind to break
my vow.

For were it not that I to County Paris gave
My faith, which I must keep unfalst, my honour so to
save,

Ere thou go hence myself would see thee chastened so,
That thou shouldst once for all be taught thy duty
how to know,

And what revenge of old these angry sires did find
Against their children that rebelled and showed them-
self unkind."

These said, the old man straight is gone in haste
away,

Ne for his daughter's answer would the testy father
stay.

And after him his wife doth follow out of door,
And there they leave their chidden child kneeling
upon the floor.

Then she that oft had seen the fury of her sire,
Dreading what might come of his rage, n'ould farther
stir his ire.

Unto her chamber she withdrew herself apart,
Where she was wonted to unload the sorrows of her
heart,

There did she not so much busy her eyes in sleeping.

As overpressed with restless thoughts in piteous boot-
less weeping.

The fast falling of tears make not her tears decrease,
No by the pouring forth of plaint, the cause of plaint
doth cease.

So that to th'end the moan and sorrow may decay,
The best is that she seek some mean to take the cause
away.

Her weary bed betime the woeful wight forsakes,
And to St. Francis church to mass her way devoutly
takes.

The friar forth is called, she prays him hear her shrift;
Devotion is in so young years a rare and precious gift.
When on her tender knees the dainty lady kneels,
In mind to pour forth all the grief that inwardly she
feels,

With sighs and salted tears her shriving doth begin,
For she of heapéd sorrows hath to speak, and not of
sin.

Her voice with piteous plaint was made already hoarse,
And hasty sobs, when she would speak, break off her
words perforce.

But as she may piecemeal, she poureth in his lap
The marriage news, a mischief new, preparéd by
mishap,

Her parents' promise erst to County Paris passed,
Her father's threats, she telleth him, and thus concludes
at last:

"Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed again,
For since I know I may not be the wedded wife of
twain,

For I am bound to have one God, one faith, one make,
My purpose is as soon as I shall hence my journey
take,

With these two hands which joined unto the heavens
I stretch

The hasty death which I desire unto myself to reach.
This day, O Romeus, this day thy woeful wife
Will bring the end of all her cares by ending careful
life.

So my departed sprite shall witness to the sky,
And eke my blood unto the earth bear record how
that I

Have kept my faith unbroke, steadfast unto my friend."

When this her heavy tale was told, her vow eke at
an end,

Her gazing here and there, her fierce and staring look,
Did witness that some lewd attempt her heart had
undertook,

Whereat, the friar astounded, and ghastfully afraid
Lest she by deed perform her word, thus much to her
he said:

"Ah, Lady Juliet, what need the words you spake?
I pray you grant me one request for blessed Mary's
sake.

Measure somewhat your grief, hold here a while your
peace,

Whilst I bethink me of your case, your plaint and
sorrows cease.

Such comfort will I give you, ere you part from hence,
And for th'assaults of Fortune's ire prepare so sure
defence,

So wholesome salve will I for your afflictions find,
That you shall hence depart again with well-contented
mind."

His words have chaséd straight out of her heart despair,
Her black and ugly, dreadful thoughts by hope are
waxen fair.

So Friar Lawrence now hath left her there alone,
And he out of the church in haste is to his chamber
gone ;

Where sundry thoughts within his careful head arise ;
The old man's foresight divers doubts hath set before
his eyes.

His consciënce one while condemns it for a sin
To let her take Paris to spouse, since he himself had
been

The chiefest cause that she, unknown to father or
mother,

Not five months past in that self place was wedded to
another.

Another while an hugy heap of dangers dread
His restless thought hath heapéd up within his
troubled head.

Even of itself the attempt he judgeth perilous ;
The execution eke he deems so much more dangerous,
That to a woman's grace he must himself commit,
That young is, simple, and unaware, for weighty affairs
unfit,

For if she fail in aught, the matter publishéd,
Both she and Romeus were undone, himself eke
punishéd.

When to and fro in mind he divers thoughts had cast,

With tender pity and with ruth his heart was won at
last ;

He thought he rather would in hazard set his fame
Than suffer such adultery. Resolving on the same,
Out of his closet straight he took a little glass,
And then with double haste returned where woeful
Juliet was ;

Whom he hath found well-nigh in trance, scarce draw-
ing breath,
Attending still to hear the news of life or else of
death.

Of whom he did inquire of the appointed day ;
“ On Wednesday next,” quoth Juliet, “ so doth my
father say,

I must give my consent ; but, as I do remember,
The solemn day of marriage is the tenth day of Sept-
ember.”

“ Dear daughter,” quoth the friar, “ of good cheer see
thou be,

For lo, Saint Francis of his grace hath showed a way
to me

By which I may both thee, and Romeus together,
Out of the bondage which you fear assuredly deliver.
Even from the holy font thy husband have I known,
And since he grew in years, have kept his counsels as
mine own ;

For from his youth he would unfold to me his heart,
And often have I cured him of anguish and of smart ;
I know that by desert his friendship I have won,
And I him hold as dear as if he were my proper son.
Wherefore my friendly heart can not abide that he

Should wrongfully in aught be harmed, if that it lay
in me

To right or to revenge the wrong by my advice,
Or timely to prevent the same in any other wise.
And since thou art his wife, thee am I bound to love,
For Romeus' friendship's sake, and seek thy anguish to
remove,

And dreadful torments which thy heart besiegen
round.

Wherefore, my daughter, give good ear unto my coun-
sels sound;

Forget not what I say, nor tell it any wight,
Not to the nurse thou trustest so, as Romeus is thy
knight;

For on this thread doth hang thy death and eke thy
life,

My fame or shame, his weal or woe that chose thee to
his wife.

Thou art not ignorant, because of such renown
As everywhere is spread of me, but chiefly in this
town,

That in my youthful days abroad I travelléd,
Through every land found out by men, by men
inhabited;

So twenty years from home, in lands unknown a guest,
I never gave my weary limbs long time of quiet rest,
But in the desert woods, to beasts of cruel kind,
Or on the seas to drenching waves, at pleasure of the
wind,

I have committed them to ruth of rovers' hand,
And to a thousand dangers more, by water and by land.

But not in vain, my child, hath all my wandering been.
Beside the great contentedness my spirit abideth in,
That by the pleasant thought of passéd things doth
grow,

One private fruit more have I plucked, which thou
shalt shortly know :

What force the stones, the plants, and metals have to
work,

And divers other things that in the bowels of earth do
lurk,

With care I have sought out, with pain I did them
prove ;

With them eke can I help myself at times of my
behove

(Although the science be against the laws of men),
When sudden danger forceth me, but yet most chiefly
when

The work to do is least displeasing unto God
Not helping to do any sin that wreakful Jove forbode.
For since in life no hope of long abode I have,
But now am come unto the brink of my appointed
grave,

And that my death draws near, whose stripe I may not
shun,

But shall be called to make account of all that I have
done,

Now ought I from henceforth more deeply print in
mind

The judgment of the Lord than when youth's folly
made me blind,

When love and fond desire were boiling in my breast,

Whence hope and dread by striving thoughts had
banished friendly rest.

Know therefore, daughter, that, with other gifts
which I

Have well attained to by grace and favour of the sky,
Long since I did find out, and yet the way I know,
Of certain roots and savoury herbs to make a kind of
dough,

Which bakéd hard, and beat into a powder fine,
And drunk with conduit water, or with any kind of
wine,

It doth in half an hour astound the taker so,
And mastereth all his senses, that he feeleth weal nor
woe,

And so it burieth up the spirit and living breath,
That even the skilful leech would say that he is slain
by death.

One virtue more it hath, as marvellous as this,
The taker, by receiving it, at all not grievéd is ;
But painless as a man that thinketh naught at all,
Into a sweet and quiet sleep immediately doth fall,
From which, according to the quantity he taketh,
Longer or shorter is the time before the sleeper
waketh ;

And thence, the effect once wrought, again it doth
restore

Him that received unto the state wherein he was
before.

Wherefore, mark well the end of this my tale begun,
And thereby learn what is by thee hereafter to be
done.

Cast off from thee at once the weed of womanish
dread,
With manly courage arm thyself, from heel unto the
head;
For only on the fear or boldness of thy breast
The happy hap or ill mishap of thy affair doth rest.
Receive this vial small, and keep it as thine eye;
And on the marriage day, before the sun do clear the
sky,
Fill it with water full, up to the very brim,
Then drink it off, and thou shalt feel, throughout each
vein and limb
A pleasant slumber slide, and quite dispread at length
On all thy parts, from every part reave all thy kindly
strength;
Withouten moving, thus thy idle parts shall rest.
No pulse shall go, nor heart once beat, within thy
hollow breast,
But thou shalt lie as she that dieth in a trance.
Thy kinsmen and thy trusty friends shall wail the
sudden chance;
The corpse then will they bring to grave in this church-
yard
Where thy forefathers long ago a costly tomb prepared.
Both for himself, and eke for those that should come
after.
Both deep it is, and long and large, where thou shalt
rest, my daughter,
Till I to Mantua send for Romeus, thy knight;
Out of the tomb, both he and I will take thee forth
that night.

And when out of thy sleep thou shalt awake again,
 Then mayst thou go with him from hence, and, healéd
 of thy pain,
 In Mantua lead with him unknown a pleasant life ;
 And yet perhaps in time to come, when cease shall all
 the strife,
 And that the peace is made 'twixt Romeus and his
 foes,
 Myself may find so fit a time these secrets to disclose,
 Both to my praise and to thy tender parents' joy,
 That dangerless without reproach thou shalt thy love
 enjoy.

When of his skilful tale the friar had made an end,
 To which our Juliet so well her ear and wits did bend
 That she hath heard it all, and hath forgotten naught,
 Her fainting heart was comforted with hope and
 pleasant thought ;
 And then to him she said, " Doubt not but that I will
 With stout and unappalléd heart your happy hest
 fulfil.

Yea, if I wist it were a venomous deadly drink,
 Rather would I that through my throat the certain
 bane should sink,
 Than I, not drinking it, into his hands should fall
 That hath no part of me as yet, nor ought to have at
 all.

Much more I ought with bold and with a willing heart
 To greatest danger yield myself, and to the deadly
 smart,

To come to him on whom my life doth wholly stay,
 That is my only heart's delight, and so he shall be aye."

"Then go," quoth he, "my child, I pray that God on
high,

Direct thy foot, and by thy hand upon the way thee
gye :

God grant He so confirm in thee thy present will,
That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfil."

A thousand thanks and more our Juliet gave the
friar,

And homeward to her father's house joyful she doth
retire ;

And as with stately gait she passéd through the
street,

She saw her mother in the door, that with her there
would meet,

In mind to ask if she her purpose yet did hold,

In mind also apart twixt them her duty to have told ;

Wherefore with pleasant face, and with unwonted
cheer,

As soon as she was unto her approachéd somewhat
near,

Before the mother spake, thus did she first begin :

"Madam, at Saint Francis' church have I this morning
been,

Where I did make abode a longer while (per case)

Than duty would, yet have I not been absent from this
place

So long a while without a great and just cause why,

This fruit have I receivéd there, my heart erst like to
die

Is now revived again, and my afflicted breast,

Releaséd from affliction, restoréd is to rest.

For lo, my troubled ghost, alas ! too sore diseased
By ghostly counsel and advice hath Friar Lawrence
eased,

To whom I did at large discourse my former life,
And in confession did I tell of all our passéd strife ;
Of County Paris' suit, and how my lerd my sire,
By my ingrate and stubborn strife I stirréd unto ire.
But lo, the holy friar hath by his ghostly lore
Made me another woman now, than I had been before.
By strength of arguments he chargéd so my mind,
That (though I sought) no sure defence my searching
thought could find.

So forced I was at length to yield up witless will,
And promised to be ordered by the friar's praised skill.
Wherefore, albeit I had rashly long before
The bed and rites of marriage for many years for-
swore,

Yet, mother, now behold your daughter at your will,
Ready, if you command her aught, your pleasure to
fulfil.

Wherefore in humble wise, dear madam, I you pray
To go unto my lord and sire, withouten long delay ;
Of him first pardon crave of faults already past,
And show him, if it pleaseth you, his child is now at
last

Obedient to his just and to his skilful hest,
And that I will, God lending life, on Wednesday next
be prest

To wait on him and you unto th' appointed place,
Where I will in your hearing and before my father's
face

Unto the County give my faith and whole assent,
And take him for my lord and spouse; thus fully am
I bent.

And that out of your mind I may remove all doubt,
Unto my closet fare I now, to search and to choose
out

The bravest garments and the richest jewels there,
Which, better him to please, I mind on Wednesday
next to wear;

For if I did excel the famous Grecian rape,
Yet might attire help to amend my beauty and my
shape."

The simple mother was wrapt in too great delight;
Not half a word could she bring forth, but in this
joyful plight

With nimble foot she ran, and with unwonted pace,
Unto her pensive husband, and to him with pleasant
face

She told what she had heard, and praiseth much the
friar;

And joyful tears ran down the cheeks of this grey-
bearded sire.

With hands and eyes heaved up, he thanks God in his
heart,

And then he saith, "This is not, wife, the friar's first
desert,

Oft hath he showed to us great friendship heretofore,
By helping us at needful times with wisdom's precious
lore:

In all our commonweal scarce one is to be found
But is for some good turn unto this holy father bound.

Oh, that the third part of my goods (I do not feign)
But twenty of his passéd years might purchase him
again,

So much in recompense of friendship would I give,
So much, in faith, his extreme age my friendly heart
doth grieve."

This said, the glad old man, from home, goeth straight
abroad,

And to the stately palace hieth where Paris made
abode;

Whom he desires to be on Wednesday next his guest,
At Freetown, where he minds to make for him a
costly feast.

But lo, the earl saith, such feasting were but lost,
And counsels him till marriage time to spare so great
a cost.

For then he knoweth well the charges will be great,
The whilst his heart desireth still her sight, and not
his meat.

He craves of Capilet, that he may straight go see
Fair Juliet, whereto he doth right willingly agree.
The mother, warned before, her daughter doth prepare,
She warneth and she chargeth her that in no wise she
spare

Her courteous speech, her pleasant looks, and comely
grace,

But liberally to give them forth when Paris comes in
place;

Which she as cunningly could set forth to the show
As cunning craftsmen to the sale do set their wares in
row;

That ere the Count did out of her sight depart,
So secretly unware to him she stole away his heart
That of his life and death the wily wench hath power.
And now his longing heart thinks long for their
appointed hour,
And with importuned suit the parents doth he pray,
The wedlock knot to knit soon up, and haste the marriage
day.

The wooer hath passed forth the first day in this sort,
And many other more than this in pleasure and dis-
port.

At length the wishéd time of long-hopéd delight
(As Paris thought) drew near, but near approachéd
heavy plight.

Against the bridal day the parents did prepare
Such rich attire, such furniture, such store of dainty
fare,

That they which did behold the same the night before,
Did think and say, a man could scarcely wish for any
more.

Nothing did seem too dear, the dearest things were
bought,

And, as the written story saith, indeed, there wanted
naught,

That belongéd to his degree and honour of his stock.

But Juliet the whilst her thoughts within her breast
did lock:

Even from the trusty nurse, whose secretness was tried,
The secret counsel of her heart the nurse-child seeks to
hide.

For since to mock her dame she did not stick to lie,

She thought no sin with show of truth to blear her
nurse's eye.

In chamber secretly the tale she gan renew,
That at the door she told her dame as though it had
been true.

The flattering nurse did praise the friar for his skill,
And said that she had done right well by wit to order
will.

She setteth forth at large the father's furious rage,
And eke she praiseth much to her the second marriage.
And County Paris now she praiseth ten times more,
By wrong, than she herself by right had Romeus
praised before ;

Paris shall dwell there still, Romeus shall not return,
What shall it benefit her life to languish still and
mourn ?

The pleasures passed before, she must account as gone ;
But if he does return, what then ?—for one she shall
have twain.

The one shall use her as his lawful wedded wife ;
In wanton love, with equal joy, the other lead his life ;
And best shall she be sped of any townish dame,
Of husband and of paramour, to find her change of
game.

These words and like, the nurse did speak in hope to
please,

But greatly did these wicked words the lady's mind
disease ;

But aye she hid her wrath, and seeméd well content,
When daily did the naughty nurse new arguments
invent.

But when the bride perceived her hour approaching near,
She sought the best she could to feign, and tempered so
her cheer

That by her outward look no living wight could guess
Her inward woe, and yet anew renewed is her distress.
Unto her chamber doth the pensive wight repair,
And in her hand a percher light the nurse bears up
the stair.

In Juliet's chamber was her wonted use to lie,
Wherefore her mistress, dreading that she should her
work descry,

As soon as she began her pallet to unfold,
Thinking to lie that night where she was wont to lie
of old,

Doth gently pray her seek her lodging somewhere else ;
And lest she crafty should suspect, a ready reason tells.
“ Dear friend,” quoth she, “ you know, to-morrow is the
day

Of new contract, wherefore this night my purpose is
to pray

Unto the heavenly minds that dwell above the skies,
And order all the course of things as they can best
devise,

That they so smile upon the doings of to-morrow,
That all the remnant of my life may be exempt from
sorrow.

Wherefore I pray you leave me here alone this night,
But see that you to-morrow come before the dawning
light,

For you must curl my hair, and set on my attire.”
And easily the loving nurse did yield to her desire ;

For she within her head did cast before no doubt,
She little knew the close attempt her nurse-child went
about.

The nurse departed once, the chamber door shut close,
Assured that no living wight her doing might disclose,
She pouréd forth into the vial of the friar
Water out of a silver ewer that on the board stood by
her.

The sleepy mixture made, fair Juliet doth it hide
Under her bolster soft, and so unto her bed she hied;
Where divers novel thoughts arise within her head,
And she is so environéd about with deadly dread,
That what before she had resolved undoubtedly,
That same she calléd into doubt, and lying doubtfully,
Whilst honest love did strive with dread of deadly pain,
With hands ywrung, and weeping eyes, thus gan she to
complain :—

“ What ! is there any one beneath the heavens high,
So much unfortunate as I, so much past hope as I ?
What ! am not I myself, of all that yet were born,
The deepest drenchéd in despair, and most in Fortune’s
scorn ?

For lo, the world for me hath nothing else to find
Beside mishap and wretchedness, and anguish of the
mind ;

Since that the cruel cause of my unhappiness,
Hath put me to this sudden plunge, and brought to
such distress

As, to the end I may my name and conscience save,
I must devour the mixed drink that by me here I have,
Whose working and whose force as yet I do not know.”

And of this piteous plaint began another doubt to
grow :

“What do I know,” quoth she, “if that this powder shall
Sooner or later than it should, or else not work at all?
And then, my craft descried as open as the day,
The peoples’ tale and laughing-stock shall I remain for
aye.

And what know I, quoth she, if serpents odious,
And other beasts and worms that are of nature venomous,
That wonted are to lurk in dark caves under ground,
And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men’s tombs
are found,

Shall harm me yea or nay, where I shall lie as dead?
Or how shall I that always have in so fresh air been
bred,

Endure the loathsome stink of such an heapéd store
Of carcasses not yet consumed, and bones that long
before

Entombéd were, where I my sleeping place shall have,
Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindred’s common
grave?

Shall not the friar and my Romeus, when they come,
Find me, if I awakè before, ystified in the tomb?”

And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell some-
what too long,

The force of her imagining anon did wax so strong,
That she surmised she saw out of the hollow vault,
A grisly thing to look upon, the carcass of Tybalt,
Right in the self-same sort that she few days before
Had seen him in his blood embrewed, to death eke
wounded sore.

And then, when she again within herself had weighed,
That quick she should be buried there, and by his side
be laid,

All comfortless, for she shall living fere have none,
But many a rotten carcass and full many a naked
bone,

Her dainty tender parts gan shiver all for dread,
Her golden hairs did stand upright upon her childish
head ;

Then presséd with the fear that she there livéd in,
A sweat as cold as mountain ice pierced through her
tender skin,

That with the moisture hath wet every part of hers.
And more besides she vainly thinks, whilst vainly thus
she fears,—

A thousand bodies dead have compassed her about,
And lest they will dismember her she greatly stands in
doubt.

But when she felt her strength began to wear away
By little and little, and in her heart her fear increaséd
aye :

Dreading that weakness might or foolish cowardice
Hinder the execution of the purposed enterprise,
As she had frantic been, in haste the glass she caught,
And up she drank the mixture quite, withouten farther
thought.

Then on her breast she crossed her arms long and
small,

And so, her senses failing her, into a trance did fall.

And when that Phcebus bright heaved up his seemly
head,

And from the east in open skies his glistering rays
dispread,

The nurse unshut the door, for she the key did keep,
And doubting she had slept too long, she thought to
break her sleep.

First softly did she call, then louder thus did cry,
“Lady, you sleep too long ; the Earl will raise you by-
and-by.”

But wellaway, in vain unto the deaf she calls,
She thinks to speak to Juliet, but speaketh to the walls.
If all the dreadful noise that might on earth be found
Or on the roaring seas, or if the dreadful thunder’s
sound

Had blown into her ears, I think they could not make
The sleeping wight before the time by any means
awake :

So were the spirits of life shut up, and senses thrall’d,
Wherewith the silly, careful nurse was wondrously
appall’d.

She thought to daw her now as she had done of old,
But lo, she found her parts were stiff, and more than
marble cold :

Neither at mouth nor nose, found she recourse of
breath ;

Two certain arguments were these of her untimely death.
Wherefore, as one distraught, she to her mother ran,
With scratch’d face, and hair betorn, but no word
speak she can,

At last, with much ado, “Dead,” quoth she, “is my
child!”

“Now out alas,” the mother cried, and as a tiger wild,

Whose whelps, whilst she is gone out of her den to
prey, .

The hunter, greedy of his game, doth kill or carry
away;

So raging forth she ran unto her Juliet's bed,
And there she found her darling and her only comfort
dead.

Then shrieked she out as loud as serve her would her
breath,

And then, that pity was to hear, thus cried she out on
death.

"Ah, cruel death," quoth she, "that thus against all right
Has ended my felicity, and robbed my heart's delight,
Do now thy worst to me, once wreak thy wrath for all,
Even in despite I cry to thee, thy vengeance let thou
fall!

Whereto stay I, alas, since Juliet is gone?

Whereto live I since she is dead, except to wail and
moan?

Alack, dear child, my tears for thee shall never cease,
Even as my days of life increase so shall my plaint
increase;

Such store of sorrow shall afflict my tender heart,
That deadly pangs, when they assail, shall not augment
my smart.

Then gan she so to sob, it seemed her heart would brast,
And while she crieth thus, behold, the father at the
last,

The County Paris, and of gentlemen a rout,
And ladies of Verona town and country round about,
Both kindreds and allies, thither apace have pressed

For by their presence there they sought to honour so
the feast ;

But when the heavy news the bidden guests did hear,
So much they mourned, that who had seen their
countenance and their cheer

Might easily have judged by that that they had seen,
That day, the day of wrath and eke of pity to have been.
But more than all the rest the father's heart was so
Smit with the heavy news, and so shut up with sudden
woe,

That he ne had the power his daughter to beweepe,
Nor yet to speak, but long is forced his tears and plaint
to keep.

In all the haste he hath for skilful leeches sent,
And hearing of her passéd life, they judge with one
assent

The cause of this her death was inward care and
thought,

And then with double force again the double sorrows
wrought.

If ever there hath been a lamentable day,
A day, ruthful, unfortunate, and fatal, then, I say,
The same was it in which, through Veron town was
spread

The woeful news how Juliet was stervéd in her bed.
For so she was bemoaned, both of the young and old,
That it might seem to him that would the common
plaint behold

That all the common wealth did stand in jeopardy,
So universal was the plaint, so piteous was the cry.
For lo, beside her shape, and native beauty's hue,

With which, like as she grew in age, her virtue's praises
grew,

She was also so wise, so lowly, and so mild,
That even from the hoary head unto the witless child
She won the hearts of all, so that there was not one,
Nor great nor small, but did that day her wretched
state bemoan.

Whilst Juliet slept, and whilst the other weeping
thus,

Our Friar Lawrence hath by this sent one to Romeus,—
A friar of his house, there never was a better,
He trusted him even as himself,—to whom he gave a
letter

In which he written had, of every thing at length
That passed 'twixt Juliet and him, and of the powder's
strength.

The next night after that, he willeth him to come
To help to take his Juliet out of the hollow tomb,
For by that time, the drink, he saith, will cease to work,
And for one night his wife and he within his cell shall
lurk;

Then shall he carry her to Mantua away,
Till fickle fortune favour him, disguised in man's array

This letter closed he sends to Romeus by his brother,
He chargeth him that in no case he give it any other.
Apace our Friar John to Mantua him he hies;
And for because in Italy it is a wonted guise
That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,
But of their convent aye should be accompanied with
one;

Of his profession straight a house he findeth out,

In mind to take some friar with him to walk the town
about.

But entered once, he might not issue out again,
For that a brother of the house, a day before or twain,
Died of the plague (a sickness which they greatly fear
and hate),

So were the brethren charged to keep within their
convent gate

Barred of their fellowship that in the town do wonne,
The town folk eke commanded are the friars' house
to shun

Till they that had the care of health, their freedom
should renew;

Whereof, as you shall shortly hear, a mischief great
there grew.

The friar, by this restraint, beset with dread and
sorrow,

Not knowing what the letters held, deferred until the
morrow,

And then he thought in time to send to Romeus.

But whilst at Mantua, where he was, these doings framéd
thus,

The town of Juliet's birth was wholly busiéd
About her obsequies, to see their darling buriéd.

Now is the parents' mirth quite changéd into moan,
And now to sorrow is returned the joy of every one;
And now the wedding weeds for mourning weeds they
change,

And Hymen into a Dirge;—alas, it seemeth strange.
Instead of marriage gloves now funeral gloves they
have,

And whom they should see married they follow to the
grave.

The feast that should have been of pleasure and of joy,
Hath every dish and cup filled full of sorrow and
annoy.

Now throughout Italy this common use they have,
That all the best of every stock are earthéd in one
grave;

For every household, if it be of any fame,
Doth build a tomb, or dig a vault, that bears the
household's name,

Wherein (if any of that kindred hap to die)
They are bestowed, else in the same no other corpse
may lie.

The Capilets her corpse in such a one did lay,
Where Tybalt, slain of Romeus, was laid the other day.
Another use there is, that whosoever dies,
Borne to their church with open face upon the bier he
lies,

In wonted weed attired, not wrapt in winding sheet.
So, as by chance he walked abroad, our Romeus' man
did meet

His master's wife. The sight with sorrow straight did
wound

His honest heart, with tears he saw her lodgéd under
ground.

And for that he'd been sent to Verone for a spy,
The doings of the Capilets by wisdom to descry,
And for he knew her death did touch his master most,
Alas, too soon, with heavy news he hied away in post.
And in his house he found his master Romeus,

Where he, besprent with many tears, began to speak
him thus :

“ Sir, unto you of late is chanced so great a harm,
That sure except with constancy you seek yourself
to arm,

I fear that straight you will breathe out your latter
breath,

And I, most wretched wight, shall be th’ occasion of
your death.

Know, sir, that yesterday my lady and your wife,
I wot not by what sudden grief, had made exchange of
life ;

And for because on earth she found nought but unrest,
In heaven hath she sought to find a place of quiet rest.
And with these weeping eyes myself have seen her
laid

Within the tomb of Capilets,” and herewithal he
stayed.

This sudden message’ sound, sent forth with sighs and
tears,

Our Romeus received too soon with open listening
ears,

And thereby hath sunk in, such sorrow in his heart,
That lo, his spirit, annoyéd sore with torment and with
smart,

Was like to break out of his prison house perforce,
And that he might fly after hers would leave the
massy corse.

But earnest love that will not fail him till his end,
This fond and sudden fantasy into his head did send :
That if near unto her he offered up his breath,

That then a hundred thousand parts more glorious
 were his death,
 Eke should his painful heart a great deal more be
 eased,
 And more also (he vainly thought) his lady better
 pleased.

Wherefore, when he his face hath washed with water
 clean,
 Lest that the stains of dried tears might on his cheeks
 be seen,

And so his sorrow should of every one be spied
 Which he with all his care did seek from every one to
 hide :

Straight weary of the house, he walketh forth abroad,
 His servant at the master's hest in chamber still abode ;
 And then from street to street he wandereth up and
 down,

To see if he in any place may find in all the town
 A salve meet for his sore, and oil fit for his wound,
 And seeking long (alack, too soon) the thing he sought,
 he found.

An apothecary sat unbusied at his door,
 Whom by his heavy countenance he guesséd to be poor,
 And in his shop he saw his boxes were but few,
 And in his window of his wares there was so small a
 show,

Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,
 What by no friendship could be got with money should
 be bought.

For needy lack is like the poor man to compel,
 To sell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to sell.

Then by the hand he drew the needy man apart,
And with the sight of glittering gold inflaméd hath
his heart.

“Take fifty crowns of gold,” quoth he, “I give them
thee,

So that before I part from hence thou straight deliver me
Some poison strong, that may in less than half an
hour

Kill him whose wretched hap shall be the potion to
devour.”

The wretch by covetousness is won, and doth assent
To sell the thing whose sale, ere long, too late he doth
repent.

In haste he poison sought, and closely he it bound,
And then began with whispering voice thus in his ear
to round :

“Fair sir,” quoth he, “be sure this is the speeding gear,
And more there is than you shall need, for half of that
is there

Will serve, I undertake, in less than half an hour,
To kill the strongest man alive, such is the poison’s
power.”

Then Romeus, somewhat eased of one part of his
care,

Within his bosom putteth up his dear unthrifty ware.
Returning home again, he sent his man away,
To Verone town, and chargeth him that he without
delay

Provide both instruments to open wide the tomb,
And lights to show him Juliet, and stay till he shall
come

Near to the place whereas his loving wife doth rest,
And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his
breast.

Peter, these heard, his leave doth of his master take,
Betime he comes to town, such haste the painful man
did make,

And then with busy care he seeketh to fulfil.
But doth disclose unto no wight his woeful master's
will.

Would God he had herein broken his master's hest,
Would God that to the friar he had discloséd all his
breast.

But Romeus, the while, with many a deadly thought
Provokéd much, hath causéd ink and paper to be
brought,

And in few lines he did of all his love discourse,
How by the friar's help, and by the knowledge of the
nurse,

The wedlock knot was knit, and by what means that
night

And many more he did enjoy his happy heart's delight,
Where he the poison bought, and how his life should
end;

And so his wailful tragedy the wretched man hath
penned.

The letters closed and sealed, directed to his sire,
He locketh in his purse, and then, a post horse doth he
hire.

When he approacheth near, he waresly lighted down,
And even with the shade of night he entered Veroue
town;

Where he hath found his man waiting when he should
come,

With lantern and with instruments, to open Juliet's
tomb.

"Help, Peter, help," quoth he, "help to remove the
stone,

And straight when I am gone from thee, my Juliet to
bemoan,

See that thou get thee hence, and on the pain of death,
I charge thee that thou come not near, while I abide
beneath;

Nor seek thou not to let thy master's enterprise,
Which he hath fully purposéd to do in any wise,
Take there a letter, which, as soon as he shall rise,
Present it in the morning to my loving father's eyes;
Which unto him perhaps far pleasanter shall seem,
Than either I do mind to say, or thy gross head can
deem."

Now Peter, that knew not the purpose of his heart,
Obediently a little way withdrew himself apart,
And then our Romeus (the vault stone set upright)
Descended down, and in his hand he bare the candle
light.

And then with piteous eye, the body of his wife
He gan behold, who surely was the organ of his life.
For whom unhappy now he is, but erst was blist;
He watered her with tears, and then a hundred times
her kissed;

And in his folded arms, full straightly he her plight.
But no way could his greedy eyes be filléd with her
sight:

His fearful hands he laid upon her stomach cold,
And them on divers parts beside the woeful wight did
hold.

But when he could not find the signs of life he sought,
Out of his curséd box he drew the poison that he
bought,

Whereof he greedily devoured the greater part,
And then he cried with deadly sigh, fetched from his
mourning heart :

“ Oh, Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,
From which, for worlds’ unworthiness, thy worthy
ghost did pass :

What death more pleasant could my heart wish to
abide,

Than that which here it suffereth now, so near thy
friendly side ?

Or else so glorious tomb, how could my youth have
craved,

As in one selfsame vault with thee haply to be en-
graved ?

What epitaph more worth, or half so excellent
To consecrate my memory could any man invent
As this, our mutual, and our piteous sacrifice
Of life, set light for love ? ” But while he talketh in
this wise,

And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,
His tender heart began to faint, pressed with the
venom’s force ;

Which little and little gan to overcome his heart.
And whilst his busy eyne he threw about to every
part

He saw hard by the corse of sleeping Juliet,
Bold Tybalt's carcass dead, which was not all consuméd
yet.

To whom (as having life) in this sort speaketh he,
"Ah, cousin dear, Tybalt, where so thy restless sprite
now be,

With stretchéd hands to thee for mercy now I cry,
For that before thy kindly hour I forcéd thee to die.
But if with quenched life, not quenched be thine ire,
But with revenging lust as yet thy heart be set on
fire:

What more amends or cruel wreck desirest thou
To see on me than this which here is showed forth to
thee now ?

Who reft by force of arms from thee thy living breath,
The same with his own hand, thou seest, doth poison
himself to death.

And for he causéd thee in tomb too soon to lie,
Too soon, also, younger than thou, himself he layeth by."
These said, when he gan feel the poison's force
prevail,

And little and little mastered life, for eye began to
fail,

Kneeling upon his knees, he said with voice full low,
"Lord Christ that so to ransom me descendedst long ago
Out of Thy Father's bosom, and in the Virgin's womb,
Didst put on flesh, oh, let my plaint out of this hollow
tomb

Pierce through the air, and grant my suit may favour
find;

Take pity on my sinful and my poor afflicted mind !

For well enough I know this body is but clay,
Nought but a mass of sin, too frail, and subject to
decay."

Then pressed with extreme grief, he threw with so
great force,

His overpressed parts upon the lady's wailéd corpse
That now his weakened heart, weakened with torments
past,

Unable to abide this pang, the sharpest and the last,
Remainéd quite deprived of sense and kindly strength,
And so the long imprisoned soul hath freedom won at
length.

Ah cruel death, too soon, too soon was this divorce,
Twixt youthful Romeus' heavenly sprite and his fair
earthy corse.

The Friar that knew what time the powder had been
taken,

Knew eke the very instant when the sleeper should
awaken,

But wond'ring that he could no kind of answer hear,
Of letters, which to Romeus his fellow-friar did bear :
Out of Saint Francis' church himself alone did fare,
And for the opening of the tomb meet instruments he
bare.

Approaching nigh the place, and seeing there the
light,

Great horror felt he in his heart, by strange and sudden
sight ;

Till Peter, Romeus' man, his coward heart made bold,
When of his master's being there the certain news he
told :

“There hath he been,” quoth he, “this half hour at the least,

And in this time I dare well say his plaint hath still increased.”

Then both they entered in, where they, alas, did find
The breathless corpse of Romeus, forsaken of the mind.
Where they have made such moan, as they may best conceive

That have with perfect friendship loved, whose friend
fierce death did reave.

But whilst with piteous plaint they Romeus’ fate beweepe,

An hour too late fair Juliet awakéd out of sleep,
And much amazed to see in tomb so great a light,
She wist not if she saw a dream, or spirit that walked
by night.

But coming to herself, she knew them, and said thus :
“What, Friar Lawrence, is it you? where is my
Romeus?”

And then the ancient friar, that greatly stood in fear,
Lest if they lingered over long they should be taken
there,

In few plain words the whole that was betide he told,
And with his finger showed his corpse outstretched
stiff and cold;

And then persuaded her with patience to abide
This sudden great mischance, and saith, that he will
soon provide

In some religious house for her a quiet place,
Where she may spend the rest of life, and where in
time percase

She may with wisdom's mean measure her mourning
breast,

And unto her tormented soul call back exiléd rest.

But lo, as soon as she had cast her ruthless eye

On Romeus' face, that, pale and wan, fast by her side
did lie,

Straightway she did unstop the conduits of her tears,

And out they gush; with cruel hand she tare her golden
hairs.

But when she neither could her swelling sorrow swage,
Nor yet her tender heart abide her sickness' furious
rage:

Fallen on his corpse she lay, long panting on his face,
And then with all her force and strength the dead
corpse did embrace,

As though with sighs with sobs, with force and busy
pain,

She would him raise, and him restore from death to
life again:

A thousand times she kissed his mouth as cold as stone,
And it unkissed again as oft, then gan she thus to
moan:

"Ah, pleasant prop of all my thoughts, ah, only ground
Of all the sweet delights that yet in all my life I
found,

Did such assuréd trust within thy heart repose

That in this place, and at this time, this churchyard
thou hast chose,

Betwixt the arms of me, thy perfect loving make,

And thus by means of me to end thy life, and for my
sake?

Even in the flow'ring of thy youth, when unto thee
Thy life most dear, as to the most, and pleasant ought
to be!

How could this tender corpse withstand the cruel fight
Of furious death, that wons to fray the stoutest with
his sight?

How could this dainty youth agree with willing heart
In this so foul infected place to dwell where now
thou art?

Where spiteful fortune hath appointed thee to be
The dainty food of greedy worms, unworthy sure of
thee!

Alas, alas, alas! what needed now anew
My wonted sorrows doubled twice again thus to
renew,

Which both the time and eke my patient long abode,
Should now at length have quenched quite, and under
foot have trod!

Ah, wretch and captive that I am! even when I thought
To find my painful passion's salve, I missed the thing
I sought,

And to my mortal harm the fatal knife I ground
That gave to me so deep, so wide, so cruel deadly
wound!

Ah, thou most fortunate and most unhappy tomb!—
For thou shalt bear, from age to age, witness in time
to come,

Of the most perfect league betwixt a pair of lovers,
That were the most unfortunate, and fortunate of
others;—

Receive the latter sigh, receive the latter pang,

Of the most cruel of cruel slaves that wrath and death
aye wrang !”

And when our Juliet would continue still her moan,
The friar and the servant fled and left her there alone,
For they a sudden noise fast by the place did hear,
And lest they might be taken there, greatly they stood
in fear.

When Juliet saw herself left in the vault alone,
That freely she might work her will, for let or stay
was none,

Then once for all she took the cause of all her harms,
The body dead of Romeus, and clasped it in her arms ;
Then she with earnest kiss sufficiently did prove
That more than by the fear of death she was attaint by
love.

And then past deadly fear, for life ne had she care,
With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he
ware.

“ O, welcome death,” quoth she, “ end of unhappiness,
That also art beginning of assuréd happiness,
Fear not to dart me now, thy stripe no longer stay,
Prolong no longer now my life, I hate this long delay,
For straight my parting spirit, out of this carcass fled,
At ease shall find my Romeus’ spirit among so many
dead.

And thou, my loving lord, Romeus my trusty fere,
If knowledge yet do rest in thee, if thou these words
dost hear,

Receive thou her whom thou didst love so lawfully,
That caused, alas, thy violent death, although un-
willingly ;

And therefore willingly offers to thee her ghost,
To th' end that no wight else but thou might have just
cause to boast

Th' enjoying of my love, which aye I have reserved,
F'free from the rest, bound unto thee, that hast it well
deserved :

That so our parted spirits, from light that we see here,
In place of endless light and bliss may ever live yfere."
This said, her ruthless hand through girt her valiant
heart.

Ah, ladies, help with tears to wail the lady's deadly
smart,

She groans, she stretcheth out her limbs, she shuts her
eyes,

And from the corpse the spirit doth fly ; what should
I say ? she dies.

The watchmen of the town, the whilst are passéd by,
And through the gates the candle light within the
tomb they spy ;

Whereby they did suppose enchanterers to be come,
That with preparéd instruments had opened wide the
tomb,

In purpose to abuse the bodies of the dead,
Which by their science' aid abused do stand them oft
in stead.

Their curious hearts desire the truth hereof to know,
Then they by certain steps descend, where they do
find below

In claspéd arms wrappéd the husband and the wife,
In whom as yet they seemed to see some certain marks
of life.

But when more curiously with leisure they did view,
 The certainty of both their deaths assuredly they knew:
 Then here and there so long with careful eye they
 sought,

That at the length hidden they find the murderers, so
 they thought.

In dungeon deep that night they lodged them under-
 ground,

The next day do they tell the prince the mischief that
 they found.

The news was by-and-by throughout the town
 dispread,

Both of the taking of the friar, and of the two found
 dead.

Thither you might have seen whole households forth
 to run,

For to the tomb where they did hear this wonder
 strange was done

The great, the small, the rich, the poor, the young, the
 old,

With hasty pace do run to see, but rue when they
 behold.

And that the murderers to all men might be known,
 Like as the murder's bruit abroad through all the town
 was blown,

The Prince did straight ordain the corpses that were
 found

Should be set forth upon a stage, high raiséd from the
 ground,

Right in the selfsame form, showed forth to all men's
 sight,

That in the hollow vault they had been found that
other night;

And eke that Romeus' man and Friar Lawrence should
Be openly examinéd, for else the people would
Have murmuréd, or feigned there were some weighty
cause

Why openly they were not called, and so convict by
laws.

The holy friar now, and reverent by his age,
In great reproach set to the show upon the open stage
(A thing that ill beseemed a man of silver hairs),
His beard as white as milk he bathes with great fast
falling tears,

Whom straight the dreadful judge commandeth to
declare

Both, how this murder hath been done, and who the
murderers are?

For that he near the tomb was found at hours unfit,
And had with him those iron tools for such a purpose
fit.

The friar was of lively spirit, and free of speech,
The judge's words appalled him not, nor were his wits
to seech;

But with adviséd head awhile first did he stay,
And then with bold assuréd voice aloud thus gan he
say :

"My lords, there is not one among you set together,
So that, affection set aside, by wisdom he consider
My former passéd life and this my extreme age,
And eke this heavy sight, the wreck of frantic
Fortune's rage,

But that, amazéd much, doth wonder at this change,
So great, so suddenly befallen, unlookéd for, and
strange.

For I, that in the space of sixty years and ten,
Since first I did begin too soon to lead my life with
men,

And with the world's vain things myself I did ac-
quaint,

Was never yet, in open place, at any time attain't
With any crime, in weight as heavy as a rush ;
Nor is there any stander-by can make me guilty blush
(Although before the face of God I do confess
Myself to be the sinful'st wretch of all this mighty
press).

When readiest I am, and likeliest to make
My great accompt, which no man else for me shall
undertake ;

When worms, the earth, and death, do cite me every
hour,

T' appear before the judgment-seat of everlasting
power,

And falling ripe I step upon my grave's brink :
Even then am I most wretched wight, as each of you
doth think,

Through my most heinous deed with headlong sway
thrown down,

In greatest danger of my life and damage of renown.
The spring, whence in your head, this new conceit doth
rise,

And in your heart increaseth still your vain and wrong
surmise,

May be the hugeness of these tears of mine, percase,
That so abundantly down fall by either side my face ;
As though the memory in Scriptures were not kept,
That Christ our Saviour, Himself, for ruth and pity
wept ;

And more whoso will read, inwritten shall he find,
That tears are as true messengers of man's unguilty
mind.

Or else, a liker proof that I am in the crime,
You say these present irons are, and the suspected
time ;

As though all hours alike had not been made above.
Did Christ not say the day, had twelve ? whereby He
sought to prove

That no respect of hours ought justly to be had,
But at all times men have the choice of doing good or
bad,

Even as the Spirit of God the hearts of men doth
guide,

Or as it leaveth them to stray from virtue's path aside.
As for the irons that were taken in my hand,
As now I deem I need not seek to make ye under-
stand

To what use iron first was made, when it began ;
How of itself it helpeth not, nor yet can help a man.
The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will
That such indifferent things is wont to use and order ill.
Thus much I thought to say, to cause you so to know,
That neither these my piteous tears though ne'er so
fast they flow,

Nor yet these iron tools, nor the suspected time,

Can justly prove the murder done, nor damn me of
 the crime :
 No one of those hath power, nor power have all the
 three,
 To make me other than I am, howso I seem to be.
 But sure my conscience, if so my guilt deserves,
 For an appeacher, witness, and a hangman eke should
 serve,
 For though mine age, whose hairs, of long time since
 were hoar,
 And credit great that I was in with you in time
 tofore,
 And eke the journey short that I on earth must make,
 That every day and hour do look my journey hence to
 take,
 My conscience inwardly should more torment me
 thrice'.
 Than 'all the outward deadly pain that all you could
 devise.
 But, God I praise, I feel no worm that gnaweth me,
 And from remorse's pricking sting I joy that I am free,
 I mean as touching this wherewith you troubled are,
 Wherewith you should be troubled still if I my speech
 should spare.
 But to the end I may set all your hearts at rest,
 And pluck out all the scruples that are rooted in your
 breast,
 Which might perhaps henceforth increasing more and
 more,
 Within your conscience also increase your cureless
 sore,

I swear by yonder heavens, whither I hope to climb,
And for a witness of my words my heart attesteth
Him -

Whose mighty hand doth wield them in their violent
sway,

And on the rolling stormy seas the heavy earth doth
stay:

That I will make a short and eke a true discourse
Of this most woeful Tragedy, and show both th' end
and source

Of their unhappy death, which you perchance no less
Will wonder at, than they, alas, poor lovers in dis-
tress,

Tormented much in mind, not forcing lively breath,
With strong and patient heart did yield themselves to
cruel death:

Such was the mutual love, wherein they burned both,
And of their promised friendships' faith, so steady
was the troth."

And then the ancient friar began to make discourse,
Even from the first, of Romeus' and Juliet's amours,
How first by sudden sight the one the other chose,
And twixt themselves did knit the knot which only
death might loose;

And how within a while, with hotter love oppressed,
Under confession's cloak, to him themselves they have
addressed,

And how with solemn oaths they have protested both,
That they in heart are married by promise and by
oath:

And that except he grant the rites of Church to give,

They shall be forced by earnest love in sinful state
to live :

Which thing when he had weighed, and when he under-
stood

That the agreement twixt them twain was lawful,
honest, good,

And all things peiséd well, it seeméd meet to be,
For like they were of nobleness, age, riches, and
degree ;

Hoping that so at length ended might be the strife,
Of Montagues and Capilets, that led in hate their
life,

Thinking to work a work well pleasing in God's sight,
In secret shrift he wedded them, and they, the selfsame
night,

Made up the marriäge in house of Capilet,
As well doth know, if she be asked, the nurse of Juliet.
He told how Romeus fled for reaving Tybalt's life,
And how the whilst Paris the Earl was offered to his
wife.

And how the lady did so great a wrong disdain,
And how to shrift unto his church she came to him
again,

And how she fell flat down before his feet aground,
And how she sware her hand and bloody knife should
wound

Her harmless heart, except that he some means did
find

To disappoint the Earl's attempt, and spotless save
her mind.

Wherefore he doth conclude, although that long before,

By thought of death, and age, he had refused for ever-
more

The hidden arts which he delighted in, in youth ;
Yet won by her importuneness, and by his inward ruth,
And fearing lest she would her cruel vow discharge,
His closéd conscience he had opened and set at large,
And rather did he choose to suffer for one time
His soul to be spotted someddeal with small and easy
crime,

Than that the lady should, weary of living breath,
Murder herself, and danger much her seely soul by death.
Wherefore his ancient arts again he puts in ure,
A certain powder gave he her that made her sleep so
sure,

That they her held for dead ; and how that Friar John
With letters sent to Romeus to Mantua is gone ;
Of whom he knoweth not as yet what is become,
And how that dead he found his friend within her
kindred's tomb :

He thinks with poison strong, for care the young man
starved,

Supposing Juliet dead : and how that Juliet had carved,
With Romeus' dagger drawn, her heart, and yielded
breath,

Desirous to accompany her lover after death ;
And how they could not save her, so they were afearéd,
And hid themselves, dreading the noise of watchmen
that they heard.

And for the proof of this his tale, he doth desire
The judge to send forthwith to Mantua for the friar,
To learn his cause of stay, and eke to read his letter ;

And, more beside, to th' end that they might judge his
cause the better,
He prayeth them depose the nurse of Juliet,
And Romeus' man, whom at unawares beside the
tomb he met.

Then Peter, not so much erst as he was dismayed,
"My lords," quoth he, "too true is all that Friar Law-
rence said,

And when my master went into my mistress' grave,
The letter that I offer you unto me then he gave,
Which he himself did write as I do understand,
And chargéd me to offer them unto his father's hand.
The opened packet doth contain in it the same,
That erst the skilful friar said. and eke the wretch's
name

That had at his request the deadly poison sold,
The price of it, and why he bought, his letters plain
have told."

The case unfolded so, and open now it lies,
That they could wish no better proof save seeing it
with their eyes ;

So orderly all things were told and triéd out,
That in the press there was not one that stood at all in
doubt.

The wiser sort to council called by Escalus,
Have given advice, and Escalus sagely decreeth thus :
"The nurse of Juliet is banished in her age,
Because that from the parents she did hide the
marriage,
Which might have wrought much good had it in time
been known,

Where now, by her concealing it, a mischief great is
grown;

And Peter, for he did obey his master's hest,

In wonted freedom had good leave to lead his life in
rest;

The apothecary high is hangéd by the throat.

And for the pains he took with him the hangman had
his coat.

But now what shall betide of this grey-bearded sire—
Of Friar Lawrence thus arraigned, that good barefooted
friar ?

Because that many times he worthily did serve
The commonwealth, and in his life was never found to
swerve,

He was dischargéd quite, and no mark of defame
Did seem to blot, or touch at all, the honour of his
name.

But of himself he went into a hermitage,
Two miles from Veron town, where he in prayers passed
forth his age,

Till that to earth from heaven his heavenly spirit did
fly;

Five years he lived a hermit, and a hermit did he
die.

The strangeness of the chance when triéd was the
truth,

The Montagues and Capilets hath movéd so to ruth,
That with their emptied tears, their choler and their
rage

Was emptied quite; and they whose wrath no wisdom
could assuage,

Nor threatening of the prince, nor mind of murders
done,

At length (so mighty Jove it would) by pity they are
won.

And lest that length of time might from our minds
remove

The memory of so perfect, sound, and so approvéd
love,

The bodies dead removed from vault where they did
die,

In stately tomb, on pillars great, of marble raise they
high.

On every side, above, were set, and eke beneath,
Great store of cunning epitaphs in honour of their
death.

And even at this day the tomb is to be seen;
So that among the monuments that in Verona been,
There is no monument more worthy of the sight,
Than is the tomb of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

